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ONE DAY MERGED INTO ANOTHER WITHOUT CIRCUMSTANCE OR CHANGE

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England and America

Their Misunderstandings and Their Opportunity

BY A. G. GARDINER

The Editors asked Mr. Gardiner to write with complete frankness on the present state of feeling between his country and the United States, because they agree with him that Anglo-American co-operation is "the capital theme in world affairs," and because as the former editor of the London *Daily News*, as a close student of international affairs, and as a cordial friend of the United States, he is well fitted to tell us what are to-day the obstacles to a practical accord. It is interesting to note that he regards the main obstacle as temperamental rather than political.

A WELL-KNOWN American who has been on a visit to this country, with which he is exceptionally familiar, remarked to me the other day that he had been disquieted by the change of feeling which he had found here on the subject of America. He was disquieted because, like most responsible Americans, he regarded fraternal relations between the two peoples as the most necessary condition of the general well-being of the world. He attributed the changed feeling to the undercurrent of dissatisfaction which existed on the subject of the American debt. Wherever he went, he said, he found a deep sense that England was receiving hard measure in regard to the finance of the War which was waged in the common interest and the burden of which should have been a common burden.

I do not know whether the impression which my friend received as to the changed tendency is well founded, but it can hardly be questioned on an impartial consideration of the facts that there is abundant ground for the view that the English taxpayer, between debtors who will not pay him his debts and creditors who do not release him from his obligations, is being roughly handled. This view is strengthened by the fact that the money which England borrowed during the War was not borrowed for her own needs but for the needs of her Allies. England was the one European nation involved in the struggle which from the beginning to the end paid her way by the capacity and willingness of her people to provide her requirements. In her borrowings she simply made herself the channel for the

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supply of the necessities of her Allies, and assumed the responsibility for repayment. Whether she was wise in doing so may be doubted. The fact that her credit and her business honor alike should have been regarded as the only reliable financial guarantee in Europe was a flattering recognition of her position, but there were those, like Mr. McKenna, who at the time gravely questioned the wisdom and the justice of making ourselves responsible to one Ally for the borrowings of other Allies. The tendency in England during the War was not merely to disregard business considerations but even to flout them with a certain lavish prodigality, in strange contrast to the severe economy of the French, who conducted the War on the strictest business principles, profited by the presence of two million troops of Allied Powers on their soil for four years and punctually charged those Allies with "damages" incident to their presence.

It was perhaps too innocently assumed in making ourselves responsible for the liabilities of others that with victory attained, considerations not of gratitude but of ordinary probity would prevail, and that while fulfilling our obligations to America we should be reimbursed by our Allies in respect of those obligations which we had undertaken on their behalf. In that expectation of course we have been grossly disappointed, and it might reasonably be said that our dissatisfaction should be directed not across the Atlantic but across the Channel. While the English taxpayer is staggering under a burden of taxation unprecedented in European history—a taxation which rises in the case of the wealthy to 10/– in the £1, and which even in the case of the middle classes is 5/– in the £1—and while that taxation in no inconsiderable degree represents payments to America in respect of debts incurred on behalf of France and Italy, the French taxpayer is still subject only to a trivial impost; and the French nation, while almost ostentatiously ignoring its debts, is spending more than the equivalent of the interest of those debts in arming the smaller states which accept its practical sovereignty, and in building up a system of blockhouses on the Continent, designed to establish a military domination of Europe unprecedented since Napoleon bestrode Europe from the Channel to the Vistula.

When to all this is added the fact that the policy which M. Poincaré has imposed on the Allies has prevented the recovery of world trade upon which the industrial prosperity of England depends, the discontents which prevail will be seen to have a quite intelligible basis. Had peace been established in Europe and had there been even a remote possibility of the debts due to us being honored, there would have been no feeling in this country such as that which the American visitor to whom I have referred found to exist at the present time. There was never any question that the debt we had incurred to America, even though it was on behalf of others, should be honored; and the funding of that debt by Mr. Baldwin was carried out with entire public approbation as a matter of ordinary business principle. But it is not unnatural that as the pressure of taxation is increasingly felt, as the recovery of Europe is delayed and the depression of trade assumes the character of a permanent condition, the sense tends to develop that this country is being unfairly crushed between the upper and the nether millstones.

It would be an unfortunate fact at any time. It is peculiarly unfortunate in the present circumstances of the world. The end of the War left the European system in chaos. That system had been founded on the basis of competitive armaments and the fatal principle of the balance of power. The ruin that was left by the convulsion contained one element of magnificent promise. It provided an opportunity such as there had never been before of reconstructing human society on a more rational and enduring foundation. That

promise acquired reality from the fact that the two Powers in the world which had survived the catastrophe with least misfortune were equally interested in a pacific solution of the world's affairs. Those powers were the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth. Powerful among equals before the War they were left, assuming they acted in agreement, the supreme arbiters of the world. They had it in their power to canalize the future into a new mold fashioned after their heart's desire. Between them they ruled, directly or indirectly, not much less than half the earth. They commanded practically the whole of the credit left in the world. Their supremacy in mere terms of force was unchallengeable, for their command of the sea was absolute and their military potentialities as considerable as those of all the nations outside their borders. In wealth of resources—industrial power and command of that raw material which is the determining factor in the activities of peace as well as war—their supremacy was as marked as that of the general standard of the life of their peoples.

Nor in another and a more spiritual sense was their community of interest lacking. They spoke the same language and derived their ideas of justice and social order largely from the same sources. They had in their own relations offered the world the most conspicuous example in history of the rational adjustment of differences. More than a century had passed since the last war between them, and in the interval many grave subjects of quarrel had been amicably arranged by negotiation in a spirit which, however hostile in the early stages of discussion, bore witness in the result to their wisdom and common sense. Two outstanding incidents of that century of peace represented the most decisive steps that have ever been taken toward the substitution of reason for force in international relationships. The first—the honor of which belongs primarily to America—was the Rush-Bagot agreement made at the end of the War of 1812-14, in pursuance of which the American-Canadian frontier of nearly 4,000 miles has remained for a century without fort or gun, warship or sentry from end to end. The records of nations will be searched in vain for any measure so wise, so courageous, and so triumphant.

Uninterrupted peace has been the fruit of that act of faith and mutual good will. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Prime Minister of Canada, justly described the achievement as "a spectacle that would astound the world by its novelty and grandeur—the spectacle of two peoples living in amity side by side for a distance of 4,000 miles along a line which is hardly visible in many quarters, with no cannon, no guns frowning across it, with no fortresses on either side, with no armaments one against another, but living in harmony and mutual confidence, and with no other rivalry than that of generous emulation in the arts of peace." The other episode, the submission by the British Government of the "Alabama" claims to arbitration, was a no less conspicuous triumph for rational processes in international affairs.

It would be a mistake to conclude from these two remarkable and outstanding achievements that the relations of the two countries had been conspicuous for amiability.

A precise consideration of those relations indeed would lead to a contrary conclusion. The occasions of sharp and even embittered controversy have been frequent and serious. They have shown a singular contrast between speech and action. They have begun in a cloud of unwise and menacing words, and issued always in reasonable and honorable action. Between the United States and ourselves have been waged some of the most fierce verbal and diplomatic battles in history, but in the end reason has always prevailed, a sensible agreement has been reached, and when reached it has invariably been kept with a loyalty and a freedom from mutual suspicion and distrust rare if not unexampled in the

relations of great Powers. The diplomatic history of the European nations is largely a record of dishonored "scraps of paper." But the diplomatic history of Great Britain and the United States is a record of accommodations, often painfully reached, but when reached never dishonored.

In view of all this it is natural to ask why, when the two English-speaking Commonwealths at the end of the War found themselves in possession of an opportunity, unprecedented in history, of giving the world a new orientation, the failure to take advantage of it was so complete and disastrous. I shall not attempt to analyze the causes of that failure or to allocate the responsibility. It was shared in differing degrees by both sides, and shared for reasons some of which may be intelligible, but most of which were not worthy of our great kindred civilizations or of the priceless opportunity they might have turned to the general advantage of mankind. Internal considerations, some of them of a not wholly reputable kind, were allowed to deflect policy from the high plane of world reconstruction to the low plane of petty political expediency. As the historian will see it, the true course of the two Commonwealths was plain. It was impossible to look for moderate ideas of peace to the Continental Powers which were saturated with the virus of centuries of strife. Left to themselves any peace, so called, that was accomplished would be a peace of vengeance—a peace imposed by the victor over the vanquished in the ancient terms of *vae victis*, a peace that could only be a prelude to the unfolding of a new chapter of history that would repeat the tragic tale of the past. But together the English-speaking powers were in a position to impose a settlement which would have changed the current of history. They were alike in their detachment from the cockpit of Europe and in their preoccupation with extra-European interests. Neither was infected with the militarist traditions of the Continental Powers, and both were profoundly concerned to secure a pacific foundation for world society, not merely or even primarily on moral grounds but on grounds of practical self interest. There can be no question in the mind of the future historian that had the two nations worked loyally together in the most critical period of the world's history, they could have settled the problem of a distracted Europe and given the world a just and enduring peace.

The golden moment has gone by and it will not return, but the task still remains to be accomplished, and the first condition of its accomplishment is still the cordial co-operation of the English-speaking Commonwealths. They cannot escape the responsibility implicit in the exceptional advantages with which time and circumstance have favored them. In the light of to-day it is easy to understand the measure of the calamity which a foolish king in the eighteenth century inflicted on the future development of the world. Had that fatal breach in the solidarity of the English-speaking world not been made, and had not the most virile and most richly endowed element of the English race been driven into a separate and hostile political system, the unity of the English-speaking world would to-day have been intact, its real if not nominal center would have shifted across the Atlantic, and the most enlightened and pacific community in the world would have the unchallenged control of world tendencies.

The War brought within the ambit of possibility not, it is true, the reunion of the severed peoples on the old basis, but their practical co-operation in the establishment of a new world order. The achievement of that co-operation, in spite of the disappointment of the past five years, is still the capital theme in world affairs. The main obstacle to be overcome is, I think, temperamental more than practical. Such political difficulties as there are have in fact been very largely modified within the last two years. When I was in America

in 1919 I was impressed, as I think any visitor to America would have been, with three political sources of irritation in the relations of the two peoples. They were the question of Ireland, the British alliance with Japan, and the problem of sea power. Since then all these irritations have been removed or at least substantially modified. Home Rule has been conceded to Ireland, the Alliance with Japan has lapsed, the Washington Conference has gone far and, but for French opposition, would have gone still farther in the direction of disposing of the last source of antagonism.

In all these matters it may be fairly claimed on behalf of Great Britain that she has acted wisely and in consonance with American feeling. It cannot perhaps be claimed that the result has been all that was hoped. For example, although Ireland has received a measure of freedom and independence far beyond anything which Parnell ever claimed or regarded as possible—a measure which leaves the Free State intact and as untrammeled by external interference as any of the Overseas Dominions—the attitude of the Irish element in America is as hostile and embittered as if Dublin Castle still threw its shadow over Ireland. I suppose the present generation of Irish-Americans has become so infected with Anglophobia and has lived so long on that acrid diet that any change of mind in that quarter is not to be looked for. A new generation must arise before the poison of an ancient wrong is worked out of the system. But I do not think that any reasonable American to-day can fail to recognize that however late in time and however vulnerable in circumstance, England has in fact done justice to Ireland and has closed satisfactorily and honorably that long outstanding account.

I think that it is legitimate to expect that American opinion will, in the long run, disown the perpetuation in its midst of an extra-territorial quarrel which has been settled in its place of origin and which is kept alive certainly not in the interest of America and equally certainly not in the interest of Ireland itself. I remember in a conversation I had with the late President Wilson at Paris in 1919 that on my mentioning with some fervor the question of Ireland, he expressed himself very decisively on the subject of the Irish-American. "The Irish-American," he said, "has to make the decision ultimately which the German-American had to make during the War. He will have to decide whether he is an Irishman or an American. Our country has offered to them, as it has offered to others, the full measure of its citizenship and its franchises. The claim it can make and must make upon them in return is that they shall not make our country the battlefield of a controversy between two islands three thousand miles away." If that was a reasonable position for an American to take up in 1919, it is an overwhelmingly more intelligible view to hold to-day when the conflict to which President Wilson referred has been settled, and when the continuance in America of the passions it aroused have no justification in present conditions and no practical goal except the embitterment of the relations between two peoples who have no solid ground for disagreement, but have great and compelling reasons for seeking a basis of understanding and good will, not in their mutual interests only, but in the general interests of society.

If therefore it were specific political discords which alone obstructed the path to a secure Anglo-American accommodation, there would be little reason for concern. Not only have such discords as there are been largely resolved by recent events, but the history of the past century, as I have indicated, has shown that the fundamental good sense which governs action if not speech between the two countries is an unfailing safeguard in all cases of serious collision. The century of peace which has reigned between the two nations and the unfortified

American-Canadian frontier are better witnesses to the practical capacity of Britain and the United States to live on civilized terms than any document ever drawn up by diplomatic art. Nor is there any conceivable ground of difference between us on which, even if there were the desire for active hostility, a *casus belli* could be made. We neither of us want a scrap of the other's territory, and whatever justice there may have been in American criticism of British Imperialism in the past, that criticism has lost its sting of late years.

Self-government in the most unequivocal terms is now the privilege of all the Overseas Dominions of the British Commonwealth. For all practical purposes they are independent nations, sentimentally bound together by custom, community of law, language and literature, and by a common racial origin; but free to go or stay as they please. It may be said that this profound change in the character of the Imperial relationship is the result of the inexorable operation of conditions that we had ceased to control. I do not think that is a generous estimate of the matter in view of the momentous grant of full self-government to the Boer Republics within four years of the conclusion of a war in which Great Britain had been completely victorious. Nor is it tenable in view of the recent concession of practical independence to Egypt, a country into the joint control of which we were inveigled by France in pursuit of her own policy nearly fifty years ago, and where we were left alone in a guardianship we did not desire when a change in the French internal political situation led to the withdrawal of that country from its share of responsibility. Even in the case of India it is only a very prejudiced or a very ignorant criticism which does not recognize the enormous strides which have been made in the past fifteen years toward the emancipation of that country. Both in Egypt and India, whatever may be said of the origins or the propriety of our presence there, the impartial historian will never question the magnitude of our service in giving order, security of life, and financial stability to peoples who, left to their own resources, would have been the victims of incredible civil dissensions and tyranny. We can say with indisputable truth that we have left Egypt immeasurably more prosperous, more orderly, and better governed than we found her, and if or when we leave India we shall be able to advance the same claim. The case against British Imperialism which occupies so large a place in the attacks of some American critics of this country had some justification in the facts of the past, but it has less validity to-day than it ever had, and I venture to say that no imperial system in history ever had so substantial a balance on the credit side as can be claimed for an Empire which is now much less an empire than a loose confederation of independent nations.

I come back then to the fact that the grit in Anglo-American relations is due neither to dissimilarity of national aims nor to concrete grounds of antagonism but to historic prejudices, ancient grudges and misunderstandings, and matters of feeling and *amour propre*. Perhaps if we had not sprung so largely from the same stock and if we did not speak the same language, we should be free from those petty irritations which play so large a part in the exacerbation of our mutual feelings. I dare say we bear more than our share of the blame. There is a certain type of Englishman—unfortunately the example we chiefly export—who is more than a little insufferable. It is often said, I think with some truth, that the American mind respects English opinion but is resentful of the English manner—the manner not of the people but of our feudal remnant now incarnated in our public-school system. That discrimination between your mind and our manner is part of the price we pay for the community of speech and civilization. If Americans and English were alien to each other this source of

irritation would not exist. The romantic attachment of Americans to France is the fruit of an eternal dissimilarity which conceals from America a national pride and superiority beside which our attitude is that of a "whispering humbleness." Americans and Frenchmen never meet spiritually, and so the romantic attachment—in spite of Napoleon I's dream of a Gallic Empire in the southern states and Napoleon III's monstrous intrigues during the Civil War—preserves the freshness of a first and immortal love. The Americans adore France as Don Quixote adored the peerless Dulcinea, because she was a creature of the mind unbesmirched by the contacts of earth. The difference of language, so far from interfering with the affection, serves to envelop it in an atmosphere of agreeable strangeness. And we are bound to admit that, in dealing with less subtle and sophisticated peoples, the French have an art far transcending our clumsy methods.

A friend of mine who spends half the year in traveling throughout the United States, who probably knows America better than any living man not born an American and who certainly has an unrivaled acquaintance with Americans, from New York to San Francisco, wrote to me a month or two ago about the "monstrous French propaganda" which he finds carried on everywhere and always "with a deliberate anti-English bias." He goes to a New York club to hear a lecture with an innocent general title, only to discover that he is listening to a French political missionary in the guise of an American citizen. And similar experiences meet him everywhere, while the peaceful penetration of the American press with French influences has become one of the most obvious and sinister facts in the public life of America to-day.

It would be impertinent for me to suggest that the Americans are not free to bestow their affection where they choose, but they will not think it unreasonable if we make reflections not wholly pleasant on the fact that while we are paying to America the debt we incurred largely on behalf of France, America is pouring millions of dollars into the exchequer of France to maintain a currency that has collapsed because the French nation will not submit to reasonable taxation. Nor will they think it irrelevant to be reminded that the purpose of the War which, in the words of their own President, was to "make the world safe for democracy" has been so completely defeated by French policy that Europe, nearly six years after the declaration of peace, is a more complete and hopeless wreck than it has ever been since the Thirty Years War—a wreck over which the giant militarism of a single Power, backed by the black hosts from Africa and the armed satellites of the new Napoleonism, throws its ominous shadow. The peace that the world wants, and for which all that was best in both branches of the English-speaking race sincerely fought, still remains to be accomplished. It can only be won, and it can still be won, on the terms our two nations equally desire. Whatever temperamental irritation there may be between us, however much historic memories on both sides—

> For old, unhappy, far off things,
> And battles long ago

may linger and perplex our relations, there are fundamental bonds between us more real and enduring than those which link any other two peoples. They are not merely bonds of blood, of speech, and of literature: these things are a common heritage which, for all our superficial disagreements, we cannot repudiate if we would, and I am convinced would not if we could. Nor are they simply that other mutual heritage of the common law which makes us equally respect the authority and sanctity of law in diplomatic relationships. These ideas are the invisible foundations of our national structures.

But beyond and above them are a

spirit and an outlook that differentiate us from other nations less happily situated. We are both free from the parochial and embittered nationalism of the European continental system. Our traffic is with the world, and our vision is a world vision. The function of the United States has been to preserve the Western Hemisphere from the reproduction of the racial strife of Europe, and though the origin of the British Commonwealth was imperialistic, its development has been steadily, and never more so than in these days, toward the extension of the principle of liberty "in widest commonalty spread." We want, in equal measure I think, the substitution of the reign of law for the reign of force in the affairs of men, not merely on moral grounds but from the conviction that neither justice nor peace can be achieved by force, and because our greatest common interest in the world is peace. The last great war waged on American soil was a war waged, and successfully waged, to defend and secure the solidarity of the American people and to safeguard the peace of the Western World. The late War, truly seen, was a war waged to give to the distracted peoples of Europe the same security of a common law and a common interest in the organization of peace. It was from America that the beneficent idea was formulated, and it was through the devoted passion of a United States President that it became incorporated in the Treaty of Peace. There it stands to-day, beckoning the world into a new and better path. It is not an achievement. It is still only a promise. We are still in the surge and backwash of the War, but it is to the fulfillment of that promise that the hopes of all that is best in every land turns. By the fulfillment or failure of that promise our white civilization will stand or fall, not in one nation only, but over the whole earth.

And it is by the capacity of the two English-speaking families to rise to the height of the greatest argument ever offered to men that we shall be ultimately judged.

It is for this reason that, in the thought of all men of good will in both nations, the supreme concern is a cordial understanding between the English and American peoples. It is not a selfish concern, though we have both much to gain from such an understanding and much to lose without it; but we have jointly been placed, by events and purposes outside our own volition, in the guardianship of interests greater than our own.

> Time, and the ocean and some fostering star
> In high cabal has made us what we are.

We shall be false to the great trust we have inherited from the past and treacherous to the posterity whose destiny is in our hands if for trivial motives—matters of pride, matters of money, matters of self-interest or passing domestic and party advantage—we fail in the high mission committed to our hands. "I believe I can save this country and that no one else can," said Chatham in a time of world crisis. It would be true to-day to say that America and England can save the world, and that no other Powers can. But they cannot save it without mutual confidence and good will. It is this fact which makes the promotion of solid, enduring friendship between the two nations the highest concern of human society.

The Dormeuse

BY ERNEST POOLE

"NOW you see only its bones," he said, "but once it was a great affair. Such a sleigh will never be seen again. My grandmother called it 'the *Dormeuse*,' and she traveled in it thousands of versts on roads quite rough with snow and ice. She traveled by day and in the night, on tours to inspect the large estates belonging to her family. And she was but a girl of nineteen at that time—now nearly ninety years ago."

We sat in a long-neglected garden beside a rude small manor house, half of frame and half of logs, high up on a wooded river bank in the northern part of Central Russia. It was the early autumn of 1917; the Revolution had already run through its initial stage, and the Bolsheviki were soon to come in. Even here there were ominous indications. During my stay in this home of my friend, this long-deserted birthplace to which he had come to say good-by, shots were frequently heard at night and wild exultant songs and yells from the darkness in the river below—from "the Hooligans," as he called them—bargemen, raftmen and the like—part of that vast hobo throng who for countless ages past had done the work on Russia's rivers. Several houses along the river had been raided in these last weeks, and one of them burned to the ground. My friend slept with a rifle by his bed—but he was quite calm about it all. What must be, must be, he said; and he seemed to have centered his interest now on giving me, before the end, a picture of the life he had known on this small estate where he had been born. It was quiet here this afternoon. We had just come in from a long day's tramp. His one remaining servant, a kind of tenant caretaker, was cooking our supper of fish and potatoes; and after a swim in the river we had come up to the garden to smoke. It was then that I noticed a rude old sledge, half covered by weeds, which lay beside the small log barn. It was an enormous old affair, some fifteen feet by eight or nine, its runners and frame of huge hewn beams plated heavily with steel. At its corners stout posts ran up six feet, and on one of them my eye was caught by a large tattered shred of leather, with bits of blue satin and velvet attached, swinging idly in the light breeze. And these small bits of finery made all the rest of it seem the more gaunt—a skeleton, as my friend had said. He was smiling as he looked at it now.

"There is so much it could tell you," he said. "It could make you feel how close we are in Russia still to rough and dark barbaric times; and also perhaps it could make you feel the never-ending mystery in our inward national life. You call us realists. So we are. But just because we are realists, we must come close to mysteries, too—for human existence is like that." For a moment he was silent again.

"A story?" I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, with a faint smile, "I know you—so I am thinking of that. I am thinking of many stories. . . . Now I shall decide on one—as my *grandmère*, Nadine Constantinovna, told it to me when I was a boy—sitting here on a day such as this, more than thirty years ago. But first you must be patient a little. Alone, it is only a strange adventure—it will not interest you so much unless you hear a little

which I will tell of my grandmother first—and also of her family. There were most various characters—stubborn, stern, meek, and human—sinners and saints, *ascétes* and *les gens du grand monde*. But there was in each generation a quality which it is now *á la mode* to call 'psychic.' And this quality exists among those alive to-day. We are quite poor now, but the family once owned many large estates and was much cherished at the court of Empress Catharine Second. The future mother of my *grandmère* was one of the greatest beauties and sharp, ready wits. But after the death of the Empress, everything was changed at the court; in lieu of the French, the German influence was introduced, together with the barracks discipline. No more good taste, no chivalry, nothing but a soldier parading. Even the ladies of the court, when meeting the coach of Paul the First, had to descend in the mud or snow at the side of the street like equal slaves, and there stand in a soldierlike posture until the Emperor was gone. Life became most annoying at court—so it was quite natural that the mother of my *grandmère* wished but one thing, to go to France; and this she did—and soon became quite a desirable person within the Faubourg St. Germain, and lived there gayly and happily to the extent permitted by her severe *chaperone*, who brought her to the homes of then illustrious persons. There she met her future husband, also a Russian landowner, who had come to live in France in order to study the Napoleonic code of law. They were married soon, and in 1809 was born my little grandmother.

"From the very cradle she was surrounded by French nurses, and afterward teachers French influences of all kinds; and later she was placed in an aristocratic convent school. There was a strong Voltairian tinge in the education of the French aristocrats then. No wonder that the great Voltaire became her favorite study and reading for the largest part of her life! Still, of course, she must learn the religion. She was of the Russian creed, but through her mother's love for France the girl had been placed in that Catholic school, and was taught by a Jesuit father, who passed superficially enough over the religion itself and was more interested to form the *esprit fin* of the girls than he was in their religious feeling. The miracles, which are described in the myths of the Roman Catholic Church, he communicated, but so finely that they were not stern or fanatical, but more like a *fin esprit mondain* gossip—so that the girls often told of their *père* that he had plenty of *esprit fin*, but none of the *esprit sacré*. His one eternal motto was this:

"'You must not repudiate things and phenomena only because either you or your friends have never yet observed them, or because they cannot be explained at the present state of our science. Believe or disbelieve—this is one's free choice. But one must not say in advance that this or that is impossible simply because we cannot explain it.'

"With the strong fine inculcation of this attitude to any life, and also the sarcastic but at the same time open-minded influence of the great Voltaire—at last the education of my grandmother was finished. And now she had to return to Russia, to her parents, whose social standing in the meanwhile had enormously improved. For under the new Emperor Nicholas the First, her father, who for so many years had studied the jurisprudence in France, was appointed to be *procurator général* of Central Russia, an area equal to all France. He had the greatest power there, which he exercised with justice but still not sentimentally—destroying without mercy every serious culprit, no matter what his age or sex. His motto was that the State must sacrifice its degenerate elements to give the full possibility of undisturbed development to all its normal members. To the pleaders for culprits, he replied, 'You interfere for the murderer and

pray for me to save his life. You speak of his present sufferings because he is condemned to death. But he suffers so as he deserves. Why do you not consider the suffering of his victim, in an untimely horrible death? Why do you not plead for the innocent? We, the State, we plead for them. Now go to your home and stop, if you please, your sentimental lamentations for thieves, swindlers, and murderers!'

"So he worked with justice—but it was a justice with iron hands. He had little time for his own affairs. His large estates and those of his wife were scattered over four provinces, and the supervision over them was a difficult, stupendous job. On each estate was a manager, who had direct power over the peasants and often oppressed them mercilessly—to an extent which many times was dangerous to the owners, who were responsible before the law for the good treatment of their serfs. It was quite a difficult business to control those managers, especially when the estates were so large; and now, when my grandmother returned, she found that her father's life was so crowded with the official work that he badly neglected his properties. Indeed, it was by such neglect that later on his fortune perished. But at this time my young *grandmère* resoluted that she must try her best, and so immediately she plunged into the control of the estates. She was then a young lady of only nineteen, and also her size was exceedingly small. At one of the Imperial balls, the Emperor, after dancing with her, said, '*Jolie, gracieuse, du fin esprit. Dommage qu'elle soit si petite!*' But in spite of her smallness and her youth, she showed now a surprising practical sense. Evidently, under the brilliant polish of her Parisian education, there had been some real training, too—but more than that, there was in her an amazing inborn force. Very often she traveled from one estate to another one, everywhere controlling and putting everything into order, with an energy and good sense not to be expected at all of such a young brilliant beauty.

AS MY GRANDMÈRE TOLD ME WHEN I WAS A BOY

"She traveled in an enormous *cortège* of servants and guards to protect her. The distances to cover during those journeys were often large. The roads, except the few government roads of a strategic value, were utterly bad, and in spring and autumn they were quite impassable. So her traveling was done mostly in the wintertime, after the crops had been brought to the barns, so that

she could learn on each estate how much had been the yield of the year. This part of Russia, at that time, was populated rather thinly, and most of the peasant serfs lived in villages rather large, very often surrounded with a deep ditch and a palisade, to protect the inhabitants against the attacks of brigands and wolves. My grandmother traveled with heavy guards.

"During one such trip she had to go from their Kaluga residence to one of her mother's large estates in the province of Voronej, where the population was not at all reliable. So she had a doubly heavy guard. You must try to picture her *cortège* as it came at fall of the night along a white and crooked road, sometimes through deep forests and again out in the open, where the first stars of the night could be seen, No less than sixty sledges came in a long and winding train, filled with forage for the horses and provisions for the men, and also materials for repair in case any sledges should break down. The largest of the sledges, pulled by sixteen horses who were coming two abreast, carried along my little *grandmère* and her two young *cameristes*, in her *Dormeuse*—a cabin some fourteen feet by nine, and six feet high. The walls of thick wood were covered with oiled cloth and with steel outside; but within was a small elegant room, with wide seats of blue velvet which were also berths at night, a silver washstand, a folding desk, a small table for her dining, a little Parisian lamp for her reading, and a very large one to assist in making her warm—and many other little things, most of them of Parisian make. The cabin was upholstered with velvet and blue satin. Two little windows were in the walls, but each one had a thick steel plate to be locked on in case of attack. In the cabin's upholstered walls were pockets for money and jewelry, and also for her favorite books.

"On the night of this adventure, she said, she had finished writing some letters at her little Parisian desk, her two *cameristes* had served her supper, and now she was reading a book of Voltaire. While she was reading, the *cortège* arrived at the gates of a lonely village, surrounded with a high thick palisade of oaken logs and a deep trench. Not a sound was heard for quite a while, during which the guards of the train shouted and beat upon the gates. Only dogs fiercely barked within. But at last the gates were opened, she said, and slowly the *cortège* was allowed, one sledge after the other one, to enter into the village. Voronihino was its name. There was a long street with two rows of wooden two-storied houses, each of which with its barn and its sheds was surrounded by a separate, hugely thick oak palisade.

"An old man, the senior chief of the village, now asked many questions concerning the young traveler—who, from where and whither she was going, what age she was, and what were her habits and wants on a journey—explaining that all this he must know, to suit the lady the best that he could. In spite of his age—he was over sixty—he was very agile, active, and evidently he had the very strongest authority here. This power he now tried to impose on the chief of the *cortège*. But there he found his equal—so that in spite of his positive order to bring the horses into the stalls of the stables, he was not obeyed. Although it was nearly Christmas, the weather was rather mild that night, so that it was not quite necessary to stable the horses; and they were so wild that it would be quite difficult to bring them out of the stalls the next day. So the chief of the *cortège* refused, and at the same time he placed all his guards around the sledges and horses. Then the old man began the question of forage and of provision for the men. But my grandmother's train had enough of both, and so the chief again declined, and asked only for beds for those of his men who would like to sleep within the houses.

"All this was done while my grand-

mother was quietly sitting in her *Dormeuse*. She wished to stay there for the night, but she yielded to the old village chief, who begged her to stay within his house. This she did, for she grew rather curious now; but with her she took her two young maids and the huge driver of her sledge, whom she wished for her protection there. This driver of sixteen horses was remarkable for two things—his unhuman appetite and his superhuman force. He ate as nothing seventeen big pies of meat before his dinner, and after this introduction enjoyed his meal enormously, as though he had eaten nothing before. His strength also was remarkable; very often he acted as a kind of human lifting-jack to raise the *Dormeuse* out of a ditch in the road into which it had fallen. His devotion to the young lady was something touching, as she was always kind both to him and to one of her young maids, with whom this peasant Hercules was quite utterly in love.

SO HE WORKED WITH JUSTICE—BUT IT WAS A JUSTICE WITH IRON HANDS

"With these three, my young *grandmère* was shown with much politeness by the old chief into his house. There the huge driver lay down in the hall, just by the door of the room of his mistress, while the two young maids were sleeping in a room next by. Then, as she nearly always did the last thing in the evening, she began to write her diary, a book within which were witty remarks, philosophic thoughts on events of the day, or some recollections of her friends—all those together with the entries of the day's expenses and gains, entered in such a practical way that one might suppose she had been trained in some great American bookkeeping school. That night for some time she was busily writing. Her room was closed. She had asked for the keys and had locked the three doors—one of them going to the hall, another to the room of her maids, and a third to an empty room opposite. She always did this, for she did not like to feel that she might be disturbed.

"But quite suddenly now my little *grandmère* felt some one's presence within the room. She turned her head quickly and saw a man, clad in the monk's garb of ancient time, looking at her, while he stood quite still. He was of a medium height, she said, rather thin but still not meager, for he appeared very wiry built. His strong face was of the dark complexion; he had the large temples and eyes set deep; and it seemed to her that a bluish glow of light appeared about his brow. She was also struck at once by his peculiar shining eyes. They seemed to look inside of her—and now she felt a kind of a warmth going through her brain, she said, and also a sensation of the perfect calm and joy. Then she heard him speak to her—not aloud, for there was no sound. Only deep within herself she could hear him warning her of the mortal danger here and urging her at once to depart.

"Still curiously unalarmed, for he brought a great calm within her mind, my grandmother thanked him, in her thought, and in the same unspeaking way she told the monk that she would follow his advice immediately. She

entered then into the room of her two young servants, and in some moments they came back, the three of them together, into her room to take her belongings. When the servants saw the monk they at once kneeled down before him, and he blessed them, and went out of the room directly through the wall of the house. So in a moment he disappeared. The servants, very frightened now, rushed with the bags of their mistress out through their room to wake up the huge driver of the *Dormeuse*, and also the chief of the *cortège* and all the men, to make them to prepare for to depart immediately. The servants had scarcely left the room, in which my grandmother had stayed to gather up her papers and jewels, when the third door was bursted down, and into the room came the old village chief.

"'So! You are writing, *barina*!' he cried. 'Your profits and gains you are entering, aren't you? Now finish this quickly, and quickly make your prayer to your God!' In his strong old hand he was holding a knife.

"But at this same moment, within the house were heard the cries of the *cortège* chief—and the old man, after a short hesitation, left the room by the way he had entered—just while the driver of the *Dormeuse* was coming quickly in from the hall. Then the old brigand's voice was heard outside, disputing very angry with the chief of the *cortège*, asking why they were making ready to leave in the middle of the night. When seeing he could not stop them with words, he made a sharp whistle, long and loud—it was the signal of alarm. In the meantime my *grandmère* went with the huge driver out through the yard of the house to the street, where she saw with relief that the sixteen horses were still in the harness to the *Dormeuse*. She entered into it at once and ordered him to fasten most carefully the two small windows and the doors. Quickly he bolted the steel plates down.

"All her men were busy with horses now and with preparation for a fight—since by then everyone of them understood that they were in a nest of brigands. My *grandmère* soon heard the old man come and with a knife try to open the windows, but in vain. For quickly she heard the chief of the train ask what the devil he was doing there and the answer that he wished to speak with the lady, and to receive from her what was due to him for the oats and hay, and food and vodka for the men—things which never had been served. The chief of the *cortège* then paid him for the beds in his houses but refused to pay any more. The infuriated old brigand attacked the chief now with his knife, but in the same instant he received a stupendous box on his ear from the driver of the *Dormeuse*, and at once he fell like dead to the ground.

"In the meantime the alarm had spread all over the village. From everywhere one could see how the lights began to be lit; and men, one by one, coming to the street with their axes for a fight—while the men of the *cortège* were making ready to force their way out. The villagers came rushing now—but when by the lights of the lanterns they saw their chief senseless on the ground, they were at once in dark confusion. So, without much fighting the train of sledges reached the gates. They were closed and locked, with heavy bars, but the huge driver of the *Dormeuse* lifted them up from their hinges and threw them with a crash aside. As soon as the last sledge left the gates all horses were brought to the fullest gallop, although it was still very dark. When they were already some ten kilometers from the place, the chief of the *cortège* discovered that they had taken the wrong way. Instead of going to Voronej, they were again on their old route back to Kaluga from which they had come. When he brought his excuses to the young lady, she answered,

"'It is better so—for if the brigands follow us, they will take the other road, by which you told them we would go. So now go directly back to Kaluga.'

"When they came there two days after this, my grandmother told the story to her father, who besides interrogated many of the men in her train. She begged him to investigate the doings of this village immediately and on the spot—and her father quickly did so as she asked. On the second day after Christmas a detachment of soldiers, equipped with light artillery and all the instruments for assault, galloped to the brigand place. When one of the officers of the detachment had been admitted at the gate, he was killed in the most hideous way, and his naked mutilated body thrown over the palisade. Then the artillery fire was started at once, and the whole of the village was surrounded, not to allow anyone to escape. Soon the palisade broke down before the fire of the guns, and the attacking force rushed in. Every man, woman and child inside took an active part in the most savage fighting. The soldiers, some of them veterans from the Napoleonic wars, were saying that never in their lives had they faced such a fiendish enemy. House after house in the village was captured by fighting all the day and the night. All the population was set into irons—and then the soldiers bivouacked there, waiting for further instruction. Soon my great-grandfather arrived with the other members of his court, and the perquisition was begun. There was not a single house, they found, which was not overfilled with objects taken from murdered travelers. For the crimes of that village had reached back for several generations. There objects were found belonging to persons who were known to have disappeared in that province some eighty years before. Not a single one of these brigands showed any traces of moral sense. Even the children were boasting of their share in the murders done. Most of the open places within the village palisade were taken up by graves of victims; and the ferocious villagers were proud to point out every grave. They showed one great trench where forty persons had been buried all together. Not any details did they hide of their deeds.

"'Now we know there is but one end for us—we shall all be hanged,' they said. 'So why should we try to hide our deeds, if these things are so appetizing to the court and to your Excellence?'

"As this village belonged to the State, so it was necessary to report directly in Petersburg to the Home Office. This was done by my great-grandfather, who utilized this visit for going direct to the Emperor, begging him to sign the death verdict for the whole population of Voronihino without a single exception, no matter what the sex or age. The

THEN A YOUNG LADY OF ONLY NINETEEN, AND EXCEEDINGLY SMALL

THE LARGEST OF THE SLEDGES CARRIED ALONG MY LITTLE GRANDMÈRE

verdict was signed by Nicholas I, and the execution was carried out. Men and women and children were killed. Then all the houses were burned down and the place was plowed over for the next spring, so that there should remain no trace of any village on that spot. And the order of the Emperor was that no house should ever be there again.

"About one month after this, my grandmother traveled again to Voronej; the town to which she had been going on that night. After arranging her business affairs, she went to the cathedral to pray; and there she saw the *ikon* of a saint, the *Mitrofan* of Voronej, who had been dead for many years. In the picture she recognized at once the holy man who had saved her life. But she wished to have more proofs of this, and so she went and brought her two maids, who had seen the apparition that night. She told them nothing. Only, she said, 'Now I wish you to come to the church.' But when they came and saw the *ikon*, both of them fell down on their knees and were pressing their heads upon the stones. So now the Voltairean doubts of my *grandmère* were answered.

"Fifty long years after that, when she recited this story to me, sitting in her garden here, she said at the end:

"'You may believe or disbelieve—but do not repudiate only because you cannot explain.' She stopped and was thinking quietly. 'I am a very old woman,' she said, 'and I have seen many strange things in my life. Many, many I could not explain—but I have seen them—and I know that if you will bring all your thinking hard upon somebody you love, even if he is far away, you can feel how you are quickly going to the place wherever he is. And often he will see you then, just as though your body were there. And if we can do this while we live, I think we can do it still after we die.' She was quiet again. 'Not all of us can. Our lives must be strong. And I think that only when all our lives we have been making our spirits strong, shall we have any other life when we die.'

"My little *grandmère*—so old and so small, but now so strong and stern in her eyes that I, a small boy, was watching her, much frightened and forgetting to breathe—looked down on the river very far off.

"'I think,' she said, 'that we ourselves must build up our own immortality.'

"So she told me, and I supposed I had heard a story very strange, but only a story, and this was the end. But the end was not so—the end was so great as my little grandmother was small. It happened that same winter time.

"When we left her here in the autumn to go back to Petersburg, my mother was troubled, for she did not trust the Polish steward of my *grandmère*, who with his wife and daughter Steshka lived as her servants in this house. He was a sly, amiable, wheedler—'my Talleyrand,' she called him—but though she knew he was not very honest, still she wished to keep him here. She liked him because he was most polite, but more because he could speak French; and, living alone through long Russian winters, she was still enamored of her France, and was pleased to speak with some one in the tongue of her 'first fatherland.' So we left her with that Pole and we went back to Petersburg, where we lived in an apartment near the Alexandrovski Park. I was sleeping with my mother there, for I was then a boy quite small. Near our house was a small factory; and early every morning when in winter it was yet quite dark, the low fearful cry of its *sirène* made me to shudder in my bed and have the ugly nightmares.

IN HIS STRONG OLD HAND HE WAS HOLDING A KNIFE

"So now one night I was awaking and began to shake again. It must be the *sirène*, I thought. But no, it was my mother, weeping and rapidly dressing herself, beside a candle burning there. Frightened, now I lay quite still, and soon I heard how she went from the room to the kitchen and fired the oven there, and then aroused the servant girl to go to the posting station at once and bring a sleigh for the long journey to the home of my *grandmère*. The girl ran out, and my mother began preparing breakfast for herself—but no matter how quietly she moved, my father in his room awoke, and I heard him ask if she would go to the early service in the church. Then I heard her answer:

"'No. My mother has been here.' And when my father came into the kitchen, I heard her describe how she had been sleeping badly and was wide awake when she saw Nadine Constantinovna quietly come into the room, and sit down in the large armchair, and after asking steadily if everything was well with ourselves, she said, 'But with me it is not well. I am very ill, and they have so arranged that no one is permitted to see me. They think they will steal everything—and because I shall soon be dead, there will be no witness of their deed. I lie not in my bedroom but on the lounge in the corner room. They have brought me there, as they suppose my money is in my bedroom, where they now make most thorough search. So come at once. I am still alive, but soon I shall die and I wish you here.'

"Then I heard my father, who was a very quiet man, say, 'Go, if you feel it necessary—and if you find there nothing wrong, come back as quickly as you can.' Then, while he helped to pack her belongings, I heard my mother beg him to excuse that she was going so—on account of a mere vision—which seemed to be ridiculous.

"But some days after she had gone, there came from her a letter telling that *grandmère* was dead and urging us to come at once. In spite of this so

terrible news, we children were quite glad to go—for with healthy children grief is often but skin deep; and I remember very well our joy in that long sleigh ride—twelve hours over snow and ice. When at last we came to this house the little dead body of my *grandmère* was lying with the candles, and many, many peasants, and landowners and river folk were going on tip-toes in and out. Then my mother, bit by bit, recited to us how she had come in the early evening to this house, and how the Pole and his daughter and wife were at once uneasy and alarmed when her sleigh came into the yard. But disgusted with their fawning talk and all their kissing of her cloak, she had entered into the corner room, and there, quietly lying, she saw my *grandmère*, who said:

"'It is well. So you followed my call and came with all speed. Who drove you, my dear?' And when she learned it was Stepan Timovéev, she said, 'That is well. He is an honest driver and his horses are of the best. Now go and eat and drink something at once to warm you—else you may be ill. Give something to Stepan as well, but do not let him have the vodka without eating—else he will be drunk. And you must keep him in the house for protection from these miscreants.'

"This order my mother obeyed at once, for my little *grandmère* was always like that—managing in a most practical way, and all must be done as she had directed. When my mother returned, she said:

"'So, you are here. Better write at once to your husband that he shall bring the children now—for it takes some days for the letter to go, and so they will only have time to arrive for my funeral. I know I shall die, and that this is unavoidable. Later I shall explain to you why—but first I must settle my affairs, for soon it will be hard for me to keep all my thinking clear. So go to my room, and in the third drawer of my large cabinet you will find and bring me all papers concerning my property and also my pension money from the State.'

"When this was done she gave full and careful directions how such papers should be transferred to my mother's name. When this had been written in a will, she sent for some neighbors to come and witness. And only when all business was finished in such proper form and she was alone with my mother again, did my *grandmère* recite in full of the disaster to herself. While inspecting a barn she had builded that autumn, she fell on some steps to a scaffold and broke two of her ribs by the fall. Half-unconscious, she was brought into the house by the Pole, and was placed in this corner room. Then growing conscious she heard how they searched for her money and jewels in her room, while she was left without any aid. She called her commands but they did not come. As the pain from her broken ribs grew worse, with great effort she rose and opened the window to gather some snow and make a compress. But so little and very old she was, and weakened by much pain in her chest, she could not close the window down. The wind like ice came into the room, and soon her lungs grew all inflamed. In the meantime the Pole and his daughter and wife were searching the house from attic to cellar—and when several neighbors came

HE WAS A SLY, AMIABLE WHEEDLER

my *grandmère* heard these servants say, 'Yes, she had a little fall. She is much better now but a little weak, and wishes very much to rest. She asks to admit no visitors now.'

"So my grandmother was left alone. 'When the first fever passed,' she said, 'I grew quite calm—for now I knew that certainly I could not live. But I did not wish to die alone, so in the night I strongly resolved to go to you—and this I did. Bringing together all my thoughts, in fancy I put on my fur coat, and so went out and down to the village and along the river road. Quite clearly I saw every village I passed; for if one was not clear I knew at once I should fail in my plan—so I kept my fancy calm and strong, to see clearly each place as I passed by. At last I came to the Neva, and followed the road across the ice, and so into Petersburg.' Step by step, she told the route of her journey through the city streets. 'And then,' she said, 'I reached your house and came to your room, told you quite clearly of my disaster and of my wishes. And then I came back. And when again I was here in this bed, though now very tired, I was quite sure that you would come. And so it happened and all is well. Now I wish that there shall be no vulgar scandal over the crime of this wretched Pole and his *famille*. Let them immediately depart. Their punishment is going to be the death of their spirits when they die. For now I know quite clearly that only people whose spirits are strong, and unstained by such dirtiness of the soul, will have any existence above the grave. But you must not sorrow now for me—for by the life that I have lived, I have decided my future state. My spirit shall not die, my dear.'

"So, quite calm and undismayed, my grandmother lost her consciousness—and soon her body grew cold and dead.

"But never shall I forget the scene as her long funeral *cortège* was going to the village church. No sixty huge sledges with armed guards, like that she had when a young girl—but many, many people came; the line wound down along the hill—rich neighbors and peasants, old and young, from villages many versts away. For Nadine Constantinovna, although her life had descended in scale to a house as rude as this, had shown such force of spirit here, that she was esteemed and feared, on account of her extraordinary holding to the truth

IN THE SAME INSTANT HE RECEIVED A TREMENDOUS BOX ON HIS EAR

and right—to that justice with the iron hands dealt by her father long ago. This she dealt to the villages here in a way which made the peasants call her 'the Lady General.' They knew she would punish not only their crimes but still more those of the local police and dishonest officials of any kind. So soon as any injustice was done, at once she went to Petersburg, where she still had friends quite near the Tzar; and there she would not grow quiet again till prosecution had been made. So now when their protectress was dead, many peasants were weeping—while there were some, both peasants and those in authority, too, who displayed a kind of sad relief that now they were free to continue their crimes.

"I remember one such a weeper there—a huge river Hooligan. Once he had been a drunken brute, and when meeting her at the fall of night he had wished to kill her with his ax. She had looked at him severely and said, 'Now go at once to the police and tell them what you wished to do!' And so terrible was the force in her eyes, that the fellow had quickly crossed himself for the protection of his soul, and had gone to the *ispravnik* and told how he had tried to kill and rob the little Lady General. Then in the jail she had pardoned him and brought it about that he was free. But she ordered him never to drink again and always be a man *comme il faut*. Since then he had worked for many years without any *peccadillo* here. And now he followed her to the grave.

"But as the small body of my *grand-mère* went through the snow deep into the ground, I was not breathing with my awe. For suddenly into my boy's mind came the words she had told to my mother here—'My spirit shall not die, my dear.' And I was asking where she had gone?"

Reincarnation

To a Dahlia

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

BEFORE you were changed to a flower so rare,
You lived as a lady of high degree,
With your fluffy robes and golden hair,
Your tinted cheeks and haughty air;
A mischievous glance, and then you would flee!
Was it all pretence, your scorn of me?

For I was your lover, ages ago!
You curl your lips in the same old way.
The hovering bee and butterfly know
The airs and graces that tortured me so.
But no more can you pout and flit away,
For I have you safe in a vase to-day!

Island Magic

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

WHETHER I looked at the grotesque shape of the island on the chart, or leaned on the ship's rail to watch the unfolding of its coast, I could hardly believe it. The map shows Celebes as a bundle of peninsulas tied in the middle and flung anyhow on the ocean.

There it sprawls, with none of its long limbs straightened out. It lies between Borneo and New Guinea, and is akin to neither. For that matter, it is like no other island in any of the seas. It is big enough to be noticeable—its area is greater than that of Java—yet few people seem to have heard of it.

I suppose we all know Borneo. I mean that that island is sufficiently familiar to cause mirth in any London music hall by the mention of its name. As for New Guinea, so many sensational books are now appearing about it that our nerves no longer respond. But Celebes has been overlooked; and that, when you come to think of it, is not at all a surprising fate to fall to what is entirely and freely original. It has received less critical attention than Laputa. We are much less certain about it than we are about such obvious things as the subconscious self.

The fact that the old and famous port of Macassar stands at its southwest corner means nothing—nothing whatever. Macassar is not Celebes. Probably few of the natives of Macassar know that their city is Celebesian. There is a steam-tram, which it is polite to call a railroad, that goes out of Macassar for about sixty miles, nobody knows why, and few people know where. If I had met a dinosaur I should not have been more startled than when, sauntering one day outside Macassar, that train accosted me. I had never heard of it. Its snorting was incredible. Heaven knows where the Macassarenes stable it when the queer creature comes home at night. Macassar is merely a convenient meeting place for traders to sort out the gums, spices, copra, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and bird skins, which have been collected in the multitude of islands east of Java.

Celebes must have scared the early navigators with its odd and involuted shape. They could rarely have been sure whether they were still there, or had found another island. The very appearance of its shores, you would think, ought to have prompted in some explorer that feeling which drives the curious to wander mystified till they happen on the center of the maze at Hampton Court. I know how it worked on me. But I kept my foolish impulse under control. Yet one day, when leaning with a young Dutch naval officer on the rail of our trading steamer, both of us staring at Celebes, he became suddenly mad or ecstatic; though he was a shy and quiet man, with pale hair and innocent blue eyes.

"Let us land," he cried aloud; "let us go there!" He pointed to a dark inlet in which nothing had happened, by the look of it, since the creation, except perhaps some trifling piracy and murder. "Let us walk on from there till we come to the other sea!"

That was it. A lovely, seductive, and most likely, a deadly coast. You couldn't keep the eyes off it. If, growing limp and weary with the heat, the uneventful day, and a sea which appeared to have lapsed into the notion that we had at last reached the Age of Gold and that

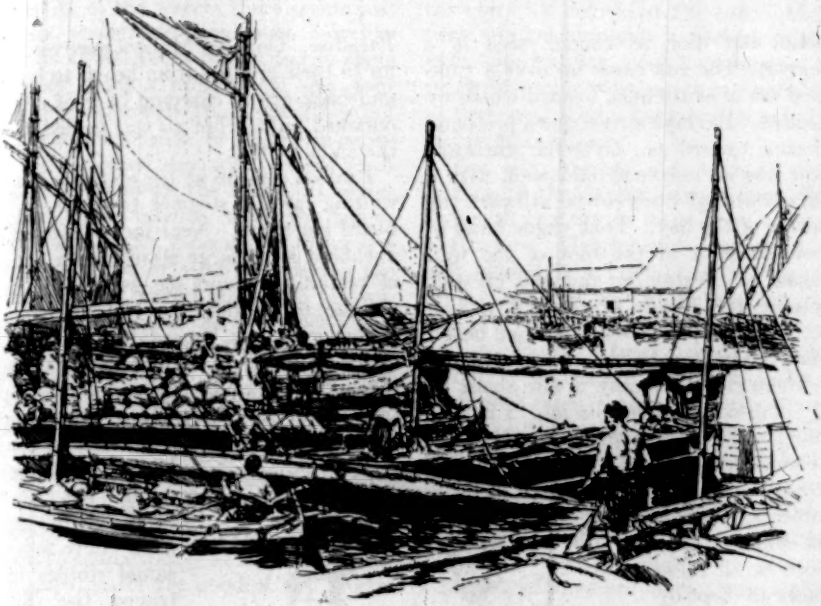
the lion and the lamb were reconciled and sentimental, you went to your cabin to read, you never stayed there more than ten minutes, while the ship was cruising along Celebes; before ten minutes were up you were on deck again. Why pretend we don't know what song the sirens sang? We know quite well. We have heard it more than once. But the song looks so idiotic when set down literally; therefore we are forced to make an academic mystery of it, a method which preserves for our edification in idleness so many of the classic topics which help bookmen to a bare living. God forbid that I should deprive them of it. I will omit here a transcript of the sirens' song for that reason, and also because it would make Ulysses, Mungo Park, and many others, including the Dutch naval officer and myself, look so foolish. Why do we ever listen to the sirens' enticement? Well, why do men put feathers in their hats and go to war? Why do some of us love wearing regalia and making secret signs? Why are men abstemious when there is wine about, and bootleggers when there isn't? And, above all, what is it we find in Beethoven or in "Christabel"? Nothing that can be quoted on the Stock Exchange, anyhow. And nothing which can be stated explicitly without causing mirth in our enemies, and indignation in our friends; for it involves the whole ethic of the arts and the philosophic reduction of beauty to its elements. Nevertheless, Ulysses did well when he tied himself to a mast.

I tie myself to a mast, as it were, while Celebes is in sight. Our ship all day moves past a tumult of crenulated ridges, heights often so sharp and aberrant that how the forest stands upon them is a mystery. Those hills are unexplored. The jungle darkens them from the clouds to the shore. Celebes is upon the equator. But the heat, on the ship, is only as though halcyon weather were giving a trifle too much to the sun. Our steamer sometimes threads the channels of the skirting islands, their shores gloomed by forest, like the mainland. Areas of the coast become thin and ghostly when diaphanous vapors are caught on the crags. The bright gauze then spreads and settles below. There is no wind. We draw abeam of an occasional beach, a thread of gold between the cobalt sea and the somber forest. No man ever lands there. The sea is empty. There is nothing living in sight but the frigate birds, black figures high over the water, with long angular pinions outspread and motionless, soaring and circling in the slow leisure of timeless spirits. There is nothing else at sea, except the purple shadows of clouds, and the stippling of beryl where the coral is only just submerged. Once Drake passed this way; but it looks as though nobody had been here since. Our steamer idles along, apparently without a purpose, as in a frivolous escape from the scheduled and consequential world. We are acquitted and released from all that makes men feel serious, active, and important.

At sunset, one day, the sea was a mirror profound with the hulls of cumulus sunk beneath the inverted violet peaks of Celebes. Over Borneo, where the sun vanished, the basaltic horizon-clouds were the broken ramparts of a world wrecked and lost. The fires of the final calamity were nearly out. Only from the base of that wall did the last day of earth burst in one thin explosion of scarlet. It spread no distance. Night quenched it at once. I stood at the ship's rail, watching the place where the forlorn hope had failed.

"Mr. Tomlinsohn," said a voice beside me, "Will you have a gin and bitter?" It was our chief engineer. He comes from Amsterdam.

Our sailors are Malays. My first impression of them was that they were languid and ladylike seamen. No doubt the captain had been unable to get white men for the voyage. He was forced to do what was possible with mariners whose headdress is neat and pleasing millinery, and who sometimes



MACASSAR IS MERELY A CONVENIENT MEETING PLACE FOR TRADERS TO SORT OUT THE GUMS, SPICES, AND COPRA

wear attractive lace bodices. One pirate I saw hauling on a rope had a blouse with an elegant design in birds and pomegranates. His trousers, which were more or less white, had lavender stripes. But make no mistake about it. There would be fewer lives lost when a ship comes to trouble if white seamen knew how to lower boats and get them away as expeditiously as our Malays. When we see a grove of coconuts we stand in. I hear no orders. Our men appear to be loafing. But I am still listening to the echoes from the hills of our roaring cable when, as if our boats were sentient and behaved like retriever dogs, they are already making for the beach. For our men get plenty of practice. In the Gulf of Tomino alone we called at about fifteen little places in one day, anchored, and got the boats out.

It would be useless to name these beaches. They are known only to the Dutchmen of the K.P.M. (It is easier to write those letters than to say *Koinklijke Paketvaart Maatshappij.*) These steamers serve all the Malay Islands. They touch at places where there is nothing to mark land but a tree or two upright on universal glass, lost under vast and radiant clouds. What is the use of naming such spots? One sunrise our syren blared when we were idling along Celebes. Another anchorage! I was going up the companion and overtook our captain. Where were we? At Paleleh!

But what and where is Paleleh! I had never heard of it. On the map before me now it is not even marked. Yet surely it should be there; I am certain I once saw it. Why does the map so casually doubt me? I must have been there, and it ought to be fairly easy to recognize the place again. There was a narrow gulf going deeply into the land, and in the pallor of dawn the moon's ghost had stopped rolling when on the verge of a declivity. As it was, it was hanging only just above the water. An islet was at the entrance of the bay, on a floor of silver. Every tree on it was

plain, but dim, as though seen in a mirror. The sun came up over a tumbled sea of acute hills, toward which we headed. His rays struck down profound chasms toward us. Over the starboard bow was an immense dark wall, with a threshold of chrysolite athwart the mirror of the bay. That vague band of greenish light at the foot of the wall began to crystallize, and the crystals became the fronds of coconut palms. Set within the palisades of that beach were the huts of Paleleh.

There cannot be any doubt about it. My map doesn't know its job. I landed there, and I remember a shop kept by a Chinaman — on consideration, however, that is not evidence. The shops in all these places are kept by Chinamen. Nor can I pretend that the fact that nothing was happening at Paleleh proves anything. Nothing has got its work cut out to prove Anything. Yet I must insist that the arrival of our steamer caused little interest, even among the children. I thought the folk of Paleleh were probably in the midst of eternity, and so knew all. They had been through every experience. Their sun announced itself every day to them in just that way above mountain forests; its light fell in great rays from upper embrasures. Their sea was always of the same colors. Men sometimes came from the outer world, and then went again. An astonishing butterfly was hovering over the scarlet blossoms of a shrub by the foreshore; a group of children by the shrub, no less surprising with their colors, were as indifferent to the creature as though they knew all the wonders of Paradise. Our own Malays were wading up to their middles from beach to boats and back again, carrying bags of copra outward, till the hot air was loaded with the smell of it.

MARINERS WHOSE HEADDRESS IS NEAT AND PLEASING MILLINERY

I sat on a beam at the end of a jetty, waiting for the steamer to warn us to board her again. Near me a canoe was anchored by a large stone and a cable of rattan. I could see her thin cable oblique in a transparency to where her anchor rested in three fathoms; and it was then I noticed that the water in the shadow of the canoe was a wavering and translucent sapphire. Is it likely that I could have invented such a color as that? The sea might not have been below my feet; only occasional ripples betrayed the division between air and water. A shoal of little fish glanced in electric flashes amid the branches of a bush coral, and a larger fish, black and gold like a tiger, hovered over them. Pipe fishes ran their long snouts along the surface of the glass. A sea snake, banded yellow and black, threaded the submarine garden, and serpentined into a hole in some rocks. A score of Paleleh people were sprawled on the old timbers of the wharf. They had nothing to talk about, and nothing to do. They could have taken no less notice of me if I had been invisible. I certainly got the feeling myself that there was no reason in such a place why a steamer should ever hoot a warning, or that, if it did, one should ever heed it.

A ship should have light when making Macassar. The islands of the Spermode Group dot the sea about the southwest end of the Celebes, and though the frail

blue silk of the waters there seems just strong enough to keep such fairylike islands afloat, yet it is best to con them by day, from a wide berth. So your ship will approach Macassar either not much before sunrise, or while a memory of the vanished day with a brief exaltation holds away the night. The approach to its harbor, when the sun is near the horizon, especially if there is a stillness before or after rain during the wet monsoon, would make you believe, looking ahead from the ship's bow, that "the storms all weathered and the ocean crost" you are nearing that "favored isle, where billows never roar, and brighter seasons smile." For there is no end to the illusions of travel—in fact, they are the best of it; and part of the fun is in seeing them break. Half-an-hour of the beatific! What more should a man expect? It is an experience long enough for the good of any mortal traveler. Of course, at the end of that time you are alongside a modern wharf and the bunker coal. Macassar is properly proud of its modern facilities, as they are called. Luckily it is easy to escape from them.

The city, though old, with all the history of the Malay islands from the sixteenth century in its streets, native, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, has still behind it a land of which less is known than of the Mountains of the Moon. Macassar is, in fact, only a market place on a beach where meet the traders from hundreds of islands about it, some of them distant a journey of two months. Excepting Singapore—a very much greater place—Macassar is, I think, the most interesting town in the East Indies. You soon get tired of Batavia and Sourbaya, big sporadic cities where the distances, which would be very little in America, in Java are almost impassable

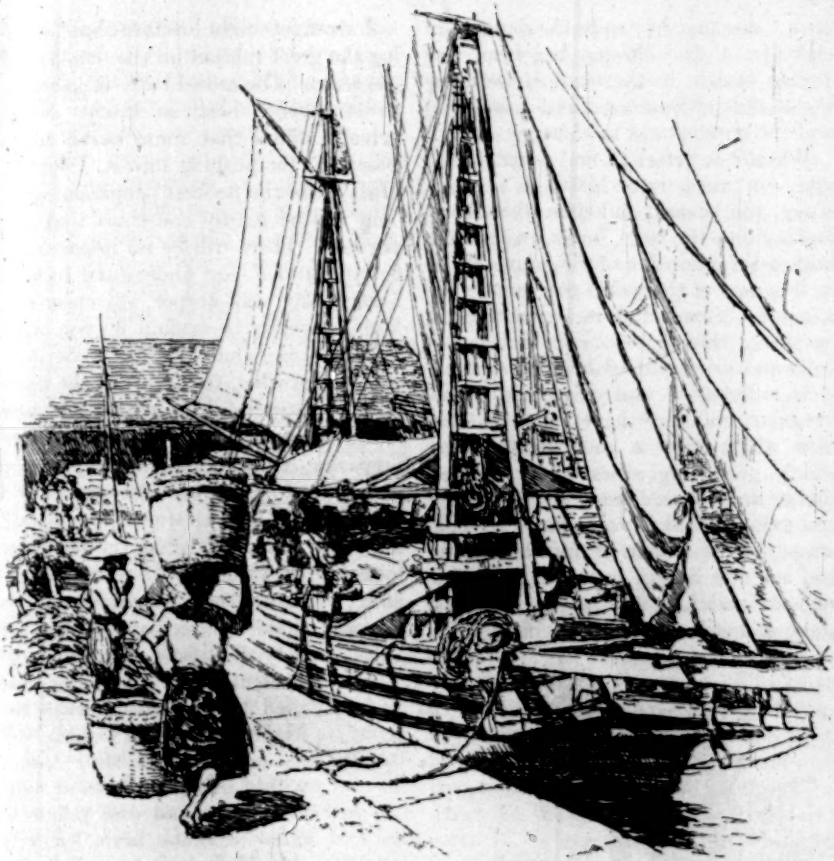
WITHIN THE PALISADES OF THAT BEACH WERE THE HUTS OF PALELEH

gulfs of heat and dust. And even native inland cities, like Djocjakarta, where the Javanese are still listlessly protecting the relics of their traditions and their native crafts that have not yet been foundered in the flood of shoddy from Western civilization, soon weary a traveler. He sees with his own unaccustomed eyes that often what the natives pretend is their traditional craft was machine made at Manchester or Dresden. But tourists don't go to Macassar. It is off their track. No need for Macassar to deceive chance visitors; and to deceive its regular visitors, the traders, requires careful thought and takes all its time.

It has its own atmosphere, which is largely though not altogether made by the fish that are spread out in half-acres to dry in the sun near the waterside. Its heat, too, is not a smothering weight, but exhilarates. You can get about on foot. The natives, who are of the Malay race, are a lively and sturdy tribe—they made active and resourceful pirates in the past—and so the byways of Macassar are attractive with figures which, imported just as they are into any northern industrial city, would cause a despairing slump in looking-glasses. And the Chinese are there. But then they are everywhere. There is not an island in the archipelago without its Chinese trader; probably an honest one, too.

You can't help liking the Chinese. Talk about the dourness, the artless and audacious intelligence, the courage, resourcefulness, endurance, delicacy in humbugging, and the other qualities of the Anglo-Saxon which have made him what he is—all that talk taxes a Chinaman's impassivity to keep his smile well hidden. He was like that when a child, ten thousand years ago. He sits in front of his shop in Macassar to-day—an open shop, without windows or door—where there are great paper lanterns pendant, and a red banner with letters of gold. He smokes his opium pipe. He wears short black trousers and a blue jacket, and a little black cap, and sees Heaven knows what ancient dream through his horn spectacles. His face is tranquil and benevolent, while his tiny daughter with her long black pigtail and fringe, an ivory doll quaintly dressed in miniature cotton trousers and incredibly animated, and little son, his poll clean-shaven, dressed in nothing at all, play with dice at his feet. He can never be beaten or outlived. He is unconquerable and deathless. He has forgotten more than our culture has had the time to acquire. He is such a friendly soul, too, if you are sufficiently cautious when accepting him. He has his own theater in Macassar; a safely fascinating place, once you have subdued the terrible magic of its orchestra. And his temples! There is in Macassar one which will draw

GATHERED FROM THE SUBMARINE GARDENS OF THE TROPICS



THE MALAYS ARE BUSY ON THEIR DECKS, COOKING BREAKFAST

you every day you are in the port. You will find yourself outside it again, lost in the attempt to unravel its unvoluted fantasy, without knowing you were going to it, though it is in a back street. To stay a season in that back street of Macassar, in one of the Chinese houses opposite the temple, would be greater fun than any springtime idling on the Riviera. Nobody appears to see you in that street. Not any of the strange eyes which pass look at yours. You might not be there. But all the doors in that street are shut to you, spiritually and in fact.

When the morning is very young, and the light has but little heat in it, the native dock with its quays of coral rock and a gathering of schooners and canoes, is almost merrily absurd with an extravagant beauty and a suggestion of wild and secret adventure. The little schooners are gypsies for color, their names are stars and flowers—*Bintang* this and *Buroh* that—their brailed sails are sheets of light, and their reflections on the languid water, which is an uncertain blue mirror, are slowly dissolving flakes of lightning and rainbow. The Malays sit on their decks, cooking breakfast. There is a smell of dry fish, copra, and wood smoke. They look so frail, those little antique models, with their tripod masts, their sweeps, and low bows and up-standing galleried sterns. But

once I saw one driving in the dangerous currents, a gale chasing her from the Indian Ocean, in the channel between the islands of Sumbawa and Lombock, and the impulse was to cheer.

When it is better to find some shade, you can turn into Macassar's main street, the bazaar, and then discover—looking into the bags, boxes, casks, and baskets—for how few of the commodities in this part of the world you have even a name. Some stuff it is possible to guess at; though who eats desiccated frogs and dried cuttlefish? But most of it is mummified and enigmatic. The irregular buildings have roofs of red tiles which cast a good shade from widely projecting eaves. They are of timber and stone, lime-washed in blues and yellows, and if you chance to look up out of the stream of dark humanity you see dim figures in upper balconies who are watching the street below, as grave and still as decorative images.

HE SITS IN FRONT OF HIS SHOP IN MACASSAR

A stranger might hesitate about entering the great market on the outskirts of the town. The crowd there is so active, so strangely alien, so intent on its private affairs that some nerve seems necessary for pushing into it. But the Malays are the politest people on earth. You will be hardly conscious that you are seen. There will be no importunity to buy; and if you understand bazaar-Malay, any stall-keeper will cheerfully lose customers to explain to you what his wares are, and what has to be done with them; what, for example, the name of that curious fish is, where and how it can be caught, and what to do when preparing it for the pot so that it may nourish and not cause death with horrid convulsions. After a time, too, you will not be startled by what on the floor looks like the evidence of a recent bloody affray. Most of these people chew areca nut and those sanguinary blotches are only the spittle of a multitude. Presently you will get almost used to it. In any case the Malays, men and women, will go on smearing *sireh* leaves with a little lime, put in some areca nut, and rose petals or other aromatic herb, leisurely chew their packets, and change the sensitive mouths of their youth into the semblance of a nasty accident.

No port in the Indies has much to show that is more interesting than its fish market. That is but fair. Not many visitors may find entrance to its best clubs, or may know, even at long last, the joy of meeting its Best People. But all may go to the fish market. The choice fruits of the tropics, and its solid vegetables, may suggest that home is, after all, only about the third turning round the corner. But the fish! What crude and vulgar brutes cod and halibut would

look in the company gathered from the submarine gardens of the tropics! Nothing vulgar there, nothing crude; though there are many creatures which look terrifying, or instantaneous, or malignant, or unnamably wicked; or shaped and enameled in a way which suggests that they escaped at midnight from the designs in the Chinese temple or an Oriental jeweler's workshop. To learn what hardly credible living things may come from the reefs and atolls, it is better to go to the fish market in the early morning. That the fishermen dare to handle such objects is surprising. Often enough one would as soon fool with the unknown mechanism of a bomb. Even the fishermen occasionally wish they had let the thing go, for some of the spines, gill-covers and skins are as venomous as adders' fangs; and the sea-serpents, those brightly colored ribbons common enough among the waves, and all as deadly as cobras, cause a surprising number of deaths to those whose business is with fish nets and traps. One morning in Macassar's fish market there was a man who seemed to have supposed that the fish he had caught was too awful or too big to allow him to bring in more than the head, as a trophy. He showed me that head. It was as big and heavy as a mastiff's, with the same expression of sullen interest and ready hostility, but with larger teeth.

There were cuttlefish that day looking like opalescent lamps in which the light was hardly yet extinct; crabs which might have been an astrologer's imaginative effort at Cancer, and the sort of prawns usually seen after and not before eating them. These were only the cheap asides, like the shrimps and oysters at home. The common fish were there, mackerel of sorts—the big horse mackerel the most noticeable, for it is often of the size and rotundity of a small pig. There were young sharks, and several species of rays and skates, a few of them too big for one man to lift. The coryphene was there, the dolphin of sailors, which expires prismatically; though that fellow must be seen when just caught, for a mere description of its display would never be believed. In the market place the coryphene is remarkable only for its suggestion of immense speed, and the vicious upturned lower jaw and teeth. The rest of the creatures that morning would have startled the curator of a museum.

Yet each morning the display in the fish market was differently ordered. The program was never repeated. I could never think of it as a market place, or that I was looking at mere provender. It was manifest the sea was still experimenting with life, and was in no hurry. It was dissatisfied with its work each day, as soon as the designs were finished, and so threw them out to us as waste. Then it began on other effects. That place in Macassar, therefore, was hardly a market. It was less that than the studio of an artist resembles Billingsgate. Macassar was merely getting daily what the rich and vast workshop outside considered was not quite what it meant to do. And that workshop has, of course, plenty of time and light in which to satisfy itself. The sun and the warm seas have all eternity in which to play with life, to shape and color it to the likeness of whatever perfection was once hinted. The Italian jewelers of the Renaissance never approached the easy opulence, the merry variety of ideas, and the wild ornamentations of what any bright morning can show on the slabs of that fish market of Celebes. There I saw the ocean's last hilarious but puzzling jokes. Fun was being made of our own dull and monotonous efforts at creation.

But when you look out from Macassar's beach to the place where those wild forms and vivid dyes are native, they are the less surprising. Anything might happen out there. It is not the sea, out by the Spermode Islands. It is a blue radiance, as still as the ecstasy of an intense passion, and the areas of coral rock betray in blinding incandescence what secret energy is at work.

Horse and Horse

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

HANK WHEELOCK'S first conclusion was that he had come upon a vagrant snow patch. But the idea had barely emerged before he realized its absurdity. Could it be that the scorching humor of the desert had at last seared him to a point of daftness? . . . He moved slowly toward the outer rim of whiteness, as if fearful lest the vision might dissolve, but the mirage did not recede; it became if anything more tangible, more crystalline, more emphatic. Surely this pool of frozen purity had not been there last week.

He bent over, tracing figures in the glistening surface with his gun: if he were mad his new estate had been accomplished with completeness! He next trusted his fingers to a confirmation of the fact before him. He had almost expected a cool reaction, but the scorch of accumulated sunshine bit ruthlessly into his flesh. Immediately every spark of animation was extinguished within him: the suggestion flashing through his mind was too tremendous, too fantastic, to be met save in complete immobility. For a full minute he lay upon his belly, there in the yellow sand, like a huge gray lizard fascinated by the prospect of an iridescent meal. When he moved again, it was to scoop up a handful of burning whiteness. Even now he did not altogether credit his senses. He moistened a forefinger, carrying its powdered surface back to his tongue. He knew the look of it, the taste of it, and yet he was not to be trapped unduly. He whipped out his pocket magnifier. His conclusions were reluctant, constrained by the incautions of a lifetime. Borax? . . . Could it be possible—here by the roadway's rim, within a day's journey of the railroad? . . . He felt himself grow suddenly weak and he had the wit to realize that the sun was in no humor to brook defiance. He moved slowly into the truce of a rocky ledge, sprawling full length in its shadow. Overhead, three buzzards formed a sinister merry-go-round against the turquoise sky. Their foul expectations made Hank Wheelock chuckle. In spite of his sixty years he was a long way from cashing in. Them fool buzzards! Didn't they know a tough old coyote when they saw one? Besides, he wasn't quite ready to provide grub for such an ornery lot of feathered bandits—not yet. He'd have another look at that outcropping of borax first. *Borax!* . . . He closed his eyes. Just wait until he told Jim Bledsoe about it! Foolish, futile Jim Bledsoe. Perhaps he wouldn't tell him! Perhaps he wouldn't tell nobody. It would depend.

He opened his eyes again. The buzzards had drooped a shade lower. A hot breeze began to catch up little whirls of sand and the loose pungent odors of the sagebrush. An intolerable longing for some far-off and dusky coolness oppressed Hank Wheelock. He thought of hedgerows and columbine and hollyhocks and the faint tinkle of silver fountains. After all, he *was* tired and old and ready to quit! And the buzzards overhead knew it. . . . But they didn't know that his luck had turned, that he had fortune by the throat. They didn't know that his was the surrender that always came within sight of the goal. . . . If they had they wouldn't have wasted time circling about him in such a calm, anticipatory frenzy.

He pulled himself to his feet, dragging back to that pool of whiteness which

even now held such an element of unreality. Yes, it was still there—bared unaccountably for his achievement: A glimpse, a mere indication of what must lie buried for miles in every direction under the deceitful gray of the desert. And, in a sudden spasm of joy, he felt himself tossing his hat into the air and heard the exultant cry issuing from his throat, swallowed up flatly by the unhemmed spaces.

Overhead, the buzzards had ceased their circling. For a brief instant they held themselves motionless, then swept eastward with calm deliberation.

In the cool of evening, Hank Wheelock went through the primitive gesture of marking the confines of his prospect with bits of shale chipped from the ledge that had sheltered him from the sun. The definite rules for staking a claim he was unprepared to meet and yet some atavistic urge, harking back to the days when men made covenants with the gods, gave him a foolish pleasure in setting up symbols of his revelation. What he would have liked to do was to have swept back the sand over his treasure with a miraculous rake. There would be people passing and repassing, Indians for the most part, intent on the piñon harvest, perhaps gathering mesquite beans, or working toward the streams with their fish-snares. These scarcely mattered, but others would pass, too,—white men, with little sharp beady eyes, seeking furtively to wrest secrets from the sun-bitten land. But the desert was capricious; it rewarded whom it would. Take his own case for instance: How many times had he scoured the blunt, squeezed hills to no purpose, coveting their treasures? . . . And this same spot, with its ledge of rock that marked a waterhole of almost miraculous sweetness, how many times had he loitered in its gaunt shade, innocent of its hoard? . . . Last week, when he had tramped eastward to another futile tryst with fortune, his path had been without revelation. The country had lain somnolent under a blazing sun, taciturn and baffling, as always. But overnight a miracle had happened: a wanton wind had danced with gathering violence across the star-lit mesa, furrowing the gleaming sand with its twinkling feet, tearing open quiescent wounds in its frenzy, revealing close-locked secrets. . . . To-night it was conceivable that another wind might rise, blotting out all trace of the one that had gone before, piling the restless sand discreetly back again. Hank Wheelock hoped that this might be so; such a prospect made him feel safer. He wanted to hoard his good fortune for a season, to guard it jealously. Would it be necessary to tell Jim Bledsoe? Not right off, anyhow. . . . He'd bide his time. . . . He might even persuade himself beyond that. . . . He'd do what was right, but he wasn't going to be no fool philanthropist. If they had come upon this secret together, that would have been one thing. . . . But they hadn't. . . . Yet Jim Bledsoe was still his partner.

Well, there was time enough to settle that. He wouldn't reach camp until the next morning. Twelve hours of solitude in which to wrestle with the problem. That was enough for any man. . . . He decided to wait until nightfall before pushing on. When the moon rose he'd start. He flung himself back into the shelter of the rocky ledge. He wondered whether the buzzards would come winging back again. . . . But they didn't, and he fell asleep, chuckling.

He rose with a windless moon, heading south by west, munching thin strips of jerked venison as he walked. He was a spare eater on the trail and he drank from his canteen scantily, barely moistening his lips. The land lay in a cool truce of incredible silver, invoking dreams and fancies and extravagances. He felt a mysterious affinity with hidden forces; like some primitive hero who had been singled out for favor by the gods. His discovery of the afternoon linked

him with the elements, made him touch hands with illimitable time and space. He thought vaguely of the extraordinary patience of nature, and its still more extraordinary whimsies. Imagine piling up a glistening treasure for millions of years, then hiding it slyly, in the end to yield the secret to a chance passer-by. He had seen uncovered borax marshes in his day, stretching mile upon mile under a blazing sun, but never before had there come to his knowledge one discreetly buried, like a dead city of the ancients. He tried to imagine it laying stark and white, as it must one day have done, picturing the first thin line of whirling sand that had drifted upon its pallid face. A few grains of sand . . . mere specks of golden grayness. Grains piling up to a handful. An island in the center of a crystalline sea . . . the sea itself completely hidden! Then shrubs and reptiles and birds in their season. The primitive deceit accomplished. He ended by being staggered at so much elemental perseverance. It was like sprawling at full length with one's eyes upturned to the stars; it crushed you, somehow, until in very self-defense you turned away.

He saved his egotism by veering to problems within grasp. There was the matter of claim-staking, of launching a promotion scheme, of transportation. Twenty years before, his imagination would have evoked endless mule teams chiming through the blistering heat to a railroad siding; now he supposed motor trucks would accomplish the task swiftly and adequately. *Hank Wheelock, the new Borax King!* He ruffled with childish pride at the mere thought. . . . But at that he might sell out at once and let somebody else bask in the warmth of the title. This last speculation brought him sharply against the question of Jim Bledsoe again: Would he be justified in dissolving his partnership at this point? Not that he grudged Jim Bledsoe a share in his good fortune —oh, no, it wasn't that! But a man with a big project ought to have a clear field to develop it, without let or hindrance. Of course he supposed Jim Bledsoe would give him a free rein, but then a man could never tell!

It wasn't as if the idea had never before occurred: for upward of forty years he had made periodic gestures toward cutting loose from Jim Bledsoe, to find him always in the end taking the path of least resistance. After all, it wasn't easy to ditch a partner who had the genial vice of optimism, who could rise from the most crushing defeat upon the wings of an irrational hope, whose rainbow fell always just a day's journey beyond. But looking back, Hank Wheelock had to admit that this had been Jim's sole contribution to their common cause: the claims they had staked, the boom towns they had entered, the mining stocks they had purchased on the strength of Jim Bledsoe's enthusiasms! And all to no purpose. . . . It was easy to trace the history of every move they had made toward opulence. The end was always the same; they had picked their penniless way back to the hills to pan dribbles of gold from reluctant stream-sides, or follow a promising ledge to its shallow source, or meet a quick turn in fortune on the spin of a faro wheel. But even then it had been Wheelock's luck that stood by. When had Bledsoe ever washed so much as a solitary nugget from a creek bed, or fallen upon a single gilded outcropping in the blunt, scarred hills, or played a winning number to retrieve their wasted substance? Never once in all them forty years, Wheelock told himself with a note of emphatic satisfaction.

Of course, no matter what his decision he'd never let old Bledsoe want: he'd be generous. And with keen delight he pictured himself in the role of patron, distributing largess. . . . Giving anybody a direct share—well, that was different. People never thanked you for what you conceded were their rights, and the term "partnership" would smother any impulse toward gratitude in Jim Bledsoe. To his dying day Jim would argue:

"Well, who knows—if Hank hadn't struck it rich mebbe I would have!"

And the worst of it all was that old Jim Bledsoe would believe it. Forty luckless years hadn't taught him anything. Wasn't he at this very moment out on another of his foolish quests? How foolish, Hank Wheelock could only speculate, since Jim had enveloped his movements in childish mystery. He'd said casually one night over their beans and coffee:

"I had a notion I'd run up toward Heron Falls for a spell. . . . You ain't got any use for that pack animal, have yer? Leastways, not before next week?"

Hank Wheelock had tried to veil his scorn under a show of indifference. "Pack animal? . . . I should say not! . . . I ain't figuring on taking more'n a ton of ore outer that pocket back of Antelope."

His sarcasm had winged past Jim. "Well," Bledsoe had replied, "yer never can tell. . . . I allus figured there might be a likely lead in there. . . . Still, I kinder lean to a country that ain't so all-fired ornery. Prospects, I say, is a good deal like women folks: it may be a mite harder to find 'em both rich and pretty, but it can be done!"

Wheelock had met this statement with the silent contempt it deserved: Neither Bledsoe's prospects nor his women had ever qualified in either particular.

Well, there hadn't been a likely lead back of Antelope . . . there hadn't been a dribble of ore large enough to so much as fill the obsolete watch pocket in Hank Wheelock's sun-bleached coat. The country had been like Jim Bledsoe's women, at once destitute and forbidding. On the surface, of course. It hadn't opened its hand to a man poking about for trifles. . . . Hank Wheelock might have known that, he might have guessed that its frugality had an element of concealment in it, like some crusty old philanthropist making gestures toward poverty to test the object of its favor. . . . He speculated with a derisive grunt what sort of geological philandering Jim Bledsoe was up to around Heron Falls. A soft country, truly—buried in a carpet of pine needles; full of the muffled whirr of quail covies; spilling water in lacy cascades down its greenly wreathed sides. A place for loafing, a spot to rob you of everything but content, a sure despoiler of ambition. . . . Jim had gone there fishing, that was it. And one day he'd blow back into camp with a mess of trout and an air of carrying the plunder of an empire in his straw-packed fishing basket . . . . Hank Wheelock knew! . . . A mess of fish—nothing more nor less.

He, Hank Wheelock, would be bringing back a fortune and his partner, Jim Bledsoe, would throw down a dozen trout as his contribution to the jackpot. . . . Not this time! It didn't take Hank Wheelock one-half of his allotted twelve hours to settle that question. The moon had scarcely risen to its full height when he had come to a final and irrevocable decision.

For the rest of the journey he was content with a thousand opulent anticipations, not the least of which was the ever-recurring picture of himself in the role of patron to old Jim Bledsoe. This speculation had a pungent sting to it, like a dash of spice in a draught of mulled wine. He didn't think of it as insolence because, one thing, he didn't know that insolence was at the back of every condescension, but chiefly because his sense of introspection had been seasoned beneath the sky blue of heaven. He saw only the large masses on a canvas in which generosity loomed big. He ignored its shadow. Suddenly he had made the first step toward despotism—he was willing to grant a million privileges but not a single right. And in his new-found arrogance he felt that if he but reached upward he could have touched the stars!

Toward daybreak he saw afar the curling gray of a camp fire, and he knew that Jim Bledsoe was already back. This fact disturbed him: he hadn't reckoned

on facing so swiftly the issue uppermost in his mind. But his first irritation was succeeded by a sense of poignant anticipation. It would be good to have the coffeepot already steaming over the brush fire and smell the bacon drippings in the frying pan. It would be pleasant too, to stretch out in the gray-green coolness of the willow trees and ruminate over a pipe with the genial putterings of old Jim Bledsoe within sight and earshot. Some folks would have scorned the meager delights of this particular camp site, but Hank Wheelock always had argued that it served admirably. Where else for upward of a hundred miles could one have found a railroad water-tank dripping moisture and within striking distance of wooded mountain or sun-burnt mesa, depending on one's direction and inclination? There was greenery enough and outlook enough and solitude enough; and, plus all that, an extraordinary sense of contact with life in just the fact of that ribbon of steel rails bearing thirsty engines to their slaking. A drowsy place to be precise, as a camp site should be. . . . But it wouldn't stay drowsy forever, not with Hank Wheelock's borax marshes twelve hours distant by foot trail. *Hank Wheelock's* borax marshes, mark you—not the borax marshes of *Bledsoe* and Wheelock! . . . The railroad siding would have a name, too—Wheelock's Junction. How did that sound? And, in a faint mirage, instead of a captured watercourse coaxing willows to moist pasturage, he saw rise before him a dust-stung town at once clamorous and unlovely. Thus, midway between chuckling satisfaction and a vague regret, he bore down upon Jim Bledsoe fanning a reluctant fire in the early morning light.

They greeted each other with clipped masculine monosyllables and lapsed speedily into the grateful silence of long association. As Wheelock had guessed, fish *had* been flashing in the sunlight of Heron Creek, for above the inevitable pungence of coffee and warming bacon-grease there rose the sweetish odor of trout browning to a turn. . . . The meal ended, two pipes sent out the villainous perfumes of male contentment, and Jim Bledsoe, turning his faded blue eyes upon his partner, said:

"How'd things turn out back of Antelope?"

Hank Wheelock pulled up to the bitter task before him.

"They didn't. . . . I got to thinking things over on the way back: Jim Bledsoe, we ain't gettin' nowhere."

The blue eyes continued to stare at Hank Wheelock with bland tolerance. "Wal, if yer mean we can't just see the end of the trail, I'll allow that. . . . It's the bends in the roads yer can't look past that makes our game interesting. Leastways, that's my notion."

Hank Wheelock stirred the ashes in his pipe with a burnt match. "You always was a dreamer, Jim Bledsoe," he said with a faint note of scorn. "Mebbe I was one, too, way back. . . . But I've passed too many of them bends yer talk so much about. That's all they are—bends. One's just like another—more t'other side—that's all. And it gits narrower and narrower all the time, harder to do in double harness. . . . I come to the conclusion last night that after awhile it's safer to make the grade single file."

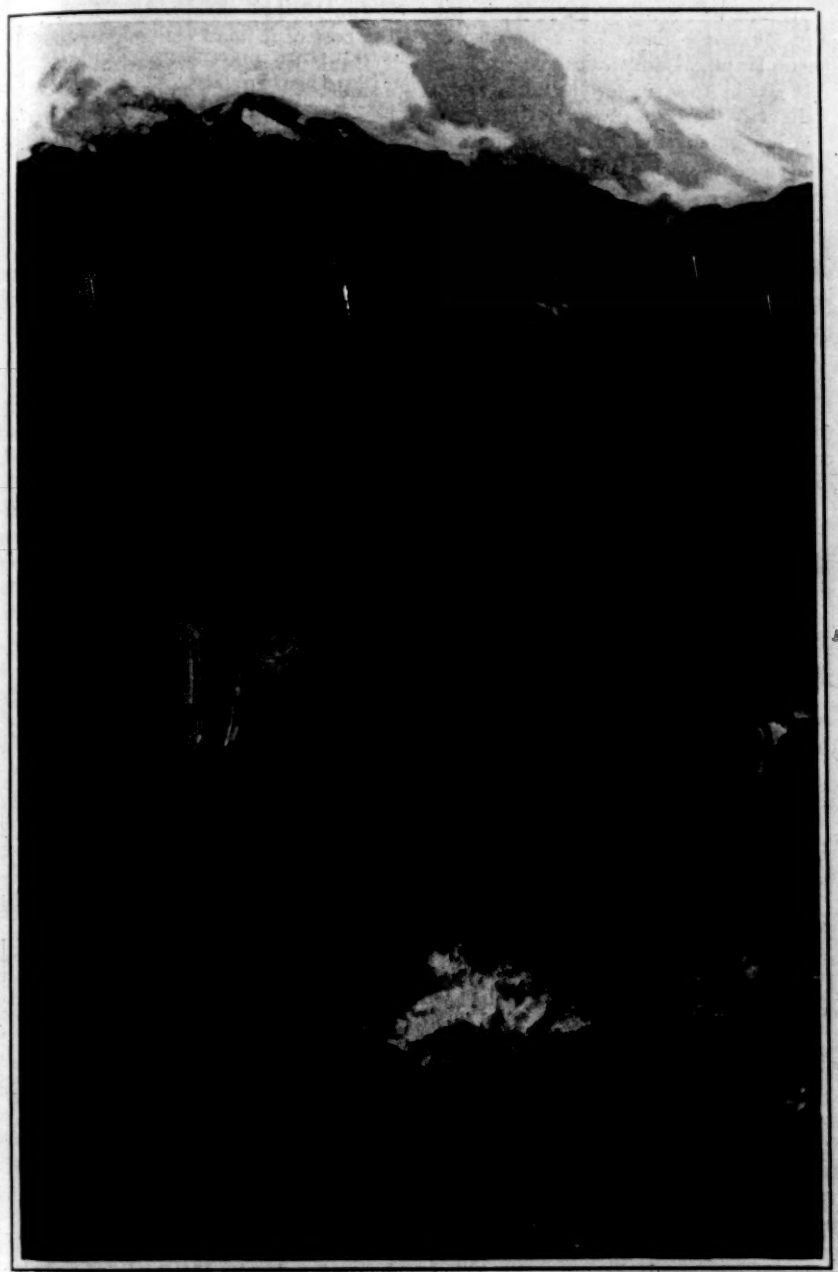
He didn't look at Jim Bledsoe when he said this; he didn't have to—the long silence that followed told him that his shaft had struck home.

"Yer mean yer want to break the partnership?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Pshaw . . . not now, Hank—not after nigh onto forty years."

"That's just it—forty years! . . . Forty years turning them bends in the road yer talk so much about." Hank Wheelock's voice rose with a sort of desperate vehemence. "We've just been dead weight to each other, somehow. . . . You'll say, 'Wait for the next turn!' I know what's beyond *that*—the poorhouse!"



Drawn by F. Tenney Johnson

"YER MEAN YER WANT TO BREAK THE PARTNERSHIP?"

A look of bewilderment crept into Jim Bledsoe's glance. "You're wrong there, Hank. I ain't said nothin', I was just waitin' to surprise yer, but up Heron Falls way there's a prospect that—"

A low guttural laugh, two-edged with contempt, sent Jim Bledsoe's revelation scattering.

"Prospects—up by Heron Falls! . . . I guess a mess of fish now and then's about all yer'll ever take out of *that* country! . . . I heerd tell of your prospects before!"

Jim Bledsoe fumbled for his tobacco pouch, and his hand shook. "Yer right, Hank Wheelock," he said, in a voice that was much too high and clear and confident. "It's *time* you and me was quittin'."

Jim Bledsoe spoke to him once more—after the evening meal. He came and stood close to where Hank lay sprawled before the camp fire. He was ready for the trail—blanket roll, canteen, and canvas bag snug with essentials.

"I'm going over to Heron Falls," he said without rancor, "and after that I'll drop down into Potterville. . . . Ain't nuthin' I can do for yer down that way, is there?"

Hank Wheelock stirred himself to a sitting posture. "How soon yer coming back?"

"I ain't coming back—leastways not the way I'm figgerin' now. . . . I'll stick to the timber fur awhile. . . . I've had enough of this here alkali country."

Hank came to his feet. "How about dividing things up?"

Jim Bledsoe swept the issue aside with a gesture of indifference. "Ain't much to divvy, is there? A few camp contraptions and a pack animal. I figgered you'd need 'em more than me. I won't be runnin' wild much longer."

His voice was untinged with patronage, yet his words brought the blood to Hank Wheelock's forehead. "I'd rather we cleaned up right!" he threw back savagely.

Jim Bledsoe shrugged. "I've got all the best of it *now!*" he answered.

Hank Wheelock twisted his lips into a smile. "Well, if you're satisfied . . ." he said.

Their hands came together instinctively.

"Good luck!"

"Good luck!"

The sound of old Jim Bledsoe shuffling into the darkness . . . wind drawing up the mesa . . . the piercing wail of a coyote. . . . *After forty years!* . . .

He lay all night beside the camp fire, gazing up at the stars. An extraordinary sense of freedom possessed him. He had no one to answer to now, except God, and His outline had grown too vague to throw any shadow. Curious how irksome a human relationship could become! Not that old Jim Bledsoe ever meddled, but he was always there, an unescapable fact to be reckoned with. After all, what had happened was inevitable. The surprising thing was that it had been delayed so long. Jim Bledsoe would be happier—he'd be free to loaf in the timber now, undisturbed by the clatter of achievement. Bledsoe was never a man to face facts anyway. He was always veiling his passion for the soft seductions of the stream and forest in a pretense of prospecting. He'd have no place in wresting a fortune from the desert. *Tired of the alkali country*—that's the way he put it. Well, let him dream awhile longer over his trout stream! Hank Wheelock would show him; Hank Wheelock would give him a taste of real generosity! There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for his old partner, short of letting him have a hand in his enterprise. A lovable old wastrel, this Jim Bledsoe, Hank Wheelock conceded. Take such an issue as dividing up, for instance. It was characteristic this yielding everything, even the pack animal. If it hadn't been that he could repay this gesture tenfold, Hank Wheelock would have stuck to his first protest. Perhaps he should

have, anyway. What if Jim Bledsoe were one day to say:

"Hank Wheelock ain't done nuthin' more'n he should. Didn't I turn over the whole shebang to him—pack mule and all, just before he struck it rich?"

Oh, well, if it gave Jim Bledsoe any satisfaction! . . . He'd likely find some excuse to horn in on the deal. Folks were like that—unwilling to concede unalloyed liberality.

After all, the camp equipment and the pack animal did mean something at this stage. He'd have a bit of traveling about to do. To begin with, he'd have to go into Potterville to attend to a thousand legal details, after he had staked his claim properly. He'd have to look people up, talk to them, get their interest. Yesterday, under the spell of his outstanding discovery, he had thought in terms of quickly matured plans; he saw now that weeks, months must elapse before they would swing forward. And he'd need a handful of money for the preliminaries too. If the country back of Antelope had only yielded a decent pocket of ore! Perhaps if he pushed on a little further. He knew a huddle of hills just beyond Mesquite Ridge that he had always thought of as promising.

He decided to start at daybreak. A fever of anxiety suddenly swept him. With the postponement of his triumph came a sickening fear that he had overestimated the whole circumstance. What if the outcropping he had come upon were just that and nothing more? If veins of gold could swell deceitfully on the surface and peter out, why couldn't borax do the same? It wasn't likely, leastways he'd never heard of it, but it might! One always thought of borax marshes as the dried beds of inland seas, but he supposed they could be as easily the wash of prehistoric puddles. But it wasn't likely, he repeated again and again.

But even as he reassured himself a more fantastic idea consumed him. Could it be possible that the whole thing was a mental fabrication? Was the first suspicion which had swept him as he bent over that patch of unexpected whiteness the right one? He had fancied then that the heat had touched him. Suddenly the canvas of his memory became crowded with brief hallucinations that had been the portion of desert rovers. The visions they had testified to!—incredible, alluring, ridiculous visions! He remembered them all, every one, with diabolical clearness.

His first plan had been to achieve Mesquite Ridge by a direct route that would have struck a little north of his discovery of yesterday, missing it by a half day's journey. There hadn't seemed any necessity for going out of his way merely to view a spot that he had quitted not twenty-four hours since. It would still be there, no matter what happened, and time was precious. But now, shaken by cold gusts of incredulity, he decided to take the longer route. He wanted to rest a moment in the shelter of that little mound of rock, and test once again with his fingers the reality of that sun-bleached pool that had so captured his fancy.

He broke camp without waiting for the sun to rise. Everything he possessed was loaded upon the protesting burro. His return was problematical. If he found that he *had* been snared by a vision, why—

But he refused to consider seriously such a contingency. Yet as he swung his footsteps eastward he had a sense of sickening dread that he could not define.

Toward evening the jutting ledge of rock which marked Hank Wheelock's spot of promise swam in the haze of a slanting sun. For a moment he leaned upon his rifle, motionless. The pack animal halted too, making an inanimate outline against the sky. A thin curl of smoke drew upward in a straight line and mysteriously lost itself. . . . His first thought marked it as the camp fire of Indians. He felt annoyed. He had counted on solitude, and a brood of

Indians was not to his liking. The alternative was even more distasteful: a white man would insist on chattering. . . . *A white man!* Had somebody already jumped his claim?

He felt wrath pounding at his temples, and, suddenly, instinctively, he began to run forward, his gun glistening with flashing menace. A figure scrambled from the sands to meet him.

"Wal, stranger, what's the hurry? . . . Don't yer calculate to stop at no flag stations?"

Hank Wheelock fell back. "I was all-fired thirsty!" he lied, conscious of two eyes riveted upon a thin trickle of moisture issuing from his canteen.

"Which way yer headed for?"

"Over by Mesquite Ridge."

"Prospectin'?"

"Yep."

Hank Wheelock shuffled to the water hole and bent over. "Which way *you* goin'?" he shot out, putting his lips to the moisture in his cupped palm.

The stranger stirred his miniature camp fire.

"I ain't made up my mind," he announced with a cryptic chuckle.

Hank eyed his man grimly, but he had wit enough to lapse almost at once into a show of indifference. He straightened up slowly, casting his glance in the direction of the thing that he had traveled all day in the blistering heat to confirm. If he were mad before, his mind was still touched—the outcropping of borax glistened even in the twilight with emphatic whiteness. The stranger was bending over the fire. A primitive gust swept Hank Wheelock: he grasped his gun securely, but the next instant relaxed his grip, shaken further by the realization that he could turn yellow even for so brief a moment. The man had risen.

"Wal," he drawled, "I expect it's about time to chew!"

Hank wiped the sweat from his eyes, accepting the stranger's implied invitation with equal indirection, as he said:

"I guess I'd better unpack that fool burro if we calc'late to eat without jackass music."

The stranger's name was Starbuck—a garrulous, cynical soldier of fortune with the gossip of boom-town and mining camp and trail bubbling up unceasingly. He had inside stories of clean-ups and collapses, and racy anecdotes of prominent citizens grown suddenly respectable overnight by the magic of money, or old age, or pure expediency. Listening to the suave ripple of incidents flowing from his lips, Hank Wheelock grew profoundly irritated. Here was a man that one felt knew too much, whose grasp of the inconsequential seemed vaguely significant, with a chuckling humor capable of diabolical disillusionments. . . . For Hank Wheelock was still a childlike soul in spite of his wordly contacts—a man with enough buoyancy of spirit to be forced upward instead of swamped by the ugly currents of life.

This man Starbuck was sly, too; one got that in his half-closed glance, and there was something in the curve of his lip which seemed pregnant with ridicule. Hank Wheelock was burning to know whether thirst was the only thing that had lured him to this water hole, and having slaked it, what held him there. Surely he had experience enough to know borax when he saw it. Yet on this significant point he was strangely silent. . . . No, not strangely, when Hank came to think of it. Being no doubt possessed of the secret, Starbuck was as intent on guarding it as Hank himself.

Hank ate sparingly of Starbuck's bacon and beans, keeping his gun within easy reach. The impulse toward cold-blooded murder which had seized him earlier had vanished utterly, but he was ready this time for a fair right, if he felt himself forced to it. He had rights which he was prepared to defend, and the thought thrilled him.

He tried discreetly once or twice to force Starbuck's vaporings into significant channels when suddenly, without

warning, Starbuck himself rippled toward the desired explanation of his presence. They had finished their meal and their first pipes when Starbuck began to pack his mess kit with slow deliberation.

"Might as well be ready to move when I take the notion," he said.

Wheelock's heel dug into the sand. "What's your hurry?"

"Hurry? . . . No, I ain't exactly in a hurry. . . . But I jest swung a few miles out o' my course to-day to have a look at this here spot. Things on the desert stay pretty much as they were at the start. It's bin twenty years or more since I come by here."

"And yer mean ter say yer found nuthin' changed—*nuthin'?*"

"Not a damned thing!" He threw a greasewood twig in the direction of one of the piles of rock with which Hank Wheelock fantastically had staked his claim. "Excepting them fool monuments!" He gave a chuckle. "When I seen them I looked around for a skeleton or two. Sez I to myself: 'Bud Starbuck, nobody but a tenderfoot done anything *that* foolish.'"

Hank Wheelock felt his face dyed slowly with a flush midway between anger and confusion. Could it be possible that this man suspected who was responsible for this futile and childish performance? He slapped his thigh ruminatingly, trying to frame a disarming reply.

"No, nuthin' changed in twenty years," he heard Starbuck drone on, "excepting them fool monuments and the sand shifting back and forth. . . . Now in the timber country you'd find trees growed bigger, or split by lightning, or mebbe a creek bed widened. But *here!*" He threw his shoulders upward with a lift of lively disgust.

A strange dryness puckered Hank Wheelock's lips—something like premonition urged him to complete silence as if such a course might check the flow of Starbuck's speech, and yet he found himself saying almost hoarsely:

"How'd yer come to think o' stopping at all? . . . Ain't nuthin' here so all-fired unusual! . . . Leastways nuthin' that would make a man remember that fur back?"

"Wal, mebbe you'd think different if you'd drove a mule team past this water hole twice a week or more for nigh onto a year like I did. . . . Yes, sir, I passed this place more times than I could shake a stick at back in them days when I was hauling borax out o' Paiute Valley."

Hank Wheelock bent forward suddenly. "Borax!" he echoed faintly.

"Yes siree, borax. . . . He picked up another twig and hurled it this time in the midst of the crystalline pool, upon which Hank Wheelock was gazing with tragic uncertainty. "Yer see that? . . . Would yer like to know something about how it come there? Well, listen ter me, stranger, and when I get through if yer don't agree that nuthin' ever changes in this fool country, my name won't be Bud Starbuck!"

Some time in the night with the rising moon, Hank Wheelock heard the clinking of a mess kit swaying rhythmically, and he knew that Starbuck had hit the trail again. He was wide awake, but he did not stir; he did not even call out a farewell: he had had enough of Bud Starbuck. It was not so much that this man had robbed him of an illusion as that he had convicted him of idiocy. Fancy a seasoned prospector letting himself be snared by anything so obviously fictitious as this outcropping of borax! What could he have been thinking of! After all he hadn't made a fool of himself to Jim Bledsoe—his humiliation, bitter as it was, would at least always be self-contained. . . . Unless Bud Starbuck suspected! . . . And there were moments when Hank Wheelock fancied that he did.

He had told his story with suspicious gusto, as if he were inwardly smiling, and at the end his "I'd like ter clap my eyes on the greenhorn that reared up them

there stone monuments" had been significant with contempt. The very memory of it still made Hank Wheelock wince.

It was a well-told tale and the element of extravagance was in it despite its underlying triteness. Bud Starbuck had the gift of vitalizing his narrative, and Hank Wheelock had been captured at once by the picture of the narrator setting out with his mule team on a wind-swept morning twenty years before to haul borax from Paiute Valley to the railroad siding. A fool thing to do in such a sandstorm, according to Starbuck's own statement! But bravado lay back of it, an answer to a carelessly flung challenge, with a wager to add zest to the performance—some fifty dollars for the delivery within a given time of the load at its destination. A hard-fought battle through blinding wind and sand, with a snapped axle almost within sight of victory. Then the load dumped in a little saucer-like depression near the water hole, the maimed wagon trailing to shelter behind staggering mules like some wounded animal dragged unwittingly to slaughter. Next day rehabilitation and the mules trotting back with their rattling "empty" and Bud Starbuck intent on plans for salvaging the abandoned load.

And the finish—to quote Bud Starbuck himself:

"Covered up jest as clean as if some fool grave-digger had been at work. . . . I'd 'lowed that there ledge of rock would shunt off the whirling sand. But no siree, it jest jumped *that*—as pretty. . . . Yes, stranger, the sand's the only thing changes in this dern country, and then it just skips about like grasshoppers. . . . That borax has bin there nigh onto twenty years—jest waiting fer another fool wind to uncover it. . . . And I'm willing to bet if I was to load that up again, it wouldn't be ten pounds lighter—no siree, not ten pounds!"

Could any tale have been more commonplace, more ridiculous, more extravagant, all in one breath? It was so obvious and simple, once it was told. . . . Why, Hank Wheelock didn't have to so much as look again to realize how shallow and artificial and altogether unconvincing of promise was this little glistening patch of crystal winking its thousand eyes mockingly in the sunlight. . . . What was Jim Bledsoe doing up by Heron Falls?—gentle, kindly, simple Jim Bledsoe. . . . If he might only wake to-morrow to the sizzling of bacon in the pan and the sweetish smell of trout browning to a turn! . . .

He lay all the next day in the imperfect shadow of the ledge of rock watching the buzzards circling overhead. At intervals he ministered to the thirsty needs of his pack animal with patient scooping of moisture from the water hole, but for himself, he was content to drowse in a feverish retrospection. . . . Nightfall . . . another day . . . a procession of sunsets and dawns. . . . He was tired—that was it—all-fired tired! To-morrow he would start in the direction of Mesquite Ridge, but not to-day! . . . Again and again he dulled the faint urge within him with this promise, and as often let it be strangled slowly by inaction. Overhead the buzzards grew into a black and menacing cloud. . . . Well, they screened the sun anyway, he would mutter, closing his eyes. The pack animal brayed pitifully! What did it matter? . . . He would start to-morrow! And thus one day merged into another without circumstance or change or human visitation, until in the faint flush of a wind-blown dawn he saw the figure of old Jim Bledsoe drifting forward in a gilded haze.

VIII

Jim Bledsoe's bacon and coffee had never tasted so good. They were like a miraculous sacrament that could revive the spirit as well as the body. With every gulp of muddy coffee, Hank Wheelock could feel the sense of proportion and reality return. But above the physical content which was stealing over

him there rose a suspicion of Jim Bledsoe's presence, a premonition that this old partner of his had sought him out deliberately for some sly purpose he could not define. It all came out, finally, at the appointed time for men's revelations—over the inevitable and pungent pipes. It was Jim Bledsoe who opened fire.

"I warn't at all sure I'd ketch yer," he broke out suddenly without warning.

"How'd yer know I was here?"

"I met a man working up toward Windgate—Bud Starbuck. He said he'd seen yer. . . . But he 'lowed you'd be headin' for Mesquite by this time. . . . But, I dunno, somethin' seemed to tell me you was right here. . . . O' course, I could have waited at camp, but things looked so sort of cleaned-out there—as if you'd bolted fer a spell. . . . I jest couldn't sit there and wait, so I sez to myself: 'If he ain't at that there waterhole, I'll follow him up.' "

Hank Wheelock felt the necessity for explanation. "I was aiming to leave to-day. . . . Somethin' I eat must have put me off my feed. I jest felt all-fired ornery. . . . Were yer calculatin' to swing over to Mesquite with me?"

Jim Bledsoe shook his head and a little gurgling note of triumph issued from his throat.

"No, siree, not me. 'T warn't for that reason I trotted after yer. . . . But I was jest like a fool woman—bustin' to tell yer the news. . . ." He cleared his throat. "Hank Wheelock, you and me don't have to go traipsin' around this here alkali no more, tryin' to hog-tie fortune. I struck somethin' up in that Heron Falls country jest like I said I would. . . . Oh, it ain't nuthin' suddin' —I've bin flirting round with it fer nigh onto six months, now. . . . Yes, siree, fishing ain't the only thing I done up there. . . . I jest laid low and said nuthin', working it all up on the sly. . . Well, I got a man ready to give me a quarter of a million ter hand over my option. . . . O' course, he'll pull out ten times that. . . . But I figgered you and me couldn't spend much more'n he offered before we cashed in." He gave a chuckle. "Leastways, not onless we got a couple of gals to give us a hand."

Hank Wheelock drew viciously on his pipe. A quarter of a million! . . . Old Jim Bledsoe! It was incredible! But more incredible still was the simplicity of including a partner who had so unceremoniously cut adrift from him. Hank had no words of gratitude to meet such a situation, so instead he found himself saying with almost a sneer:

"I don't see where *I* come in, *now!*"

"Say, yer don't think fer one moment, Hank Wheelock, I'd hold out on yer jest because yer kicked over the traces once in forty years? I'll allow I was sore—at furst! . . . But pshaw, it ain't as if you and me was strangers. . . . Besides, I know what you'd ha' done if you'd bin in my place!"

A flush spread over Hank Wheelock's face: the sort of flush that used to rise when as a boy his mother had imputed undeserved virtues to him. A sudden and secret shame overwhelmed him, and the bitter truth rose perversely to his lips.

"Oh, yer do, do yer!" he sneered. "Well, let me tell yer one thing, yer wrong! . . . If you'd ditched me, Jim Bledsoe, I'd ha' let yer starve—that's what I'd ha done!"

He stopped, amazed at the lengths to which his self-contempt had swung him. In the stillness that followed he had a sense that he was hanging upon Jim Bledsoe's reply with drowning desperation.

Jim Bledsoe shook his head. "Yer don't have to tell me, Hank Wheelock—I know what I'm talking about!"

For a moment the feeling of relief which swept him was almost painful. It wasn't any use telling Jim Bledsoe the truth. Why bother, then? What folks didn't know wouldn't sicken them. He might just as well share in the prospects. *A quarter of a million!* At last he could take it easy!

But this gust of satisfaction passed swiftly and left him as chilled as when he had stood, with his finger on the trigger of his gun, watching Starbuck bending over the fire. . . . No, it couldn't be done: it wasn't sporting! He'd been a gambler all his life and he'd made mistakes, but he'd never cheated. He couldn't horn in on a game he'd dropped out of; he couldn't keep on playing when he knew that there had been a misdeal. A passed hand was a passed hand. And a dissolved partnership was *dissolved:* there wasn't nothing else to it. Besides, a man had his pride. *He* wasn't no beggar! . . . He wasn't dead yet, neither, and there were just as good claims in the hills as ever were dug.

He scrambled to his feet and he knew that his voice was clear and cold and triumphant as he lied:

"Wal, I've got some news fer you, too. . . . You ain't the only one's bin working on the sly. . . . I got somethin' pretty nice staked out over in that Mesquite Range. . . . It won't be a quarter of a million, but it will be enough—fer me!"

Jim Bledsoe rose more slowly. "Jest as you say. . . . But I don't feel comfortable, somehow. . . . We was partners, yer know, when I fust came onto that holdin'. I should have told yer right off."

A hot breeze began to catch up little whirls of sand and loose the pungent odors of the sagebrush. An intolerable longing for some far-off and dusky coolness oppressed Hank Wheelock. He thought of hedgerows, and columbine and hollyhocks and the faint tinkle of silver fountains.

"Yes, siree!" he heard Jim Bledsoe repeating in a tone of self-rebuke. "I should have told you right off!"

Hank Wheelock turned his face upward to the lifted circle of buzzards wheeling expectantly in the turquoise expanse. A flicker of indecision sputtered and died. He nodded in the direction of the Mesquite Range and his voice shook with the triumph of a gambler who scorned a secret advantage as he said:

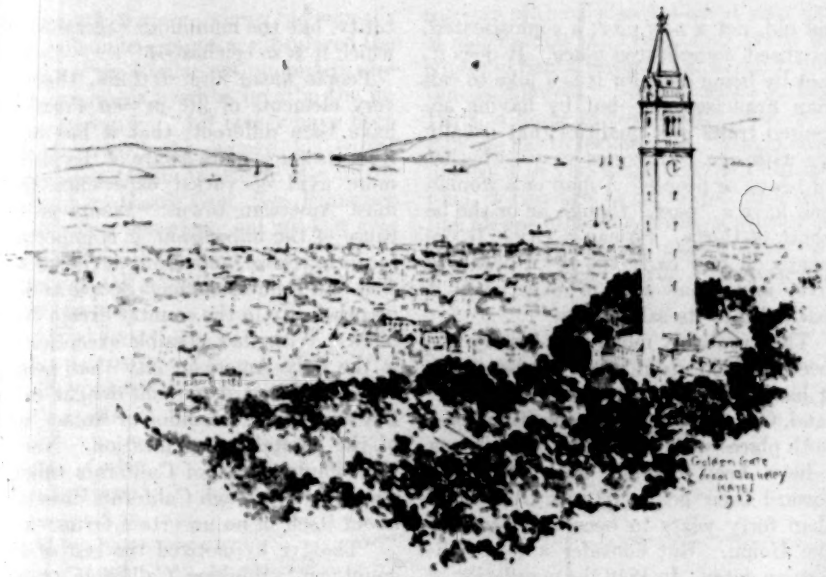
"That's my case, exactly! . . . Yer see—it's jest horse and horse!"

Who Bear God's Gifts

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

WHO bear God's gifts bear burdens; night and day,
Like caravans that thread the desert sands,
They pass with thoughts and dream-stuff from faint lands,
Splashing monotony's dry, stinging gray.
Against each face the fevered breath of heat;
Within each heart, mock warnings, "But you knew, you knew,
As with all dreamers, so it is with you.
The giftless still can walk a shady street."

Yet who but those who've felt day's sun can taste
Ambrosia of the evening, spiced and cool?
Who but the thirsty find the hidden pool,
Akin to Dian, loved of trees and chaste?
And who, at dawn, but travelers through the night
See distant cities passionate with light?



THE CAMPANILE AT BERKELEY IS THE WATCHTOWER OF THE WEST

San Francisco Revisited

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

SOME months ago an editor on the Coast had a clever idea. He suggested that San Francisco and Los Angeles should exchange star reporters for a week, and let each tell the truth about the other place—thereby permitting the two cities to "get it out of their systems once for all."

The results were—as they were meant to be—amusing. Especially amusing were the comments of the Los Angeles man on San Francisco. Let me quote a few of them, so that we can orient ourselves:

"San Francisco has charm . . . delicacy and flavor . . . imagination . . . San Francisco sips at strange and alluring liquors . . . San Francisco is wise and subtle old age."

"San Francisco is the most sophisticated city in the country. From prize-fights to grand opera, it is nearly always in good taste—yes, and has delicacy. A San Francisco audience is a test of a good play. As a matter of fact, a New York audience is no test at all. New York is the champion boob town of the world; just as San Francisco is the most astute."

"I can see power and vigor in the artistic blunders of Los Angeles—decay in the charm of San Francisco . . . San Francisco has shades and subtleties and delicacies lacking in Los Angeles. But these qualities you get as you leave the splash and roar of youth behind you."

You cannot discuss San Francisco fairly until you realize that it strikes a great many people—not simply the young man from Los Angeles—as being

an old, not a new city; a sophisticated, civilized, complicated place. It does it, not by being old—for it is a joke to call San Francisco old—but by having acquired traits and qualities that usually go with age. Histories vary—whether of towns or people. A man or a woman can have a "past," though he or she be short of thirty. So can a city. It depends on how early the town began to live, and what sort of experience it packed into its salad days.

They probably mean that history has been speeded up in San Francisco; that it has lived through cycles while Cleveland, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana—both places with some fame of their own—have been moving more demurely toward their goal. It took Utah more than forty years to become a state of the Union. But consider a few Californian dates. In 1846 the population of Yerba Buena—before 1835 it had neither name nor existence—numbered upwards of two hundred. In 1847 it became San Francisco, and had about fifty houses. By 1849, they were framing a constitution for California, and accusing Congress of delays. In 1850, they were electing a mayor and common council in San Francisco, instead of an *alcalde* and an *ayuntamiento*, and later in the year they were celebrating the admission of California into the Union. Truly, as the annalist of 1855 remarks, "In business and in pleasure, the San Franciscans were *fast* folk; none were faster in the world. Their rents, interest on money, doings and profits, were all calculated *monthly*. A month with them was considered equal to a year with other people. In the former short time men did such deeds, and saw, felt, thought, suffered, and enjoyed as much as would have lasted over a twelvemonth in other lands.

"But then these were really *men*—giants, rather—the very choice of the cleverest, most adventurous and hard-working people of America and Europe. California was a hotbed that brought humanity to a rapid, monstrous maturity, like the mammoth vegetables for which it is so celebrated."

People mean also, I think, that the very elements of life in San Francisco have been different; that it has been, from its start, more aware of the planet, more avid of varied experience than most American towns. Whatever the cause of the impression, it is important for us to realize, and admit at the outset, that San Francisco affects people as does no other city in the country except New York. With that possible exception, it is the only American city that people talk about and judge and delight in as if it were Paris or London or Rome—one of the capitals of civilization. Nor is this simply a case of California talking about itself; though California does talk about itself in no uncertain terms.

"They've hypnotized the rest of the country into thinking 'California' on any product means it's *hors concours*," folk grumble in the Puget Sound region. "They've put it over on everybody, just by bragging, in and out of season."

"I tell you," said the gentleman from Wyoming in the observation car, "Californians are all snobs. You don't amount to anything unless you're a 'native son.' Not in San Francisco, you don't." The group gathered round him—all Far Westerners—agreed. "Of course," he went on, grinning, "if they find you really do amount to something, they turn you into a 'native son' mighty quick."

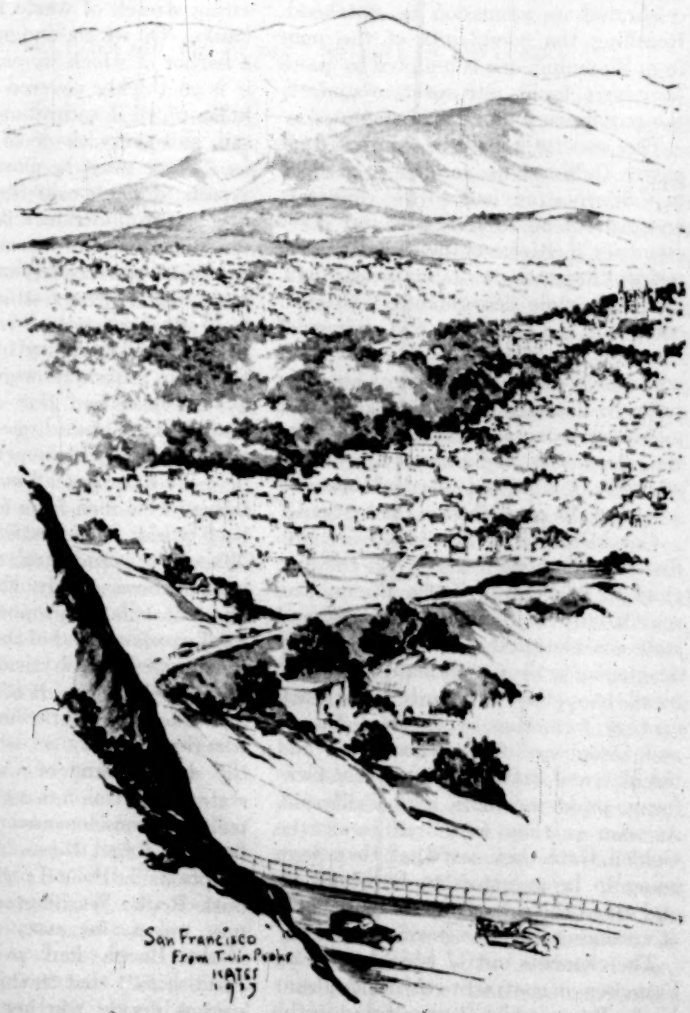
"There are only two real cities in the United States," said a very charming person—name unknown—with whom I chanced to have dinner while crossing the Sierras. "One is New York, and one is San Francisco. The rest are just towns—very nice ones, some of them, but not cities at all." He himself was a thorough-going Easterner with the usual European background; so much I discovered.

"No, I wasn't born here," said an old friend, whose westward path chanced to cross my eastward path at the Golden Gate. "We were making briskly for

Portsmouth Square, where Stevenson's little galleon has long since displaced the gallows of the Vigilance Committee; and he flung up his head to breathe the incomparable air. "I'd rather have been born in ——" (he named his exotic birthplace) "than anywhere else in the world; but, thank God, San Francisco was the first American soil my feet ever touched!"

Only a day or two ago a friend told me of the husband of a kinswoman who lay ill in San Francisco, to whom a change of climate had been suggested as possibly hastening recovery. Stout refusal was his reply. "I'd rather die in San Francisco than live anywhere else," was how he disposed of the matter. *He*, I believe, was an Englishman.

It is not just California talking about itself. Southern California talks far more than Marin or San Mateo county, and no one on the Pacific coast pays any attention. But in Salt Lake City, Reno, Seattle, and Albuquerque, the eyes of the civilized shine at mention of San Francisco. People may prefer to winter in Santa Barbara for warmth, but that is different. San Francisco is, like Paris, a home of the spirit. That is a fact one has to reckon with. You cannot discuss it as you would discuss Philadelphia, or Chicago, or St. Louis. It is not, like all our other big towns, a provincial capital, deriving its charm from its unique provincial flavor. Surpassed in



FROM TWIN PEAKS THE CITY STRETCHES AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS

size by so many other cities, it is yet—as we said—a capital of the world, not of any province. And when they pity you discreetly for not being a "native son," you incline for the moment to wish that you were. You feel, that is, the validity of the term, the value of their inheritance.

It is worth remembering, perhaps, since we are sifting social values, that the "Society of California Pioneers" was organized in 1850, even before California celebrated its admission to statehood. Recalling the complaints of the man from Wyoming, one is tempted to quote (as it were, for his retrospective comfort) the requirements for membership:

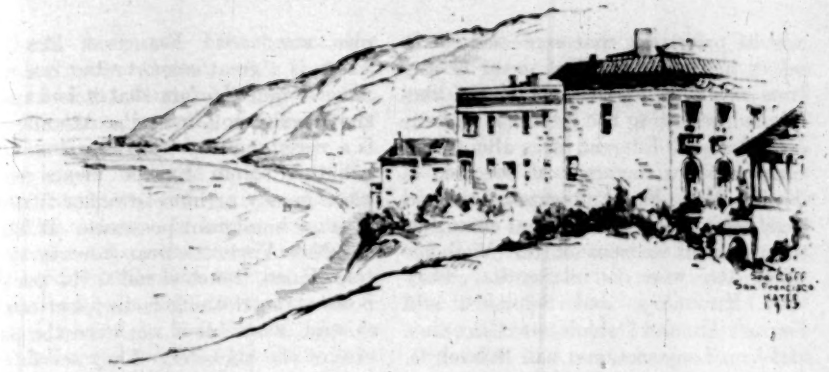
The society "shall be composed of native Californians, foreigners resident in California previous to the conquest; and natives of other States and other countries, if citizens of the United States, resident here prior to January 1st, 1849, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the *first class;* and citizens of the old States of the Federal Government who shall have resided in California prior to January 1st, 1850, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the *second class;* and honorary members, who may be admitted in accordance with what may be prescribed in the by-laws."

Considering that Rosalie Leese, who first saw the light in 1838, was the first child to be born in Yerba Buena, one must admit that clan-consciousness and state-consciousness were not slow about developing in the Californian heart. We recall inevitably the tardy nineteenth century formation of Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution and the like; and cannot but note that California pride was born *with* California. As soon as they were well inside the Golden Gate they saw that they were going to be ancestors to be proud of, and saved their descendants the trouble of arranging for their glorification.

The elements out of which grew San Francisco, in contrast to the insignificant Yerba Buena which it supplanted in the late forties, do not seem, at first blush, wholly to account for the difference between this and other American cities. Yet, perhaps, taken rightly, they do. One fact certainly cannot be blinked: that it was a very cosmopolitan throng which raised its tents and shacks on the peninsula in the early 'fifties. On May 6th, 1850, thus wrote Richard Hale of Newburyport, Massachusetts:

"There it (San Francisco) lies! but with all the glamour our wildest enthusiasm can paint it, it is yet only an uninviting stretch of waste land, and sand-banks. On we go, dodging our way into a harbor of which we can see but little, it is so thickly covered with sails, and hulks of all descriptions;—every cut of sail, and every shape of spar surrounds us. There must be close to a thousand vessels at anchor in the bay . . . Our brig is surrounded by a fleet composed of every grade, and every rig of vessel, representing every nation that has deep-water craft. Many strange tongues call from stranger-garbed crews;—a Tower of Babel, with the key to the spirit of all the chaos in the one word, 'Gold'!"

"Every nation that has deep-water craft." Less of an hyperbole, probably, than such wild statements are wont to be. We know, at all events, that California drew men from all over the civilized world. The statistics of the early 'fifties are astonishing, no less, in their inclusiveness. Only the Americans—and not a large proportion of them—went overland; and of those who did, the ill-equipped and physically unfit (a large number) perished. It is not our business to evoke even so thrilling a chapter of American history as is constituted by the development of California into a state of the Union, a social entity and a political consciousness. But we had best not forget those "hulks of all descriptions." Point Lobos was no Plymouth Rock; Washington on the Potomac was as far away as Peking; and Yerba Buena had so insignificant a Spanish past that to this day historians cannot decide whether the settlement was ever entitled to be called a pueblo.



AT SEA CLIFF YOU ARE ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE OCEAN

You must go farther south to feel, nowadays, the backwash of Spain. The gold, of course, was inland. Babel was the point of departure and the point of repair—and, incidentally, one of the finest seaports in the world. Moreover, California was no Klondike. Of all our planet's gold fields, it offered, when "the tumult and the shouting died," the most compensations, the richest alternatives. There was every temptation to spend your pile where you had made it—not scurry hot-foot to a better place. At worst, when the gold went back on you, you had the climate. To quote the elegant annalist of 1855 once more: "Besides these (English, Scotch, and Irish), there were always arriving numerous specimens of most other European nations—Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Swiss, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians, Prussians, Dutch, Swedes, Danes—Turks, too—all visited California. . . . The country and city were wide enough to hold them all, and rich enough to give them all a moderate independence in the course of a few years."

Yes, California has had luck—and, of course, the detrimentals that follow luck about the world. But it had also men like James Lick; who not only knew a good thing when they saw it but were capable of deep and wise loyalty to the source of their fortunes. "San Francisco was, and yet is," says the loyal annalist (in 1855!), "the very antipode of patriarchal simplicity." San Francisco was the metropolis of the Coast; and for many years the bonanza kings built their gorgeous flimsy mansions there before they assailed the East and Europe. One went, in the 'sixties, from Virginia City to New York *via* San Francisco. And all that the city has folded into its past. No crowd, they tell us, is so cosmopolitan as the crowd of a gold rush, wherever or whenever. That one can well believe. But here that cosmopolitan crowd found inducements to root itself: an incomparable climate, beauty that precluded nostalgia, a strategic position, and all sorts of natural resources other than the precious metals.

They stayed; they blended; they made a city of widely differing creeds, desires, and aptitudes. New England was there, in its numbers, tending as usual to pride itself on its moral influence; yet this was not preponderatingly a swarm out of our own East and Middle West, with mere sectarian quarrels, and the red Indian for common foe. Nearly every race and creed was there; and tolerance was born perforce. San Francisco, as we all know, had its bitter and brutal days. We must not forget the "Hounds" of 1849, the grim necessity for the Vigilance Committee of 1851, the "Sydney Coves" who pestered the town—killing, looting, burning. Later it had its sand-lot fights

and its prejudices that expressed themselves in slaughter. But never at any time was it a little colony of the like-minded, resenting the intrusion of some one who held different ideas about baptism or negro slavery. As so often in our Far West, decent citizens had to band together to defy the criminal class; but those decent citizens of the Vigilance Committee were not all Smiths. They were Kuhlmans, and Schutzes, and Fourgeauds, and Deblois, and Cazneaus, and Von Lenyeeks, and van Bokkelens, and Argentis, and Del Vecchios, and Eagans, and McCahills—and "James King of William," whoever he may have been.

So much history must be hinted at to show why, to-day, San Francisco is more cosmopolitan than any other of our cities save New York or Chicago. Correctly speaking, it is more cosmopolitan even than New York, since New York's foreign population is nowadays preponderatingly of one race. In San Francisco the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Irishman, the Scandinavian, the German, the Chinaman are all gathered together; but none overwhelms. It is a subtler and more varied blend. You encounter all types on the city streets—not, as in New York it sometimes seems, only two: the "hick" and the Jew.

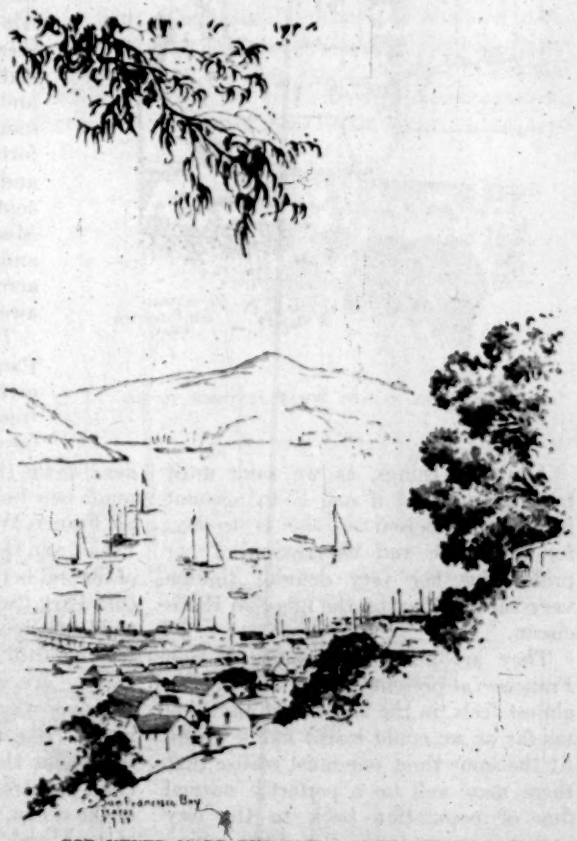
The reforming citizen in our country seems to be divided between two theories: the theory that you can Americanize anyone overnight, making the Jew and the Italian indistinguishable the next day; and the theory that Americans, being singularly unprovided with wit or charm or æsthetic sense, ought to sit at the feet of the alien and learn all these things of him. The problem is one of assimilation, of course; and having for a long time let in everyone, we are faced, on our eastern seaboard, with a heterogeneous crowd that it would take a hundred years to lick into citizen shape. We put up the bars too late, as everyone knows; and neither the Americanizing enthusiasts nor the devotees of the alien's charm can possibly get their own way. San Francisco, like New York, is a great seaport; but one must never forget the fact that it looks upon the Pacific, not upon the Atlantic. It is a very long way from Europe, and to get there from Europe means either more money or more stamina than the average immigrant possesses. It is not, like New York, the near gateway to the coal mines, the steel mills, the packing houses, the clothing factories of our industrial East. It is not even the paradise of the huckster. They sell flowers on Kearny Street—not junk or old clothes; and no one turns into a millionaire by selling flowers at street corners.

The Latin races, we are always told, know better than the Anglo-Saxon how to get pleasure out of life in simple and legitimate ways. The average Anglo-Saxon American, who has derived in the main from the English Puritan, is, I fancy we should all admit, a comparatively joyless creature. Energetic, ambitious, mightily industrious and generally conscientious he has prevailingly been—bar the aberrations that have resulted from the exhilaration of a new country—but no one can say that he has had a gift for pleasure or that he takes his pleasures attractively. He is content to the end of his days with the kind of food he was brought up to, the kind of amusement that neither arouses nor satisfies any curiosity, the kind of manners that may fit his ethical sense but omit any reference to beauty. His imagination tends to dwell on how far his car will go on a gallon of gasoline or how distant may be the station he can "listen" to on his radio. It is trite—too trite, indeed, to say—but it is none the less true that the American man has been so busy making money in exciting ways that he has no mental energy left for other excitements. His thrill has come from his business.

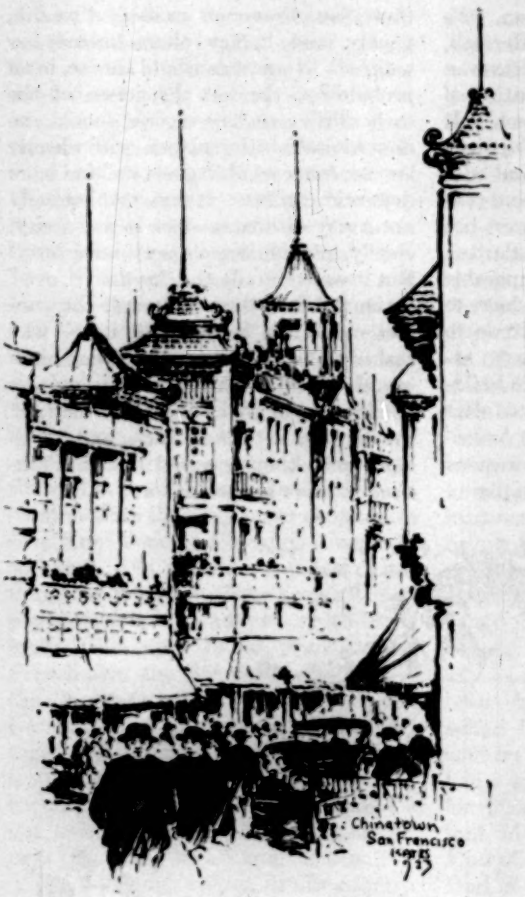
Business in itself is less thrilling in older countries, where chances are fewer; and certain foreign people have learned to apportion their capacity for excitement more neatly. It is quite possible

to learn from the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the German, many things about simple pleasures. San Francisco, from the very nature of its population, has learned much. It knows about food and drink—for since 1849 it has tasted many kinds and educated its palate. It knows about the arts because its social consciousness has not been conditioned by the Puritan limitations. It has an incomparable landscape, and it has learned how to get pleasure out of it. Its attitude to parks and public places is the Latin attitude. It may be led astray into building an amazing civic center; but after all San Francisco is thoroughly American, a bidder for national conventions and a compiler of municipal statistics. Nor does one desire it otherwise, since one wishes it to survive against all competition.

But there is this much of truth in the statements of the gentleman from Los Angeles: that San Francisco was sophisticated in its very cradle. "San Francisco was certainly a great city (let us listen, one last time, to the faithful annalist); and its people had great notions; their deeds of business and amusement were all great in their way. The large admixture of foreign races . . . tended to give a pleasant, gay aspect to the city. The grave national character of the United States men was converted into levity and cheerfulness by the example and sympathy of their merry neighbors." Unlike most American cities, it had no modest beginnings: almost from the moment that San Francisco existed, "wealth, gayety and luxury characterized her people." None of us would choose, in all probability, the San Francisco of the early 'fifties to live in; we should, no doubt, prefer safer places, with cleaner streets, fewer gambling resorts, and more domestic centers. It was emphatically not a city of homes, since it was a city, chiefly, of unmarried men under forty. But it was not only the "Sydney Cove"—the ticket-of-leave man and the convict who had served his time—who rushed to the inception of this commonwealth. Culture, art, and learning also felt the lure of gold; and when they left the diggings with lame backs and bleeding hands, they reverted in San Francisco to more natural labors.



GOD NEVER MADE BUT ONE SAN FRANCISCO BAY



CHINATOWN IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

All these things, as we said, must be kept in mind if one is to account for San Francisco as she is to-day: for her pride and the reason of her pride; for her very definite though very subtle effect on the non-San Franciscan.

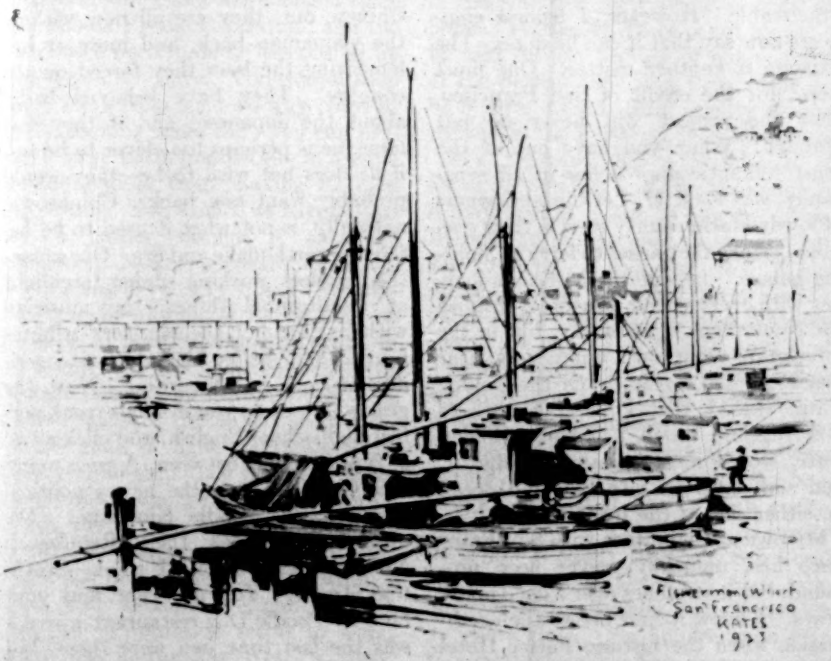
They are building furiously in San Francisco at present—over-building, one almost feels, in the absence of anything (as far as we could learn) like a boom. At the same time, one must realize that there may well be a perfectly normal flux of population back to the city proper, away from the surrounding country. As everyone knows, the earthquake and fire of 1906 mark a definite turning-point in the city's history. Nob Hill was never Nob Hill again, in the same sense; and a few blackened debris of walls and foundations are still, after all these years, to be seen in the better sections. The residents simply did not rebuild. The exodus to the country—so marked, with the advent of the automobile, in Eastern cities like Boston and Philadelphia—was accelerated and increased in San Francisco by the disaster. A few magnates, like the Spreckels family, stayed by the town; but San Mateo and Alameda and Marin counties received many of them—especially, of course, San Mateo and Burlingame. On the other hand, San Francisco has been fortunate in that her industrial and manufacturing section (except for that desolate trans-Mission region of the Potero and South San Francisco) lies across the Bay, a ferry-length away, in Oakland.

True, you see mansions on Pacific Heights for sale—their owners have probably intrenched themselves behind terraced and fountained gardens down the peninsula—but there is much new building on Russian Hill; and St. Francis Wood, over beyond the Twin Peaks, and the divinely beautiful stretch of littoral between the Presidio and Lincoln Park (Sea Cliff, by name) are both, residentially speaking, quite new. And Russian Hill and Sea Cliff, as sites for homes, are infinitely better than Nob Hill ever was, or than Pacific Heights is now. An "unobstructible view" is a marvelous thing; and when, as at Sea Cliff, you are set down on the very edge of the ocean, and own the whole tumble of rock and earth down into the very

waves of the Pacific—so that none can ever take from you the vision of the Golden Gate, the open ocean, and the rose-pink mountains of Contra Costa opposite you—you are willing to pay a great deal of money for your lot, if the money is to be had. Enchanting houses, part Italian, part Spanish, rise on these delectable sites.

On Russian Hill the ground drops steeply all about you, and you look over roofs, far below, to Alcatraz Island and the Berkeley shore. At Sea Cliff, you wall your little garden with glass to fend off the sea-winds, and sit in a hooded bath-chair among the giant pansies. The fact of the automobile can work both ways—making it easy for you to dwell within the city limits, as well as bringing the country nearer. True, there are all sorts of hills to be negotiated in San Francisco, but cable-cars run up and down most of them, and no self-respecting automobile—not even a Ford—objects to an angle of forty-five degrees on an asphalted street. It is only in the East, anyhow, that people worry about their cars. In the West, cars are expected to climb up walls and leap across *arroyos*—and to the everlasting credit of their makers be it said, these things cars do without complaint.

The Great War taught us all many unexpected things. It taught the War Department, I believe, that the Presidio is not, strategically speaking, much good. As an emplacement for defensive artillery, it is pure waste of territory. Coast guns would do better if well outside the Golden Gate. It is being rumored about that the Presidio may be given up as a military reservation. Those fifteen hundred acres of hill, cliff, and shore would in that case be available presumably for residential purposes. The magnificent stretch of shore frontage that Seattle boasts on Lake Washington and on Puget Sound itself would then be inconsiderable in comparison, whatever the linear totals. For God



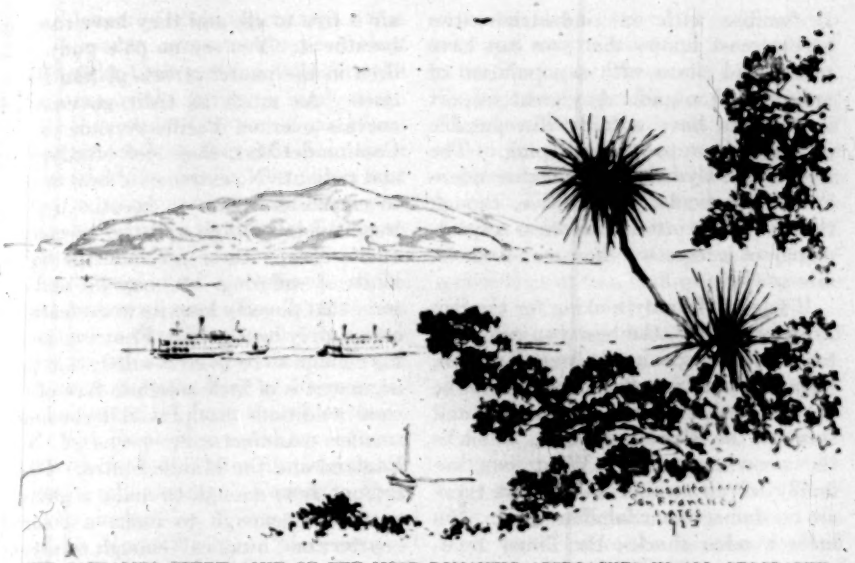
FISHERMAN'S WHARF LIES SNUG UNDER THE HILL

never made but one San Francisco Bay; nor has Puget Sound, lovely though it is, the beauty of the open Pacific off central and southern California.

The presumption of the Presidio by the civil power, if that ever comes, will be all to the good, since it would presumably be devoted to public parks and private houses. But one ought, in all justice, to mention another project which is being widely discussed. In all justice to the rest of the American world, that is; since it proves that San Franciscans, too, are prone to some of the worst American faults. The project is nothing less than the bridging of the Golden Gate; the excuse for it being that such a bridge would make Marin county more accessible as a residence district for the city. No Sausalito ferry any more; instead, an endless chain of motor-cars moving antlike across a Golden Gate bridge. . . . Some people have tried to take heart of grace from the assurance that a bridge, so high and so long as it would of necessity be, is not practicable. However, I believe engineers now say that it can be done. The expense is another matter. One must hope, for the credit of San Francisco, that the project will never be put through. When you have one of the most romantic approaches in all geography, why spoil it? Let the landowners of lovely Marin county stew in their own juice. Make the Sausalito ferry a "floating palace"; beguile the half-hour journey with every vulgar pleasure; subsidize the commuters, if necessary; but in the interest of your own uniqueness, dear San Francisco, do not bridge the Golden Gate. Leave that kind of gesture to Los Angeles—which, if it had a Golden Gate, would most certainly bridge it, and sink oil wells into bay and ocean on either side of the bridge.

My own acquaintance with San Francisco has, unluckily, never been profound; but it stretches over a good many years. I knew it first before the earthquake, when the historic Palace Hotel was still existent; when Nob Hill was crowned with the mansions of magnates who had had very bad luck in architects; when Chinatown was still Chinatown and sank six stories underground; when, by paying a guide, the tourist could behold in the depths of the earth yellow ladies chained in opium dens; when the Eye of God glared at one from the dome of the incredible chapel of Stanford University. In all essentials, the atmosphere of San Francisco was then what it is now: a city where the man in the street looked not only alert but happy; where the very fogs were stimulating; where food and drink were exquisite as well as cheap; where many races lived together in mutual tolerance.

California's anti-Oriental prejudices, to be sure, have expressed themselves more than once in undesirable ways; and there would be no point here in going into the anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese campaigns. In this matter the Californians have not been, one judges, any more logical than Americans are wont to be. Having practically driven the Chinese out, they are all now wishing the Chinaman back, and more or less lamenting the laws they forced on the country. They have behaved badly about the Japanese; and if they lost him—he is perhaps too clever to be lost if he does not wish to be—they would probably want *him* back. Chinatown, naturally, is not what it used to be before the earthquake and fire. One misses the jewelers working under torchlight at infinitesimal things, the musician with his dulcimer, the gamblers' tributes heaped high before the white-clad goddess of Luck and Mourning. Now, the girls who wait on you in shops speak perfect high-school English, and click away at typewriters in between. A great many shop signs indicate the newer political trend in the Middle Kingdom. (My own favorite was the "Republican Noodle Factory," on—I think—Stockton Street.) You may not find your favorite Poodle Dog restaurant where it was the last time you were there; but you will find something else as good,



THE SAUSALITO FERRY—ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC APPROACHES IN ALL GEOGRAPHY

somewhere, and the base of Telegraph Hill is as Latin as it ever was.

The Barbary Coast has changed since the Panama-Pacific Exposition; and the ladies have been more or less ousted by bootleggers, I believe. You cannot keep liquor away from such a foggy coast as the Pacific any more than you can prevent a large Latin population, in a vine-growing region, from making its own light wines. The wine is as harmless as ever, I gather, though it naturally costs more. Neither seaboard, of course, is ever going to be "dry"; and "prohibition" can be absolutely forced only on the poor. I never saw anyone drunk in San Francisco, but I feel sure that the clubman does not go without his Scotch, or the French or Italian *bourgeois* without his glass of light California wine. What terrific stuff they may get in the sailors' hotels along the Embarcadero I do not know. San Francisco is not, to be sure, so easily provided as Seattle, which has only to fetch home what it wants from Victoria in a golf bag or a suit case. Prohibition seems to worry people less in the Far West, anyhow; perhaps because they are less given to worry in general, perhaps because they have fewer prohibition agents. There is less sordid stewing about it than at home. Politically, there is not much to be said for any section of our country at the present time; but there seems to be a little more natural dignity among citizens in the Far West than elsewhere.

San Francisco has a population of about six hundred and fifty thousand: it is only twelfth in size among our cities. It must be remembered, however, that San Francisco *is* San Francisco; it has not gobbled all the other towns near at hand—not even Oakland and Berkeley across the bay. Los Angeles says that it would like to, but that the other towns are too canny for it. San Francisco, if it retorts at all, retorts by making fun of Los Angeles' determination—being twenty miles from the ocean—to be a seaport, even if it has to grab everything between it and the sea to justify its claim. Usually, however, San Francisco does not bother about back talk, and looks at Los Angeles, if at all, through an opera glass. Six hundred and fifty thousand may leave San Francisco only twelfth in population; but anyone who

is familiar with our industrial cities further east knows that you can have pretty bad slums with a population of only fifty thousand. Any great seaport is going to have a fairly disreputable quarter close to the shipping. The streets directly behind the Embarcadero are not particularly attractive, though they soon fade into the colorless respectability of a mere warehouse and wholesale section.

If you are frankly looking for the San Francisco slums, the best you can do is to come up the peninsula from the south, through South San Francisco (where the big Southern Pacific shops are) into and through the Mission District, which is the poorest quarter. What you are finally forced to conclude is that there are no slums, in our familiar sense. The little wooden shacks, the flimsy tenement houses, are somehow open to the free air of the sea and the bay, and to the blue sky; there is room somewhere, always, for children to play; flowers are never totally out of your vision. Mean and comfortless, no doubt, many of the houses are; but they are not great, grim, brick prisons, and no one has to get air, enjoyment, and adventure on a fire-escape. There is a gay lack of uniformity about the poorer quarters: some of the little houses are absurd, but at least they are not like their neighbors. One cannot enter Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York without being infinitely depressed by the terrible square miles of North and West Philadelphia, where a single little red brick house seems to have spawned a million others, and all seem to be fixed forever, an agglutinated mass with perhaps a corporate, but certainly no individual life.

I defy you to be depressed by the Mission district of San Francisco. The mere fact that the two greatest enemies of the poor—extreme heat and extreme cold—are unknown here, makes an almost incalculable difference. They never have either to freeze or to swelter for poverty's sake. The tonic, unchanging air is free to all, and they have room to breathe it. You see no pale puny children in the poorer streets of San Francisco. As much as their governessed coevals over on Pacific Avenue or the Camino del Mar, they look sturdy, big, and radiant. No extremes of heat or cold to encounter; room to breathe in; the wages of labor high and the necessities of life cheap—these preclude the worst kinds of suffering. It may be said by some that poverty loses its worst features here simply because San Francisco is not big enough to be overcrowded; but that argument is of little worth in face of the slum conditions that prevail in the much smaller manufacturing towns of New England and the Middle States. There are not Jews enough to make a ghetto; or negroes enough to make a colored quarter; or "hunkies" enough to create the particular kind of hell that exists in the environs of the big coal mines and steel mills. But there are plenty of European Latins and Hispano-Americans—only they do not seem to make slums. Perhaps there are slums in Oakland; frankly, I have never investigated. I can, however, bear witness that the worst by-products of poverty do not exist, in any noticeable degree, in San Francisco.

No one, of course, would pretend that San Francisco is a home of all the virtues. San Franciscan politics have been at times notorious, even for the United States; and as far as one can make out, the state machine has been as bad as anything in Pennsylvania, even if not so bad as New Mexico. Californians, too, have lost their heads, and listened when the demagogue piped to them. Strong-arm methods are not unknown out by the Golden Gate. Only last summer the proprietor of the only decent newspaper in San Francisco was suing the proprietors of two other papers for beating up his newsboys and sending thugs into his composing room to destroy the type. Did we not say that California was intensely American? It is not in purer politics that we must look

for evidences of their superiority. One does, however, come to wonder if they do not take their politics—whether the corrupting or the purifying kind—more lightly than some of the rest of us. When things get too bad, they will clean them up; meanwhile, life is the important thing, and their consciences have perhaps a keener edge on the social than on the political side.

The Chamber of Commerce (which ought to know) says officially that San Francisco is the first city in the United States in *per capita* wealth; which can only mean that the bulk of the population is better off here than elsewhere, since San Francisco could hardly compete with the larger cities in the number of multi-millionaires. Certainly they give the impression of living more comfortably, of getting more pleasure out of life, of being in better tune with the scheme of things than the throngs of any other streets I know. There is no violent and vulgar display; but—to make for the moment a purely feminine comment—the women of San Francisco are better dressed, better groomed, and, as far as looks can decide the matter, better bred than the women of any other American city. Nor is it all the bloom of climate, the magnificent physique with which California seems to endow her children. They have the best shops in the country—an opinion corroborated by women who have shopped far more variously and luxuriously than I. It is quite possible for a woman to wander up Fifth Avenue without her sartorial passions kindling—but not up Geary or Post Street. Also, with the possible exception of shoes, everything seems to be cheaper than in the East.

"Why should I shop in New York?" one's Californian friends ask. "In New York I am busy seeing my friends and going to plays. Those are the things New York is good for. The shops are much better here." So, one must admit, are the manners of all people who are paid to deal with the public; perhaps because self-respect must precede good manners, and the blend of personal dignity and natural kindness is a specialty of the Far West. Personally I think New York (publicly speaking) a kindly place, though rather hurried and harassed. I would far rather encounter any of the slight mischances of travel or business in New York than in Boston or Philadelphia or Washington. As for Chicago: the only people in Chicago who will give a civil answer to a civil question are the people who cannot inform you—strangers like yourself. The official orders of the Chicago conductor, policeman, and the like are evidently to reply to all interlocutors in the brutal terms of insult. Chicago, I believe, is always complaining that Easterners consider her—erroneously—Western. Only those Easterners who have never known the West would make the mistake; for bad manners are a typically Eastern vice, and Chicago has the worst public manners in the East.

Pollyanna is the most tiresome of companions, and I do not mean to imply that San Francisco is cheerful in any objectionable sense. Theirs is not an aggressive or an interfering optimism. I have known the reserved Easterner to dread, beforehand, the expansiveness of the Far West; to fear too much informality, too much easy intimacy in trains, hotels, and places of resort. The dread soon gave way to amused perception of its absurdity. The Far Westerner lets you more severely alone—unless something cries out to be done for you—than any of his fellow citizens. He seems to read a more complicated meaning into the word "integrity" than we; feeling in it not only moral worth, but that completeness of the human being which implies separateness, self-sufficiency, privacy. Certainly, in the West, you are more your own toad than here at home. The old frontier law of asking no questions of any man still persists in this softened form. Many Western virtues, indeed, are derived from the frontier code, adapted to civilization but keeping certain moral estimates unaltered.

The molding effect of the frontier conditions and the frontier code must not be forgotten in any reading of Western values. Great personal dignity and a very spontaneous kindness have been the moral heritage of the sons and grandsons of Pacific pioneers. We are all used to the "big-hearted, breezy Westerner" of tradition. Big-hearted I think he is; but the San Franciscan is certainly both too reticent and too sophisticated to be "breezy"—if to be breezy means to be intrusive and uncontrollable like the wind.

Sophistication itself is a subtle thing to define. The first requisite for real sophistication, I take it, is a certain intellectual independence, a private *flair* for what is "good" that disdains to follow the commoner canons of taste. No one who is slavishly dependent on any group of intelligentsia can be called really sophisticated; for taste must be not only educated but free. The sophisticated person knows what he likes; he does not have to be told. The San Franciscan is brought up with many things that other Americans have to go to Europe or Asia to discover. To breathe a cosmopolitan atmosphere from your birth precludes forever one kind of ignorance. It is like being bi-lingual or tri-lingual from your cradle.

San Franciscans have always before them not only American ideals of liberty, but the Latin conception of the art of living, the German knowledge of music, the carvings and broideries of the subtle Orient, the Spanish architecture in their eyes and the Spanish terms in their ears. It may be a small matter; yet we ourselves were never able to imagine the average New York or Boston car-conductor twisting his tongue round "change at Devisadero" or "this car for Balboa and Cabrillo." He would have—for personal vanity if nothing else—to Anglicize such names unrecognizably. In most places, the Embarcadero would have turned to Front Street or Water Street long since. There is no tourist-begotten tendency here, as farther south, to be affectedly Spanish. Spain is only a part of San Francisco's mixed heritage. But it does not occur to the man in the street that it is beneath his dignity to pronounce Spanish names correctly. San Francisco has not the general American scorn of Europeans, for Europeans were among her prominent citizens from the beginning; and (apart from the Oriental and the negro) race-distinctions were in no sense class-distinctions, as they have usually been in the East. The famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco is, I suppose, the most sophisticated association of its kind in the country. No man who has been a guest at their High Jinks up on the Russian River ever ceases to recall the experience. The Bohemian Club and its ways and works took Rudyard Kipling's breath away in the late 'eighties. What struck him most was—but let him speak for himself: "There was a slick French audacity about the workmanship of these men of toil unbending that went straight to the heart of the beholder. And yet it was not altogether French. A dry grimness of treatment, almost Dutch, marked the difference. The men painted as they spoke—with certainty."

What one chiefly wonders, with all the evidence of taste and knowledge spread before one, the intelligence displayed in almost every field of living—corroborative detail of every kind: the houses of Green Street and the Camino del Mar, the excellent bookshops, the perfect ivories (for a price!), the strange and exquisite foods, the distinguished bearing of men and women, all the special catering, London or Paris fashion, to special and subtle needs, the prima donnas (Tetrazzini or another) singing on Christmas Eve to a hundred thousand people in Union Square, the almost faun-like gayety of children, from Pacific Heights to the Mission, the opera, the orchestral season, the play—is why California has on the whole given proportionally so little that is first-rate to the literary and artistic world. The fact is, one suspects, that only long habit or

grimmest necessity could make one stick to pen and brush or instrument in that divine air. They are too fortunate to be more than splendid amateurs.

"Intellectual work," mused one learned gentleman, "is best done in bad weather, when there are no temptations to do anything else. There isn't any bad weather here, to speak of, the year through; and there is temptation to go outside three hundred and sixty-five days in the year." Certain it is that to produce first-rate stuff one must be a slave of the lamp. Most human beings do not resign themselves to that servitude except when circumstances contribute strongly to their enslavement. "Here one could work forever," the Easterner sighs; forgetting the fact that, except for financial reasons, few people work when they can play instead. Where the art of living has been highly developed, it has not been the aristocrats themselves but their sycophants and dependents who have toiled to immortalize their art of living in prose or verse, or paint or marble. In a democracy there is no gifted retinue attendant on a magnate. The people who might constitute it are busy flattering him in the sincerest way—by imitating him.

We have been trying to determine what the annalist meant when he said San Franciscans were the fastest people on earth. Fast they were in making up their minds overnight what they wanted, and getting it almost immediately. The building of San Francisco into a city, the acquiring of statehood were so rapid as still to take our breath away. They have made a center of civilization out of barren sand hills, while places that were already cities in 1848 are still provincial in temper, outlook, and achievement. Yet to-day San Franciscans give less impression of rush or haste than most Americans. They move with quiet certitude—physically and socially—to the goal of their desires.

There seems to be time enough. No one is slow or indolent, but no one is in a fevered rush. One comes to wonder whether this powerful, graceful, determined race has not arrived at the golden mean between laziness and bustle by being particularly sure of its context. When you can count on the climate, you do not have to rise at dawn to take advantage of a pleasant day. When you have decided what constitutes civilized life and have educated public opinion so that you can live that life, you do not have forever to be taking precautions or meeting foolish emergencies. D. V., the day is yours.

San Franciscans are restless like other people; they, too, dash to Europe, dash to Asia, circumnavigate the globe. Travel does not worry them. Presumably the young folk dance and drink and gamble like other young folk elsewhere. That there is a "fast" set, and all the rest of it, no one would deny. But when they come home, they come home to something a little more civilized than most of us. Climate and landscape and knowledge aiding, they have developed a nearly perfect country-house existence, as the town dwellers have developed the most charming and convenient of urban lives. The supreme degree of domestic luxury, I have always understood, consists in being served by Chinese. A good many Californians still achieve that blessing. All through the Far West, clubs serve many purposes that they cannot serve in most climates. The constant habit of using clubs—both city and country—for social purposes, makes everything easier. You can keep your house, your ranch, or your bungalow—for yourself and your closest friends. An infinite amount of wear and tear, both physical and moral, is saved.

This conception of the way to expend least energy on the mechanical side of life goes very far down through the social strata. It is California, I believe, that endowed the nation both with bungalows and cafeterias. Almost anything can be called a bungalow, and I have eaten in cafeterias that were both spacious and sumptuous. But a large part of the Californian population does live

in bungalows—little ones, the real thing—with a garage always, but no second story. The family, however, does not have to bump up against itself and each other at every turn; nor need there be any smell of cabbage (familiar accusation!) in the house. The children can be out of doors all day—and at night on sleeping-porches. (Yes, they sleep in the very heart of the Pacific fog, and they are gorgeously sturdy and blooming.) They have not the American prejudice against eating as a family in public places; and the whole clan can be piled into the car and taken to its meals wherever the clan's taste or purse indicates. Certified milk and cereals for the children, if you want them; a raw food restaurant, if you must have it; a good French or Italian table d'hôte if you have the time. Hotel dining-rooms are full of children in high chairs. Bungalows have been forced on the world, like apartment-houses, by the servant problem. But on the Coast they like them; for citizens on the Coast are analogous to amphibians—they are as happy out of doors as in. They really must like them, or a steamship line that runs between the Northwest and the Orient would not advertise, as the last word in luxury for passengers, "four-room bungalow suites." You cannot imagine any one's even *wishing* to cross the Atlantic in a bungalow.

The French have a saying: *Si je vous aime, est-ce que cela vous regarde?* Any one has a right to place his affection where he will, provided he makes no demands. It is none of San Francisco's business (according to the saying) that it should happen to suit me better than New York or London or Paris—as it does. At different times in my life, I have entered San Francisco after long absence, and the spell has never failed. With no right in it whatsoever—for the tourist has no rights—I recognize it for the heart's home. That very fact makes the pen hesitate; for no truth can come out of sentimental reflections. I have deliberately refrained from dwelling overmuch on the beauty that is hers, trying rather, in perfectly unmystical fashion, to analyze only those reactions which I have in common with almost all my acquaintances who know the place. What I have said is said and felt by many people of many kinds. What I feel, myself, about the place is my own affair—and would interest no one. But I think any casual reader may take it from me that the region of San Francisco Bay is more beautiful than any of the southern littoral—whether Santa Barbara and Montecito, or San Diego with Point Loma and Coronado. Of course, if they bridge the Golden Gate—all signs will fail.

Bret Harte's apostrophe to San Francisco has been much quoted.

> Serene, indifferent to fate,
> Thou sittest by the western gate.

Only those people are indifferent to fate who are possessed of a philosophy that has come to terms with destiny. By and large, one fancies, San Francisco has done that more shrewdly than any other of our great cities. The most picturesque and parti-colored of pasts has evolved into a very complicated and distinguished present.

Her Husband

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

The author, born in the South and of Southern family, has been in close touch all her life with the race problem and movements dealing with it. She is a member of the Executive Committee of the State Inter-Racial Commission for Kentucky, and an active participant in all conferences bearing on this subject. Her understanding of the negro is attested by a volume of stories entitled "The Children in the Mist," which is an admirable portrayal of negro life in the South. Her insight into the race problem in its relation to Southern women is demonstrated in the following story. Mrs. Martin's progress from interest in the individual negro to interest in the problems of a race is typical of the process through which thousands of Southern women are passing to-day.—Editor's Note.

IT had come with its swift threatening consequences. And now that it was here, it seemed to Edith Thornberry she had known all her life that this moment would confront her.

An up-country black boy newly come in the locality had appeared in the kitchen doorway of an unprotected white woman, the wife of a section hand employed by the railroad, living on the outskirts of the mill settlement. The woman, fleeing by way of a front door as the boy stepped in at the back and screaming as she ran, spread the word.

This was in the forenoon. The black boy, emerging from the kitchen doorway to find the alarm given, fled. Since noon the hunt for him was on.

It was four in the afternoon now. Edith had not known the world about her could be so still. A region of sandy loam and long-leaf pine, the community was made up of mill hands—white and black—their families, the half dozen clerks in the office, her husband who was the owner of the mill, and herself; these with the mill, the railroad station, and the switches.

A sluggish stream, half creek, half bayou, and spanned by a bridge, drained the low country about, and cut the mill and its population off from the high lands. Beyond the plant and the clustering shacks and cottages of the employees stretched the canebrake, a peninsula of relatively solid land, which outthrust itself into the farther marshlands.

Within fifteen minutes after the woman passed Edith's gate, crying her terror as she ran, the mill had shut down—the scream of the saws eating into the logs and the pant of the escaping steam stopping abruptly.

In less time than this, indeed, as Edith, once she had gathered the meaning of what had happened, hurried into the house to call the mill and warn her husband. She found the place empty, the negro cook and negro housegirl gone, pantry, kitchen, and kitchen-porch deserted.

A moment ago Viney the laundress, busy over her tubs under the pecan tree, had lifted her voice in mounting, quavering song.

This laundress, who claimed she came from Edith's native town in a neighboring state, was an old negress. The cook and the housegirl were young women. Outbursts of song over their work, songs of their race such as were outpoured by the older woman, never came from them. The three, however, old and young alike, were gone now.

As Edith, coming back into the body of the house, went to the telephone, David, her husband, appeared, running up the steps of the front porch and into

the hall where she stood. He thrust her aside, telling her the boy had fled into the canebrake and that a posse was getting ready to follow, calling this back as he went up the stairs at a leap.

She followed him, standing with him in his room as he flung off his coat, her fear being that he find the servants gone and she here in the house alone.

She had told herself from the moment she heard the woman's story that it would be David—with possibly the clerks—against the certain wills and the inevitable purpose of the white mill hands.

Horror at what might have been but for the woman's escape still submerged her; horror that stifled and choked her and sent shuddering tremors through her body. But beneath its recurring floods the ground on which she always believed she stood remained firm, and for this she thanked God.

If, as she feared, there was to be attempted violence here to-day, the more it fell to her now to hurry David back to his post. Cut off from the surrounding regions as the mill was, the issue was between him and these white mill hands, his employees.

That her heart thudded as she stood watching him while he drew in his belt and slipped his revolver in his pocket mattered not at all, her eyes gathering up into her consciousness his features, his carriage, his person. She was the personal equation, and as such was subordinate to the larger, the immediate claim. She was here to aid him, to speed him, to wish him on his way back to the mill and his men.

He was thirty-three, a man still young who had prospered beyond even his own belief in himself, and marked by a white heat of energy and driving will. His features were bold and aquiline, his skin was tanned to a fine clear brown, his expression now as always was intent and keen.

Granting that in the event of trouble the clerks failed him. Boys they seemed as she thought of them now. Then it was David alone. It was David and herself, their backs to the wall against the odds if it became necessary.

Tears burned behind her eyelids. Together with her affection for her husband, she was conscious always of a yearning, a brooding, a passion of longing over him which would not be quieted; conscious that along certain lines instinctive and habitual with her, her taken-for-granted premises and assumptions, she spoke a language he did not always understand—or understanding, did not accept.

"You'll have your dinner before you go, David? It'll take only a minute to get something together?"

"I can't stop for it, Edie."

Hurrying down, she had two sandwiches waiting for him when he joined her a moment later, swiftly and deftly made, and ice-cold tea in a glass. She watched him while he ate, one of those women who, giving themselves, give wholly and with marvelous tenderness, the simplicity of devotion expressed through ministry.

"Sadie Henderson mustn't go back to the section-house, David. I told some of the women to bring her here."

"She's at her cousin's up near the mill. She'll be better off with her own sort."

He turned as he reached the doorway leading to the porch, and kissed her. She put a hand on each of his shoulders, a woman ordinarily of few gestures, and in her turn kissed him, the rare expression of spirit which, once its affection is given, does not waver. This swift David with his eagle-keen features was beautiful—oh, beautiful to the eye, and she, the woman, delighted in his beauty.

He paused again, this time on the gravel at the foot of the porch steps, and turned to speak to her on the step above. His eyes had narrowed as if they were seeing not her but his course ahead, and his voice was curt. She was secondary in his thoughts, she saw—as indeed at this moment she should be.

"Promise me you won't let yourself get worked up, Edie. God knows I'm

sorry you have to be here at a time like this. Forget it if you will. Cut it out. Find a book. Write letters. Get busy at your piano."

"Have you talked yet with Chinquapin, David? And with Mr. Delahunt?"

His eyes and consciousness alike had come round to her now. Chinquapin was the county seat and nearest town, twenty miles away. Delahunt, who lived at Chinquapin, was the sheriff. Her question left David frowning.

"Listen to me. This is a man's, not a woman's job. Get that, Edie? Yes, since you want to know, Delahunt, or rather his wife, has been on the line. Now listen again and I'll promise *you*. There shan't be a thing out of hand. Five minutes after the first word reached the mill of what happened, every man had his orders. It's in our several hands, and we'll keep it there. There'll be no interference or trouble from the outside, because we're leaving no chance for any. First word as I've said, and we sent a posse of men, *white* men, twenty-odd, to patrol the bridge on the other side. Forget it now. I ask you to, I want you to."

She repeated his phrases, dwelling on them, finding in them reassurance and comfort.

"In your hands—everything seen to—every man has his orders. I'm so glad you've told me, David."

And still she stood there, stood after he had gone, the gate in the hedge at the end of the gravel walk swinging to behind him.

She was his junior by one year, a woman with the charm of simplicity and comeliness. There was a directness about her, and in general an opulence of frank enjoyment and well-being.

David was from the same neighboring state and locality as herself, having removed to this state of his adoption in his boyhood. Reticent as to his background and his kindred, Edith took him for himself, as he would have her do. What he wanted her to know he would tell her in his own time and way.

The first time she met him and heard his name, Thornberry, an unexplainable thing occurred. This was four years ago and in Washington, at the home of Big Albion Burns, as his world calls him, maker and un-maker of senators and congressmen in David's adopted, as well as his native, state. Edith at the time was secretary of the big man's wife. And the unexplainable thing was this:

As she heard the name Thornberry, a picture arose in her mind out of her childhood's past, of a straggling line of hill-billies, six men upon starved and bony nags, picking their way along the street of the old Southern town that was her home. And, perched behind the squeaking saddle of one of the six, a boy about her own age and size. They were come to court, offenders against the federal law; and her grandfather, with whom she lived an orphaned child, was the federal judge who tried them; her grandfather who removed to Washington the next year, and she with him, called to a seat upon the supreme bench.

She saw this grandfather in memory now, recalled him in his physical aspect. He was of big stature, his eyes far-set beneath craggy brows, his lips accurately closed—a just and comprehending man, beloved and adored in his own household, a great judge.

Yes, this sense with her always and overwhelmingly of the authority of the law, of its sovereignty, its godhead, this was hers by tradition and inheritance. There was decent stock in the line of men back of Edith. As for that, there was decent stock in the women back of her, too, mothers of these men.

A judge upon the supreme bench, unless he brings his competency with him to office, leaves no fortune when he dies. Edith, with a yearly few hundreds of her own only, was earning her living happily and contentedly when she met David.

It was Big Albion Burns, her old friend in whose house she was living, who presented him and smilingly defined him:

"Thornberry and I are the *new* South, Edith, my dear. As I've told you times before, *my* grandfather was a blacksmith, putting shoes on his neighbors' horses. My father was a molder, making castings in the foundry I own to-day. I carried a dinner-bucket at my start. *Your* South, the *old* South, if it believes in democracy and its workings at all, must believe in the *new* South, which means Thornberry and me."

Edith did believe in the *new* South; she believed in it then, and she believed in it now. She had her few hundreds a year and her work, and was capable and happy in it, but she was alone in the world, and felt her loneliness. Within a surprisingly short time she believed in David Thornberry because he urged it, and because she was glad to. Within a year she had married him.

In the three years of her married life she had been charmed and delighted that man and wife could be such playfellows and companions. She was an outdoor creature by instinct and early habit, brought up to like dogs and horses, and David was a skilled and natural woodsman. They rode, they hunted, they tramped, they motored, they went for days together in their houseboat through the creeks and bayous to the coast and open water. He was on the speedy way to wealth and competency, and declared that within the next few years he would turn the mill over to a manager, and he and she go out into the world, *her* world, he called it, and live!

Her world? And was it true then, this consciousness which, haunting the serenity of her new life, would not down, this gathering realization that she and her world spoke a language, a speech born of a common tradition, a common acceptance, a common conduct, which David did not understand, and which Big Albion Burns and his motherly and kindly wife *did*?

Again tears burned behind her eyelids. David had flung his hat on a table when he arrived, and when he went had worn an old motor cap. Lifting the hat as she came into the house, she pressed it to her with a yearning, a brooding passion of longing.

It was four in the afternoon now. The assurance born of David's words had left Edith. She had called up the mill twice and been there in her car once, to no purpose. She had found the place deserted except for Cass Boswell, the boss of the yard crew, who was in charge. He was noncommittal and gave her no satisfaction beyond the statement that Mr. Thornberry wasn't there.

Returning, she stopped her car at the door of Sadie Henderson's cousin. There was no answer to her tap, the two women, as she believed, disappearing out the back door as she knocked at the front.

She stopped at the houses of certain other women. Gaunt figures for the most part these women were, in skimpy cotton skirts and faded cotton waists, spiritless creatures with spiritless eyes. Noncommittal, furtive, what did they and Cass Boswell know that she did not? Not a negro—man, woman, or child—did she see.

Reaching home, the house with its big rooms and bigger porches front and back seemed more silent, more deserted, and she even more removed and apart from all knowledge of what was happening, alone in a sense poignant and terrifying. She went again through the empty lower floor, and came as aimlessly back to the front porch.

The tramp of feet reached her. A score of men in groups of three and four came in sight, their heads and shoulders rising and falling above her hedge with their striding gait. Following these some hundred yards, came a second score.

She realized the gravity which had come into the situation with this new element. She was dismayed at its appearance here. These sand-hillers, tramping along the wooden sidewalk outside her hedge, must have crossed the bridge. And to cross the bridge

they must have passed the twenty-odd men put there to guard it. Edith had little of her husband's confidence in these mill hands; she shared none of his faith in their reliability.

She in her neighboring state had known this class of poor whites now tramping by her gate, not as sand-hillers, but as hill-billies, a term signifying the same thing and interchangeable. Under whatever name, the thing it signified was a breed so poor of spirit, so mean of courage, that the world about it, white and black, despised it. Cass Boswell was of sand-hiller stock himself.

These men must have passed the patrol at the bridge. She went in and called the mill again. As before, Cass answered.

"Mr. Thornberry's still away, yes'm."

"Go and find him."

"Reckon I mought ez wal' let ye hev it, Mis' Thornberry. He's outen wi' th' posse beatin' th' brake. He mought be back in er hour, yit mought be midnight, yit mought be mawnin'."

She rang off and called for Chinquapin. She knew the sheriff and she knew his wife. David was a bit of a politician in local and also in state affairs, and was proud of his acquaintance and his popularity in the county.

Mrs. Delahunt answered the call:

"Yes, oh yes, we got the news all right, Mrs. Thornberry—got it right away after it happened, I guess. The sand-hillers are comin' in, you say? Well, that looks bad, surely. Mr. Delahunt was off in the county on a summons when the word came; I took the message myself, and he had to be found. Getting back here to Chinquapin, he had to swear in some extra deputies. These things take time, you see. They got away from here twenty minutes ago, yes, all of twenty minutes. The bunch o' 'em filled three flivvers."

Edith went back to the porch. The gate in the hedge banged. Jim Hester, the foreman of the drying shed at the mill, came in. Lean and shambling, he too was of sand-hiller stock, and to Edith's mind of a common stripe with Cass Boswell, whom she did not like.

She had long since noticed that Hester's wife had a timid glance and that his children were afraid of him. She had said so to David, and he had laughed at her, saying it took all kinds to run a mill here in the backwoods.

She knew that Jim Hester in his turn did not like her, knew that he belittled to the other men her attempts to better conditions for the families of the mill hands, and she believed he would do her an ill turn if the opportunity came his way. She had once seen him kick a female dog—his own dog, the creature soon to litter—and this for no visible reason but for his own gratification. And she saw him leer when she, Edith, cried out, pleased when he knew that it hurt her too.

"Wanter use yo' telephone, Mis' Thornberry. I'm jus' come in f'om th' bridge en' I got ter git back."

A third group of sand-hillers passed.

Edith questioned him:

"You say you're just from the bridge? What's happened? How did these men get by you? They're coming in right along."

He eyed her, as he had that time in the case of the dog, with a leering satisfaction. His tongue licked his lips. He had her again, it would seem, where it pleased him to have her.

"Git by? How'd you mean 'git by,' Mis' Thornberry? They cyant come tew fas' ner tew many, d'yer reckon? Th' more we air th' quicker hell fer th' nigger, ain't it?"

He turned to the telephone and in his turn called for the mill. His hair that lay over long on his sallow neck was dank and heavy, and his person was slovenly.

"Ary news come in f'om th' brake, Cass?"

Apparently there was none.

"Ary thing furder heerd f'om Chinquapin? Delahunt made his git-erway f'om thar yit?"

Cass evidently gave Jim the same news that Mrs. Delahunt had given Edith.

"Wall, trust us'n, Cass. Delahunt'll never git by us'n holdin' th' bridge, till it's over. With a shotgun tew ev'y mammy's son uv us'n waitin' thar fur him, he mought ez well turn eroun' en go back tew home, him an' his crowd, en they know it."

Edith watched him out through the gate. Going back to the telephone, this time to spread the news far and wide, she found the wire cut. Jim had done it. He mistrusted her. It merely meant she must run her car to the mill again and get her message over the mill telephone to Chinquapin and the region at large.

The sun was dropping beyond the bridge and behind the hills when Edith returned.

As on her first visit, Cass met her as her car stopped. He let her descend. But when she said she'd come to use the office telephone, he stepped between her and the office doorway.

"The line's dead."

She believed that he lied. A middle-aged man, his stubbly red beard did not cover the cunning line of the mouth. But when she pushed by him she found the door locked, and turning to demand the key, he had disappeared.

She went across the yard and the tracks to the boxlike little railroad station. The place was empty and the door here too was locked.

Coming and returning, again she passed groups of women who, talking together, fell silent at her approach, or turning, slipped within doors.

Reaching her gate, here came more sand-hillers. Their gaze as their eyes met hers was hostile.

She went in and sank on a step of her porch, her head bowed, her heart chilled. She thought of her grandfather, she thought of Big Albion Burns, she thought of—and her heart cried out and her hands out-stretched to—David!

Evening was here, cool and pure and still. Edith, still sitting upon her step, stood up. She'd go in and have supper ready in case David should return.

Going through the house, she came on Cynthia, her cook, sitting on a step of the back porch, bowed in her turn, her head upon her knees.

"Cynthy, you're here! You're back. Oh, I'm *glad*!"

Cynthia, lifting her head, stood up. She was a young married woman with little children. Her set face was without expression.

"Reckon I'll go on in an' start supper."

"Cynthia, what do those shots mean I've been hearing?"

Three at a time they'd been, and from time to time repeated, starting in the distance from the direction of the brake and coming nearer.

She took a step closer and, laying a hand on the brown wrist, compelled Cynthia to look up.

"We're both women. Tell me what you know. It means . . . ?"

Cynthia raised her eyes far enough to rest on and search Edith's face. The gaze fell and she spoke, looking straight ahead. Her words came in shifting cadences, now fiercely and bitterly full and clear, now without inflection in a dull monotony. Past and present were met in her now, she was at once the young and the old negro.

"It means they caught him."

"And then?"

"They're bringin' him in."

"In where?"

"Where the road out of the brake crosses the switches an' the track. They're waitin' for him there."

"Who's bringing him in? Who's waiting for him? Waiting for what?"

Edith's gaze was riveted to Cynthia's face. Her questions came sharp, like cries. She had a choking, stifling sense that Cynthia, in common with the mill women earlier in the afternoon, was sparing her, was withholding from her some knowledge which must rend and hurt her.

Sudden passion flared through Cynthia's words. It was the young negro in her speaking now. Her head was upflung and she looked at Edith squarely.

"Mr. Thornberry an' his posse are bringin' him in. He ain't nothin' but a boy. He ain't twenty years old. My mother knows his folks. Mrs. Henderson, she's been allowin' up to her cousin's she ain't no ways certain what he came to her kitchen door for."

"They're bringing him in—go on."

"Cass Boswell an' his sand-hiller kinfolks are waitin' for them on the road the other side of the switches. Jim Hester an' his crowd are at the bridge holdin' the sheriff up till it's over. They know their parts, ev'y man of 'em. Mr. Thornberry tol' 'em off himse'f, ev'y man to his place."

And still Edith's eyes were riveted on Cynthia's face. Her own face took on a growing remoteness, a whitening pallor.

And still she gazed. Out of the meaning that punctuated Cynthia's words, streams of horror seemed to pour toward her and envelop her. David, her husband! David, the father of the child she had reason to believe in these last few days, she was to bear.

"You're wrong about Mr. Thornberry, Cynthia. You're wrong, wrong! I tell you you're *wrong*!"

She felt a shuddering and reeling of all her known world.

The dusk had thickened, and here and there a star was gleaming through. Edith climbed into the car still standing at her gate. She had pulled a sweater over her muslin dress. Her hand on the wheel, the car moved swiftly off.

She was thinking of David as she urged it on. Her face was bloodless and her eyes stared ahead. Her mind went back to that first meeting with him, back to the words of Big Albion Burns, his sponsor:

"Your South, the *old* South, if it believes in democracy and its workings at all, must believe in David and me."

She believed in David. She was on her way to him now. He only could shake her faith in him.

It was over when she got there. For all the mad speed of her coming, it was over even to some scattering shots to insure the completeness of the business.

The moon was coming up, emerging over the horizon. Edith, on reaching the railroad crossing, had rushed her car at the steep roadbed and mounting the track had paused there abruptly; ahead of her the switches, the road emerging out of the canebrake, and the massed crowd about to disperse.

Had secrecy been her end, perversity would have proclaimed her. Indifferent as to who saw her, she backed down the roadbed, across the sandy road by which she had come, over the coarse weeds of the open ground, into the lee of the drying shed of the mill. The mill truck and the flivver of the office force already stood there.

Sitting with her hand on the wheel, concerned only with her need of finding and hearing from David, she let the returning crowd pour by.

They came silently and swiftly, pouring up over the track and down the descent to the road in front of her, moving as by a common haste, a common spur. For a moment a silent continuous stream, and then they would be gone.

Edith's teeth suddenly chattered and her body shook. These were white men, American born. No imported foreign labor as yet had reached this portion of the state. These were American-born white men who, having lent themselves to an act, were fleeing secretly and undeclared. These were American-born Southern white men who under test were showing yellow. A night wind had sprung up, and again she shivered.

With the last of the dispersing crowd appearing over the roadbed came David. A moment for him to make the

descent, and Edith gliding forward would intercept and meet him, would hear from his own lips his refutation of any part in this unlawful act.

She saw him come, clean cut in the light of the mounting moon, intent, alert. One of his clerks was with him. His hand came down on the boy's shoulder, and he spoke abruptly:

"By God, we had it to do, Jimmy, and we've done it. The world couldn't hold that black boy and any woman you and I care for."

They had passed now to the last one of them—mill hands, sand-hillers, Cass Boswell, David, the boy clerk—melted into the haze of the shining night. Their dispersal was a thing of moments, not minutes, a going as sinister as it was craven.

Edith shuddered violently anew. She was deadly pale. Then she sat erect, in her countenance that intent stillness which speaks absorption and concentration. The next moment her car slid forward, and this time mounted and crossed the track. It stopped at the foot of the descent on the other side, and she stepped out. Taking a cinder path which led across the open ground to an unpainted shack that, facing the switches, stood apart under a clump of pines, she tapped at the door, calling her name as she knocked.

"It's Mrs. Thornberry, Edith Thornberry."

The door opened on Viney, the old laundress who lived there alone. Edith spoke to her beseechingly, laying a hand on her arm and drawing her out beyond the doorsill. The skin of the old creature was gray, witness to her knowledge of the business just over with beyond the switches. But she listened as Edith talked, regarding her with clear, scrutinizing eyes.

"Viney, when I first came here you told me that you knew Mr. David when he was a boy, and you and he lived in the piney woods near my old home. I didn't ask you more then. I ask you now—who was he, Viney?"

The eyes of the two women met and held. The hand of Edith resting on the arm of Viney, tightened.

"One uv th' Laurel Cove hill-billy crowd. His pappy war shot daid in yo' gran'pa's co'te-room, on account uv him profferin' evi-*dence* aginst th' y'uther five men in th' case, calkilatin' tew save his own skin. Yo' gran'pa paid th' boy's way here to his daid mammy's folks, seein' he hadn't nary person lef' thar ter look to."

And still the eyes of the two women held. Then Edith was conscious that her head drooped, that it was against Viney that it leaned, supported; that her lips moved, buried against Viney's shoulder; that she prayed—prayed as she thought of David, well on his way to fortune, but in soul and spirit *poor white* still, by his showing himself a coward, craven inbred.

Big Albion Burns was wrong when he bracketed himself with David. Bracketed with Big Albion were those thousands of Southern men and women who speak a universal language of decency. Bracketed with David was a pusillanimous multitude, skulkers ever behind the decent South, lynchers, night-riders, white-caps, Ku Klux.

A great weariness was upon her. If, as she had reason to believe, she was with child, then in her own eyes she was carrying the child of a malefactor.

Her head lifted. Her face was gray and bleak. In her eyes was a terrible despair.

When the first flivver rushed up, followed by two others, and Mr. Delahunt the sheriff sprang out of the first, he found the two women here, in their faces something immutable and fatelike, their heads high and their eyes stern. Seeing in him the authority of the law, they moved aside, and the hand of the white woman clasping the arm of the black woman, they turned to go.

The Bible and Common Sense

1. The Purpose of the Bible

BY BASIL KING

This is the first of a series of articles, neither disputatious nor didactic, but setting forth a personal effort to read, understand, and believe in the Bible in times when this attempt is not easy. These articles are not meant to set forth a teaching, much less to make converts. The subject, which is one of great difficulty, is rendered the more so by the fact that so many people have fixed opinions with regard to it. Many, on the other hand, are at loose ends or bewildered. It is to them chiefly that these articles are addressed.—*Editor's Note.*

LET me say at once that in the series of articles of which this is the first there will be neither argument nor homily. The object will not be to teach; still less will it be to convince or to convert. It will go no farther than the stating of the process by which one individual learned to pick his way through the difficulties which attend the reading of the Bible, and to find a small portion of its message.

To those who can do this already these articles will be of no value. For those who take their interpretation of the Bible from some authority, probably a church, to which they elect to submit themselves, there will also be nothing of interest. There are always, however, people more or less at sea. There are those who cannot get at the Bible across theologies and dogmas. Millions of quite honest souls find the very phrases in which Christians talk about the Bible vulgarized and hackneyed. Such readers as these may be willing to investigate a by-path, when the old historic highways seem intricate and bewildering, or overgrown and choked.

I should apologize more profoundly for the personal tone of these records had I not been asked to write from the personal point of view. After all, experience, however humble, has a value of its own. Academic teaching may be as broad as that of Plato, as deep as that of Paul, and yet the soul's empirical adventure will always have its significance. Even if it makes mistakes, and takes an occasional wrong turn, at least it does so on its independent quest. When it comes to the effort to see through conditions admittedly obscure, almost any man's story is worth telling.

But while these articles will be neither dogmatic nor theological, they will be indebted to dogmatic theology for much that they contain. As a matter of fact, dogmatic theology has entered into our ways of thinking far more deeply than we commonly suppose. It could hardly be otherwise among a people whose ancestors were steeped in it. It infuses our thought and our language. It is behind our society, our literature, our governments, our laws. We cannot get away from it. That without some of its points of view we should try to understand the Bible is impossible.

It is equally impossible to approach the subject without some guidance from the churches. While I am not of those who believe that the churches produced the Bible—the assertion is often made—yet to a considerable extent they have been its custodians, especially during those centuries when they stood for the only civilizing force. As I understand the Bible, it belongs not to the churches but to the world; it is not a handbook of religious instruction, but a chronicle of development.

Nevertheless, for the western nations,

at any rate, the churches have put their stamp on it. The stamp may vary as the sects vary; but it is not easy for the American reader to see the Bible with no sectarian stamp on it at all. He reads it as a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Baptist, or an Anglican Bible, as his mind happens to be biased. My own effort is to read it through my personal lens, with as much detachment, independence, and intelligence as I can bring to it. At the same time, in whatever I have to say, the teachings of the Anglican, Roman, and Evangelical bodies, together with the writings of Mrs. Eddy, will count for much; though there is something that counts for more.

That is my own judgment. If to the reader this should seem presumptuous, I must remind him that one's own judgment is the ultimate test of all one's opinions, the ultimate standard of all one's acts. One may decide to renounce one's own judgment, as to some extent a monk or a soldier always does, but even that is a case for one's own judgment. No matter how unquestioningly we obey, it is of our own judgment that we do obey. It is of our own judgment that we become lawyers, doctors, politicians, clergymen, atheists, agnostics, Protestants, or Catholics.

Moreover, the individual who seeks a power which will interpret the Bible for his use is always obliged to say, "It gets its authority from me." That is to say, no church can have more authority than the individual ascribes to it. The individual must judge the church before the church can judge the individual. Abstractly, a particular church may be a wholly divine institution; but till the individual has indorsed that divinity there is no divinity for him. No church can teach the individual till the individual himself has set it up as a teaching institution. This is true even if he is born into a church which he never questions, and from which he never swerves. His acceptance of its methods, however tacit, rests with his own judgment.

Furthermore, the individual cannot elude the fact that the world is full of authorities, each of which explains the Bible differently from every other, and is therefore always in a minority. As far as I can see, there is no "Catholic" standard in the sense commonly given to the word Catholic, of "what has been taught everywhere, by everyone, and at all times." There has never been any such teaching. Even among the apostles there were differences of opinion; in the earliest Christian churches there were varieties of procedure. Whether he will or no, the individual is driven to choose between many conflicting witnesses, selecting one, or rejecting all, or co-ordinating several. From the exercise of his private judgment there is no escape. Even when, as is perhaps most frequently the case, he merely flounders in ignorance and helplessness, he flounders of his own free will. The mother who cries, "I am at a loss as to what to teach my children about the Bible," is at that loss because she chooses so to be. It is a matter of the judgment.

For these and similar reasons, I have been obliged, like many others at the present day, to form my own opinions as to what the Bible means. This I have tried to do through what I may call a process of distillation. Accepting gratefully the varying testimonies of the historic churches, I have done my best to fuse them, as far as they would blend. I have attempted this for my personal guidance only, keeping close to the dictates of what to me seems common sense.

When I proposed the title "The Bible and Common Sense" as a caption for these articles, the editor of *Harper's Magazine* objected that he was afraid of it. "I should not like orthodox Christians to think that we were attacking their beliefs." The fear lest orthodox Christians should feel that between common sense and their views of the Scriptures there is some discrepancy, may seem a curious one but it can be justified. To no small degree we have re-

moved the Bible beyond the pale of common sense. We have placed it where it can be read only in a specialized frame of mind. From this frame of mind our everyday powers of reasoning must be excluded to begin with.

It is only fair to say that this springs from unauthorized teachers rather than from any official utterance of churches. The American Christian's conception of the Bible hardly ever goes outside the tradition of the nursery. There he is told the stories of Adam and Eve, of Jacob and Esau, of David and Goliath, with the more idyllic incidents of the New Testament. Except for those who, for professional reasons perhaps, mean to make a deeper study of the Scriptures, Christian education in the United States is confined, as a rule, within this range. Some perfunctory reading may be added, some learning of disjointed passages by rote, a little desultory explanation from a Sunday-school teacher of immature qualifications, if any at all, and the average Christian's biblical instruction is complete. For all the rest of his life he is considered sufficiently introduced to the volume which contains the secret of eternal life.

It is not strange that as he grows older he should come to one of two conclusions—either that the Bible is preposterous, or that it must be judged by some process foreign to the human mind in any other of its functions. He may even halt between these opinions. Not venturing to reject it wholly, he may live and die as the victim of an infantile tradition, never handed on by any church, or taught by competent authority.

The trail of the nursery and the Sunday school may be said to lie over all English-speaking Christendom. The Bible as learned "at mother's knee," rarely rising above the level of Jack the Giant-killer, is probably the source of most of the spiritual bewilderments of later life. The so-called "Bible Stories" invariably raise in a child's mind, quick and logical as it generally is, questions which none but a gifted mother—a great rarity—is competent to answer. Of the answers usually given there is seldom a child who does not see through the insincerity and insufficiency. I am willing to hazard the guess that in nine out of every ten cases of those who in after life become agnostics or indifferentists, the seed of skepticism was sown by nurses, mothers, and Sunday-school teachers who tried to impart what they never understood. After not a little experience, I venture to think that the Bible is not a book for children but for men and women. I will even go so far as to say that it should be opened by men and women only after some preparation as to its main purpose.

That purpose must be to help us to know God.

I suppose that with regard to this statement there can be among Christians no difference of opinion. "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The Bible has subsidiary purposes, but this must be the one of most importance.

To me personally, it was a flash of illumination when I learned that this purpose is carried out by showing us the failures as well as the successes through which our predecessors came to know Him in the long procession of the ages. They did this through reasoning, through inference, through speculation, through daring hope, through practical experiment. They were oftener right than wrong, and yet they were often wrong. There were ages in which, with much that was right, error was persistent. Where they were right we have no difficulty; we should also have no difficulty where they made mistakes had not our nurses and Sunday-school teachers hammered into our childish minds the theory that they never erred.

In other words, according to our early instructors, who had the opportunity to bend the twig, the characters in the Bible were always right because they

were in the Bible. A commendation for some of their qualities was held up as a blanket commendation for all of them. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who were just emerging out of concepts of God primitive and grotesque, were put on the same plane as Peter, James, and John, to whom the Being of Highest Illumination had revealed the Universal Father. The thousands of years which separated the one group of three from the other group of three, with the changes wrought by progress, culture, habits of speech, and enlargement of experience were not taken into account. All was crowded together in the foreground, like the figures in a Flemish tapestry.

To throw off this inhibition of the judgment, to obtain historical perspective, to see the Bible as the story of man's mistakes as to God as well as of his discoveries, gave it for me as an individual a new and common-sense significance. If minor difficulties were not solved thereby, all the major ones were. What had hitherto been a puzzling book to read became at once simple and comprehensible.

One began at the beginning, with the primitive, prehistoric God, who must have been the earliest in the human consciousness. In the first eleven chapters of the Book of Genesis we have collected and preserved for us all that is wisest and most trustworthy in prehistoric memory. It must not be supposed that a prehistoric world was of necessity a world with no chronicle of past events, and with no formulation of such knowledge as primitive men had acquired. On the contrary, everything leads us to presume that the record of tradition was kept faithfully. The fact that there was no written language made exactitude of verbal transmission all the more imperative.

Nothing in literature equals the impressiveness with which this mass of primeval recollections comes out of the darkness before letters were invented. It takes the form of myth, legend, ballad, tables of descent, whatever best preserved a particular phase of their understanding of truth, or told of some actual event. Before it reached the pages of Genesis the material was sifted and sifted again, till the element of vulgarity, obscenity, and absurdity—which still clings to cognate versions of this ancient knowledge—was strained out.

This prehistoric narrative transmitted down to history deals with the manner in which our planet was prepared for human habitation, and the stages by which the formative epochs followed on one another. How this information was obtained we have no means of knowing, but to the modern mind, enlightened by the discoveries of the last hundred years, its approach to exactness is amazing. Granting to the word "day" the sense which it bears in actual usage, of a long period of time—as in the present day, a past day, your day, or mine—this account of the expansion of nature is approximately that of the most modern sciences.

Chaos—darkness—waters! The relation of the earth to the solar system! The drying of the waters, the appearing of the land! Vegetation! The dawn of life in the seas! The *megatheria*—the "great whales!" Flying things! Land animals—cattle, reptiles, beasts! Man with mind and dominion!

From this point we go on with man's development. The Bible does not begin with prehistoric man's earliest gropings after God; it takes him at a stage comparatively far on in his advance. It is at the point where he has already begun to develop a moral sense. He perceives a distinction between Good and Evil. He knows that Evil is forbidden, and that Good is somehow connected with God. Evil is attractive—but abortive; Good is difficult—but practical. Good implies life; Evil implies death. Elemental man has already perceived it as the goal of his mortal life to overcome Evil with Good.

The struggle brings into his consciousness two warring factors—the material in Cain, the spiritual in Abel. In the

first impulse of this enmity the material slays the spiritual, and seems to stamp it out. But it revives in Seth, whereupon we have the significant intimation that man had begun to perceive the God he had hitherto descried as Power as being also Help. "Then began men to call on the name of the Lord." Henceforth the fight between spiritual and material never flags, though for ages the victory seems to lie on the side of the material, as, in fact, it still does to-day.

It is noteworthy that in the line of Cain we find all the material progress. The descendants of Cain—the children of the material ideal—build cities, learn to keep cattle, engage in agriculture, discover the arts, and bring man out of the stone age into that which knew the use of metals. They also push sin to debauchery, till "the wickedness of man was great," and "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The spiritual instinct, having been nearly lost, was regained only through the pressure of calamity.

A flood came, traces of it remaining in the legendary history of many peoples. The human race having a chance to begin again, began, as it generally does, on the old material basis. This is symbolized in a tower whose top would reach unto heaven, and defy God. God was disturbed, if not exactly afraid. To protect himself against the united action of men, he introduced the principle of nationality. Men broke up, first into families, then into clans, then into tribes, then into nations. They developed differences of speech. From this time onward they were permanently disunited. Never again would they be able to achieve anything through racial pride or a show of force. The Help which was dimly recognized when men began to call on the name of the Lord must be fully understood as the Universal Father before any ground of future reunion can be reached.

Ages passed, leaving no trace beyond a few monumental names—Shem, Arphaxed, Salah, Eber, Peleg, Reu. Of them only that of Eber is still a living word, finding an echo on the tongue of everyone who chances to speak of a Hebrew. By faint degrees, by footsteps lost in the ocean bed of Time, the prehistoric comes up out of the abyss, and melts into the dawn of history.

It is a mistake to suppose that between historic and prehistoric there is a hard and fast line where one ends and the other begins. They fade into each other, like night into day. When the compiler of the Book of Genesis wrote the words, "And the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee, and I will make of thee a great nation . . . and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed," he probably passed out of the last and farthest range of purely traditional knowledge into the first faint twilight of what we have since come to know as recorded history. A very faint twilight as yet, it will broaden and brighten till it becomes noon. From this point onward the God who to the sons of Eber had been a dark and somewhat erratic mystery becomes the guiding, and sometimes the avenging principle in their affairs.

The rest of the Bible, both Old Testament and New, develops the understanding of this principle. Men, in the words of St. Paul, sought God, "if perhaps they might grope for him and find him." The Bible is the history of that groping. Beginning with the prehistoric God of the earlier pages of Genesis, we are led up and up, and on and on, now through stages of progress, now through pauses and lapses, now through migrations, now through wars, now through sin, and now through spasms of repentance and return, but always through all the passions that can tear the human heart, as well as through all that heart's best aspirations and affections—we are led up and on till we perceive the Universal Father in the Vision of Jesus Christ.

We can never, it seems to me, read the

Bible with real understanding till we see every character, every incident, and all trends of thought as working toward that ultimate Ideal. The connection may not always be easy to discern, but a little investigation will show that it is there. Of any page in the Scriptures the test is the end to which it finally contributes—the knowledge of God as the Father of the Universe, with man as His chief expression. Whether we are in the historic or the prehistoric, whether we wallow in blood or exult in prophecy, whether we are as far from this Ideal as it is possible to stray, or are hard upon it as in certain of the psalms we often are, the Father is the end of our long spiritual search.

Nothing in the story of mankind is more interesting than the stages by which the Ideal of the Father became possible to the human race. Glimpses of God have been seen wherever man has lived. The Egyptians have had theirs, the Greeks theirs, the Romans theirs, the Hindoos theirs, the Chinese theirs, the Moslems theirs. They have been truer or more distorted according to the instinct of the race. But it is always a groping after God, with some measure of ability in finding Him. What gives to the Hebrew effort its supreme importance is its supreme success.

Not, it must be repeated, that the success came all at once, or that it came easily. It came through many errors, held through many centuries. Of these errors there is one on the very surface of the Old Testament which sometimes makes it hard for the modern man to read that book with sympathy or approval.

It is the habit of mind, and the turn of phrase, which ascribes to God all the passing impulses of a young and semi-civilized nation in the process of expansion. What their passions or ambitions urged them to do they believed that their God commanded them to do. He was their inspiration and their referee. Standing for all their highest aspiration at any given time, He stood for that but for no more.

It must be remembered that in as far as the Bible sums up the effort to know God, it is not till the call of Abraham that the yearning to seek and find Him centers in the line of Eber. Up to that time it is general to the human race. With the introduction of the national principle, and the cleavage of mankind along the lines of national endowment, the race of Eber specialized in its racial gift. This was the spiritual temperament. Where the other peoples, even those of the line of Seth, the spiritual order, went over to the principles of Cain, they, the Hebrews, were faithful to their mission.

At the same time their very faithfulness held a snare for them. The fact that they possessed a faculty for feeling after God led them first into the mistake that they, more than any other people, were God's favorites. From this it was an easy step to see in their Jehovah a God who was specially their own, the God of no one but themselves. This God backed them in their quarrels, supported them in plans of conquest, and drove them on to the ferocities which all peoples of low development rejoice in.

One well-known illustration, by no means the most ruthless that could be found, will suffice as an example of what I mean.

> And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord . . . and the Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin king of Canaan . . . the captain of whose host was Sisera . . . and twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel. And Deborah, a prophetess . . . she judged Israel at that time. . . .
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> And she sent and called Barak . . . and said unto him, Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go, and draw toward mount Tabor . . . and I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army . . . and I will deliver him into thine hand.
>
> And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak. . . . Howbeit

Sisera fled away on his feet to the tent of Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite: for there was peace between Jabin . . . and the house of Heber the Kenite.

And Jael went out to meet Sisera, and said unto him, Turn in, my lord, turn in to me; fear not. And when he had turned in unto her into the tent, she covered him with a mantle. And he said unto her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink; for I am thirsty. And she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. . . .

Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary: so he died.

For this brutal act, a transgression of all the laws of sanctuary and hospitality, we find Jael receiving the benedictions of Deborah in one of the most ecstatic songs of triumph ever penned.

Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.

Millions of simple readers, taught from childhood to see in such episodes as this the same standard of right action as they would get, for example, from St. John, have been disconcerted and perplexed. But to find the true significance of these records we must see them from the point of view of a people only emerging out of barbarism. Treachery, cruelty, atrocity being the easiest means to the ends they had before them, they had no more scruples in their use of them than any other nation of their time. The Jehovah who was but one of themselves raised to the status of Godhead would as a matter of course approve of anything that would bring about their victory; He would fight with the weapons they wielded themselves. Their enemies were His enemies; their cause, their battle, and their triumph were all alike His. The semi-savage God of a semi-savage race, He neither shrank from butchery nor felt pity when the victims fell. Any other sort of God, for that sort of people, in that stage of their development, would have been impossible.

For it is probable that our perception of God rarely includes more than the sum total of our highest aspirations at any given stage of our advance. This is perhaps all of God that as nations, as churches, or as individuals we can ever see. It is like our perception of the heavens, in which we behold only the stars which, from a certain spot on the planet, at a certain season of the year, on a certain night in the season, at a certain hour of the night, are visible. Creeds may define God, and catechisms explain Him, but the conception of Him must be a matter of epoch, race, and individual personality. It is possible that no two persons have the same conception of God, or see in Him the same resources. The church to which they both adhere may be most exact in all its definitions, and yet each will probably understand something different. It is not definition that helps us to know God; it is need and yearning.

To me it seems to stand to reason that the Ideal of God must change with change in time, progress, and mental condition. This does not mean that God changes, but only that our conception of Him must. It is not possible for us to-day to have of Him the same Ideal as that of the first Christian century, or of the last Christian century, or of the Middle Ages, or of the prehistoric ages. We can have only our own.

This then must be pleaded on behalf of a semi-savage people who had semi-savage views of God: They could have had no other. Our own conception of Him extends no farther than our spiritual powers carry us, and that our spiritual powers do not carry us very far is evident in all our churches, in all our civilization. The value of the instance I

have quoted, as well as of all similar instances scattered throughout the Bible, is that it shows us just how far, at a certain period, men had progressed toward the Vision of the Universal Father. It is not far, and yet it is on the way. Each century, each generation, carried the advance a little farther, till before the Old Testament closes there were those like Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and others among the prophets and psalmists who almost touched the Ideal of Jesus Christ. But it was all relative—relative to age, and culture, and spiritual development. It is this relativity which gives its meaning to the earlier Scriptures. Truthfully, faithfully, these writings picture man's upward climb, till he reaches the Celestial Vision.

To my mind the beauty of this Vision is that it appeals to all the demands of our common sense. God as the Universal Father is a God with whom every human being can be satisfied. He meets all needs; He appeases all longings. In proportion as this God is our God, discords will melt into harmony, wars will cease, nations will be seen as cooperative rather than as competitive, differences between churches will grow futile, while the individual will come to demonstrate that Love so much talked of and so little shown by evidence.

That Christians have much to do before they can reach this Ideal must be obvious to anyone. That is to say, we are still in a state of only partial development. In comparison with those who were seeking God two and three thousand years ago, we have made not a little progress. In comparison with those who will still be seeking Him two and three thousand years hence, we are far behind. What remains true, absolute, and unchangeable is that Vision of Jesus Christ which, for all the rest of time, is set before us as the end to which we struggle on.

With this end in view, I think it must be clear to us that no one is asked to read the Bible, or take the trouble to understand it, without the prospect of a practical return. The point is one on which to lay stress. Too often, it seems to me, this reading is urged on us as an academic duty, with no manifest objective. The precise good we are to get from it is not explained. The reader has a suspicion that he may be wasting his time. Why should he read, he asks himself, when he does not know for what purpose he is reading? Why should he take the pains to understand an ancient literature, not always sympathetic even where it is intelligible, when for all he can see, he gets along just as well without it?

To this the answer can be given quite concisely.

The God of the Bible is pre-eminently a God for man's use here on earth. If there is one thing vividly discerned, even in the dimness of the prehistoric, it is this. According to the Scriptures, He is our paramount daily asset. He is the one factor on which we can count that never fails, once we have learned how to count on Him. He assumes our cares; He stills our anxieties; He furthers our plans; He prospers our work; He heals our sickness; He gives us in abundance everything we need.

This is not figurative; it is literal. If it seems contradicted by common experience, it is because in common experience people have not learned how to utilize His generosity. To do this there is a right way and a wrong; and out of every thousand Christians it is possible that nine hundred and ninety-nine will take the wrong. "The secret of the Lord is among them that fear Him, and He will show them His Covenant." They who discover that secret, and learn to understand that Covenant, will find it as I have said. The Universal Father is not only a help to those who trust in Him; He is behind their efforts, and takes on Himself their responsibilities. He is an Almighty Resource, an Infinite Peace of Mind.

In the sense in which each age has its own conception of God, this seems to me

the special acquisition of The twentieth Century. It is not that other centuries lacked it, but only that in our own day it seems to be more general. If the Bible helps us to know God, and if the God whom it helps us to know is the Universal Father—this, we reason, must be what He means to us. If I may again refer to the great authorities—the Anglican, Roman, Evangelical, and Christian Science churches I have spoken of already—this is what their combined teaching leads me to: a God who cares for me *now*, who forgives me *now*, who rewards me *now*, who admits me to His heaven *now*, not putting me off with promises to be kept after I am dead.

It is this putting off with promises which has made the world of the past few generations impatient of religion. It is not, however, the religion of the Bible. Promises to be kept after we are dead find no place in its pages. It is remarkable how little is said in either Testament as to what will be done for us after we are dead. Most of the promises are for good things here—health, prosperity, happiness. The future will take care of itself if we take care of the present. We take care of the present by co-operation with the Father, who is always, we are given to believe, ready to co-operate with us.

The teaching that we suffer in this world in order to find compensation in the next belongs, I think, to that decline of Christianity which began when it became the recognized religion of the Roman state. Assent having taken the place of demonstration, the nominal Christian sank once more into being the victim of Fate, as man had been under paganism. Unable to throw off poverty, sickness, and debased conditions of living, the Christian accepted the doctrine of those who told him that another life would give him what God refused him in this. It was his only consolation. The more he clutched at this single hope the more his teachers urged it home, till we came to have a Christian Church almost impotent to help man in his present phase, except in so far as it schools him to submission.

Against this the Twentieth Century has reacted. The reaction may not as yet be widespread but it is putting forth its challenge. If the Bible is true, the mighty works which were done of old must be possible to-day. If they are possible they must be possible according to a law, and if there is such a law it must be our part to discover it. It is this discovery, this re-discovery which, it seems to me, the modern Christian world is making through the knowledge of God as Dynamic Energy and Practical Working Force.

There is much talk to-day of the need of a new spiritual awakening that will save our world. This, I suppose, is what the talk means first of all—the finding of the Universal Father, who will adjust injustices, reconcile enmities, make the crooked straight, and bring to pass what now seems impossible. To find Him we have many agencies. History helps; science helps; education helps; our own thinking helps; the churches help. But the Bible, read without exaggerations, and by the light of what I may call our sanctified common sense, probably helps most of all.

The Birth of the Bee

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

We are children of splendor and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres.

BEGOTTEN in the splendor and flame of the summer sky, born with shuddering in the gloom of the hive, bees and men come much alike by life, the bee no less magnificently out of the dust, no more abjectly from the spheres. Lower in scale of being, possibly, than human life, bee life, nevertheless, has developed not only a perfect political organization, but founded it upon an equally perfect society—division of labor, divorceless marriage, obedient children, and a method of birth control that would absolutely insure the war-resorting human race against its certain suicide. Either we must find some purpose for human life in Nature's plan not contemplated for the bees, or else conceive of man as a cruel mistake, an ironical unfinished experiment, abandoned by Nature while working out the perfect life of the bee. And nowhere is this difference between men and bees so great as in their begetting and birth—as in the marvelous body of the mother-queen.

Yesterday was rainy and raw, and I sat here at my desk all day with two queen bees in my bosom. I heard the buzz of their wings, I felt the warmth of their breath, but I felt even more the miracle of their beings. They were lovely young creatures, golden Italian stock, which I had imported from a famous bee ranch in a neighboring state; but as you looked at them they seemed hardly larger than workers. They were whole, however, and had come to me after their wedding flight in the sky.

They came by post; each accompanied by half a dozen workers; each with her retinue in a small wooden-and-wire house which was fully two inches square and half an inch high, and well stocked with "queen-candy." The weather was so cold yesterday that I did not dare open the hives to introduce the newcomers, so I kept them warm in my pocket, and have just now slipped their tiny traveling houses into the queenless cities, very much as I might introduce prisoners to a hostile mob. Stepmothers must come quietly among the children.

Prisoners they are too, and must be for a while, else the excited and angry throngs will kill them: They can neither escape from their cages nor can any bee of the colony get into them until I am ready. I had previously taken the reigning queens away from these two hives, because one of the queens was failing, and one was cross—cross-bred, with a waspish temper which was being inherited by her waspish offspring, sour-grape children with teeth on edge. Queenless now for two days, a day more may alarm them into accepting the new mothers; and by that time, not out of fear, some think, but because of the emanating fragrance of her perfect body, the healing, unifying incense of life, like a spell upon their multitude, they will forget that she was ever strange. But to-day they were only sore, and pounced upon the cages, trying to tear the wire walls down and rend the foreigners.

They will reach them in due time, though not through the wire. In one end of each tiny blockhouse is bored a hole for an entrance, which is stuffed with candy and covered outside at the vestibule with a strip of cardboard, for

a storm door. Immediately the cage was introduced the mob began gnawing away this door. They will gnaw all day and all night, and biting the cardboard off, will come to the long passage plugged with stiff candy. Only one bee can gnaw in here at a time, and it will take, altogether, two days to get through to the queen, by which time the frightened stranger will have become calm, and in some mysterious manner will have calmed the people; and the anger of the mob subsiding, common sense will prevail, the crowd will disperse, and up and down the streets, till it echo from every peopled wall, will be heard the cry, "The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!"—the first worker to penetrate the cage coming with a caress to the new mother and with literal honey for a kiss upon her lips.

To-morrow I shall remove the crude containers of this magic freight, close up the separated brood-frames, and put the roof back on the quiet city. In a few weeks I shall see two mingling streams of bees issue from each single flowing fountain: a wide black stream, and a yellow thread of a stream winding through it, as when some brook darts laughing into the dark side of a river moving slowly toward the sea. This is early September. What time the goldenrod and boneset are done blooming, the diminishing black stream will shrivel in the thirsty autumn sun, while the yellow current, swelling daily and pouring ever purer, will flow down to the astered leas of October in a golden flood out of the golden fount—the single queen-mother in the hive.

But a slight blunder at this moment—bungling hands are mine to handle the affairs of these winged fairy folk!—and things may end fatally for the new queen. Usurping thrones is a delicate and dangerous business. The temper of a queenless city is highly excitable; the population, restless and over-wrought at their unhappy situation, are so expectant of danger that at the least alarm they rush into violence, as liable to fall upon and do to death their new mother as they are likely to accept her.

One who has never seen a queen die, a young beautiful queen, has yet to see one of the most terrible manifestations of mob rage, under control of custom, that can be found in nature, whether wild or human. For even in their blind fury the bee-people cannot escape the discipline and the decrees of the hive. It is the law of the nation that the queen die by edict of the state, after a fashion reserved for her alone, with pomp and fearful circumstance.

In the defense of the hive, when attacked from without, the ordinary and most effective weapon used by the bees is the sting, each defender in the emergency acting alone, and paying with her life, usually, for the general safety. Nature has armed the sting with short recurving barbs, like fish-hooks, which enter easily, but which cannot be torn loose, so that the thrust of the fatal lance is doubly fatal: the sting remaining in the enemy's body, and tearing away the end of the defender's body after the deadly stroke. For this reason the sting is never used inside the hive as an instrument of discipline, not even for the massacre of the drones, nor in the state execution of the queen.

When the drone's hour strikes (and it is certain to strike) one of his savage sisters darts upon him, seizes him by the base of the wing, and dragging the poor bellowing booby toward the door of the hive, manhandles him horribly. Pulling, hauling, shoving him, she all the while chops furiously at the slender wing stem in her cutting jaws, and thrusts him wailing into outer darkness, one wing gone, perchance, there to stumble about and die. It was awful in my bee garden today. The goldenrod flow was at flood. Every cell was brimmed. Opulence and confidence prevailed over the lean anxieties of the summer. Drones were a drug on the market, useless furniture—and the pogrom was announced. The slaughter was sweeping—fright alone, I think, killing hundreds of them as they were

bundled, quite unmaimed, out of the hives.

It is different with the queen, though not less terrible. Let her grow old, or for any reason falter when she should be strong, and steps are immediately taken to supersede her. Queen cells are started, and as soon as the virgin monarchs begin to emerge word for the execution is given. Who gives it, what aides carry it, what tone or color it wears, we know not. But we know who attends to its execution. Those who have fed her, groomed her, caressed her, urged her tenderly from cradle to cradle over the combs, now suddenly confront her. They gather deep round her, throng her, embrace her, cover her, hold her closer and closer in a smother of loving arms, till, gasping for breath, she faints, and with folded wings and limbs composed, falls from their embrace like a withering flower from its stem.

The queen is not common clay. She is set apart from her birth, dedicated from the third day of her existence to love and life by special dispensation—from the first day, indeed, if the egg enfolding her is placed, immediately when laid, within the queen cell. The bees have discovered an elixir which they feed to the queen, extending her life immeasurably past their own, up to and beyond the fifteenth generation, a span in human terms mounting toward a thousand years. Nature also has a hand in this prolonged existence, engrafting in her body, at the time of her union with the drone, a vital organ from his body containing millions of sperm cells, and these, it would seem, play some part in her more than mortal power. She may live six years, mothering three generations a year, each generation like the needles of the pine tree for multitude. Out of her body, egg by egg, one at a time, she may beget a million. Queen and mother and more: she is the incarnate principle of life, potent beyond measure, immaculate in her mating, and except for the thin shell of body, life's essence sublime and pure.

I take her in my hand and hold her like a pulsing particle of radium, a fragment of the universal heart whence flow the streams of being: breath, and mind, and love, and motion. She is radiant of life, ambient, encompassing, complete. In her I hold a first cause, a bit of primal power, and might almost behold it move within the void and hollow of my hand.

And I have seen it move. I have seen the queen lay, seen through the sheer veil of flesh the hand of Life within her, making out of inanimate royal jelly myriads of animate eggs. But I did not see Life animate them, nor understand why it could only endow them first with drone life. I saw it choose one, a drone egg, and put it into a drone cradle; then choose another, the next one on its passage to the comb, and dart into its end a flashing, blinding javelin, a single sperm cell loaded with different life (bee life, but less or more I saw not), and out of the drone egg produce a worker bee, out of the male a female, out of the ribs and clay of Adam make again the woman Eve.

At the very inception of the queen we are faced with so deliberate a purpose and such incredible power over Nature, as almost to shake our faith in the immutability of life's fundamental laws. If we knew what the bees know of the chemistry of foods and the virtues of our glands, we might breed queens and kings, giants, dwarfs, wizards, geniuses, and men like gods.

When the bees need a queen they make her. They start a cell twice the size of a worker cell, cutting away the brood comb to make room for it; and into it, glued to the inverted bottom, is put a "fertile," which means a worker, egg. This is an ordinary egg taken from a worker cell, where, had it not been removed, it would have hatched out an ordinary worker bee. For three days (until it hatches) this egg in no wise differs from its original shape, nor does it acquire any extraordinary virtues. It is in all respects what it was when it was laid in the worker cell. Then it hatches

into a minute grub, and immediately the miracle of making over nature, of endowing her with gifts and graces, of compelling her to rise to a higher power, begins. It is well, perhaps, that we know so much less than the bees. Knowledge like theirs dare not be intrusted to human hands. What happens now is a thing to fear.

The moment she hatches, the young grub is attended by nurse bees who feed her for the first three days on the milky royal jelly, precisely as they feed the worker grubs; but at the end of the third day this special food is denied the worker grub, whereas for two days more the royal grub has it poured upon her until she literally floats in it, her body so stimulated by this fifth day of her grub-life (eight days from the laying of the egg) she begins to spin a silken mantle, a placental shroud, to wrap about her for a mystical, seven-day sleep, the profound gestating slumber from which she will awake, twice-born, this time a winged creature, and a bride and queen.

The bees safeguard and seal the royal chamber with many wafers spun of silk and wax. They weave the cell of the same fabric, and place the chamber where the ever-stirring wind within the hive can freely blow upon it and pour sweet and fresh through the porous walls to the deep-breathing sleeper within. This freer breath, this ampler room, this richer, more abundant food on the fourth and fifth day of the larval life—this, so far as we know, is the difference, the sole difference, between the making of a worker and a queen. On the fourth and fifth day of the worker's larval life the royal jelly is cut off and little but honey, and but little of that, is fed her. She falls upon her sleep on the same day as the queen, but sleeps on until the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg; whereas, on the fifteenth day the queen is awake in her cell and demanding to be free. She is imperative, sometimes calling, "quawk! quawk!" which can be plainly heard as you work among the combs. If the moment is propitious (the colony determines that) the workers begin to thin the waxen seals of her door, the impatient prisoner cutting from the inside at the fastenings, and as the circular portal swings back on its silken hinge, behold—the queen-mother—and the miracle!

For that which issues never entered that queen cell, not if what comes out of the worker cell is what went in; for these two embryos were identical, both worker eggs, destined to have hatched out worker bees, had one not been transferred to the cradle of a queen. Now we have a queen from one; from the other a worker; different creatures in size, shape, function, desire and destiny; and also in anatomy: each having parts not possessed by the other, the original identical patterns in the eggs changed in the short process of development, details added to the first design, others scanted and discarded, the whole plan in the one case or the other, redrawn; but whether queen or worker, who can tell? Which was the archetype stamped into the substance of the egg? What appeared upon the film when the shadow of the drone dissolved? Was it worker? Was it queen? Plastic stuff, this protoplasm of bees, and men, and amœbas. Wet clay! And the Potter at the wheel, how patiently he has shaped and reshaped the lump. But how inevitably he has touched every piece with beauty, and breathed upon it all the immortal breath of life!

The virgin queen comes forth from the cell with a firm free step, fully clothed and capable; not like the worker, dragging herself out with the help of nurses, a pallid, trembling ghost as from a tomb. Longer, brighter in color, more mature in appearance than the worker (though rising from her sleep six days earlier), the new-hatched queen has parts and powers so different from the worker's as might seem to place her in a different insect order. A greater gulf is fixed between these two females than that which separates male and female of the same

species. The queen, besides the reproductive organs (little more than vestiges in the worker), has a special organ, the spermatheca, wherein she carries the spermatozoa of the male, no rudiment or sign of which is found in the worker. On the other hand, she has no wax disks between the plates of her body, no hollow thigh for a bread-basket, no corolla-probing tongue, no straight deadly lance (hers being curved and quite useless). Her eyes have thousands fewer facets than the worker's; and in her abdomen are only four nerve ganglia to the worker's five. Wings she has, but only for her wedding flight and when the colony swarms; for though a honey bee, she will never sway from a head of mint, nor scale the sunshine down the scented fields, nor share an hour of the worker's daily round. Hers is the dusk of the hive, the cradled combs, the loom of birth, weaving, weaving, back and forth forever, a shuttle only in the tireless hand of Life.

Yet this is only half the truth, if indeed it is so much as that! My hives are full of partial truths—like my friends, like the books on my shelves, the experiences of my life, and the words of my pen. One grub steps forth a queen, and one is dragged out a slave, branded in her narrow cell with the hot iron of toil. But these words lie, try as they will to be honest. If Satan be the father of lies, then language is their mother. I have never found a word that could tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Where is the seat of authority in the hive? Who rules? Not the slow, stupid drone; not the worker, drudging day and night; nor, if you watch, can you see that it is the queen, her position and all tradition to the contrary. Royal she is and royally attended, feted and flattered, counseled and constantly guarded, but nothing for fear or for royal favor. She is the weakest, slowest-witted, least assertive member of them all. She is life, not the *will* to live, deriving that power from the colony. She is only a well of water for a thirsty people, an oasis in a barren desert. She does not give; they take. She is neither largess nor reward nor punishment. The keys are not in her hand. She is obedience, and never authority—the central object of command, the one on whom the vested power of the government is most bent; passive mother, slave of all, incapable of giving command and utterly incapable except when commanded.

Queen? I have never seen a beekeeper who did not instinctively render her the homage due a queen. For regal is her person, singular her position, her significance to the colony supreme. She is the veriest symbol, however, instrument rather than person, a weaver's shuttle whose being seems but a turning bobbin endlessly unwinding the weft of life.

And she is nothing if unmated. Until she meets the drone she is unattended and ignored, without place or destiny, a menace and a wanderer in the hive. Yet is she everything but crowned, having already stung to death her aspiring sisters. For while the colony needs but one queen—fearful of the fates that only more than enough will satisfy—the bees provide several candidates, heirs apparent to the throne. These the victor has destroyed.

The virgin queen first to emerge from her cell instantly hastens to claim her birthright, though by a primogeniture, it may be, of only a few seconds. Led by the conniving people (she may be held back if there is reason), lashed by instinctive fear and fury, she makes for the chambers of her royal sisters, rips open their walls and falls with cruel savagery upon the coming contenders. Sometimes the hapless sister is still asleep, a pallid sheeted thing with nerveless limbs and straightened wings, with eyes and unawakened being shrouded in a mask of death; more often she is awake, and free, or all but free, and hears within her walls the tumult and the shouting of the streets, and shouts defiance back, a

shrill wild piping, as her assassin sister closes with her for the throne.

The fight is short: a single thrust of the scimitar sting; a curling, quivering body snatched by the crowd and hustled out of the way; and a rush of the victor for the next virgin who has designs upon the marriage flight, the great fate, the throne! As the thrust of her sting must be mortal, and because the recurving barbs might be fatal to conqueror and conquered alike, the hand of Nature, not unerring, though in the end unfailing, guides the dagger with terrible cunning into one of the spiracles, the breathing holes, on the sides of the rival's body, from which vital spot it can be instantly and safely withdrawn.

Soon the way is clear. The body of the last claimant has been borne outside the city gates to the potter's field (there are no tombs within this city); the last queen cell has been rifled of its shrouded sleeper; the colony is busy and contented; and the young princess, left quite to herself, has now a week of preparation for the supreme passage of her life.

To one end was she created. Into one unparalleled moment will life's great adventure be crowded; her fate and that of her race be sealed. Through this impending flight will the way and the truth of all flesh be revealed, its virginal beauty, the dreadful cost of its conception and birth. The bride-elect is under no compulsion for these days to the laws of the hive. She is obeying an inner urge, a law older than any statute of tribe or state. A chosen vessel, set apart, exempted, dedicated, she wanders quietly about the combs, every bee aware of her movements yet not a bee to cross her or to say her nay. For she is none of theirs, not yet, but only hope of theirs, their exceeding great and precious promise. She belongs to her lover, Life. And round about her gathers an invisible company. Unborn multitudes panoply and possess her. Destiny, like a presence, attends her. She is Life. After Life is Law.

I have sometimes had the royal virgin arise from her couch and rest upon my hand. Once she took her wedding flight from off my finger, as if I had given the bride away! And those sweet days between her waking and her wedding I have often watched her as I have a maid betrothed, and seen her stray about the waxen rooms, unwitting of their shape, nor seeing they were childless, nor hearing in her quiet mind, unless it were as far-off singing, the wailing over all the empty, cradled combs. Like a girl beside her hope-chest, you may see her wait and dream—not of her mate, the lover cruising for her high in the azure lift—but of her fate, that she is the chosen, the elect, the bride of Life!

The hive is full of drones, but they pass her by. This is not the appointed time and place. She knows not when nor where; but could a bride fail? She knows that in her book of days the name of her mate is written, that the altar is appointed among the clouds, and that even the wedding march the winds shall blow has been selected—when they, the elect, shall meet. The vast dome of the sky shall be their bridal chamber. They two shall meet; but only one of them shall return—only the bride—wife, widow, and immaculate mother, as ever immaculate the bride of Life must be.

An oak tree laden with acorns, a queen heavy with eggs, a mother carrying child are all immaculate, their names written in the Book of Life, the days of their delivery appointed—if places be appointed for the planets and the stars. The wings of the wind, or the wings of the bee, or the wings of love—it is all one, the single way of Life, the same mysterious, the same immaculate, the same mortal and immortal thing! All flesh is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth whether the wrath of God or the love of God blow upon it. But under the mortal breath of love the withering stem and fading flower die into seed—thirty, sixty and an hundredfold. It is God that giveth the increase.

In the queen bee it is ten thousand times ten thousandfold! Within a few

weeks after her mating every living member of the commonwealth shall have been born of her who is now fulfilling the short days of her maidenhood. For she is to be parthenogenic. The seed in her virgin body is male seed which, if left unfertilized, will spring into drone life—and only drone. But after her marriage she is bi-sexual, part of her remaining virginal, the other part made maternal, fertile, producing worker eggs. In truth she is not fertilized in the ordinary sense at all, but receives into the spermatheca in her body the vital element from the drone and there preserves it. There are from two to twenty million of these sperm cells, each sperm the sufficient power to transform a neutral drone egg into a fertile worker egg, changing it in sex and shape and function.

But who or what determines whether worker or drone egg shall be laid? Every egg in the body of the queen, detached from the ovarian cluster, starts down the oviduct unfertilized, and if the queen is laying it in a roomy drone cell we say it passes on by the spermatheca without contact with sperm and remains a drone to the end. If the queen's abdomen is inserted deep into a narrow worker cell, however, the egg in passing the spermatheca causes a slight pressure, when out darts a single sperm from among the millions and, like an arrow to its mark, penetrates an orifice at the big end of the egg—and that egg is changed.

Did the queen will it so? Or did she deposit the egg where her attendants directed? Did the workers will it directly or indirectly when they drew out the comb, building this cell worker and the next cell drone? Or was it contrived for them, willed by the accumulated, collective wisdom of the race, handed down to them in the marvelous mechanics of the comb? It seems automatic with the queen and quite beyond her will. Yet the queen bee of the race *Apis dorsta*, the big jungle bee of India, lays both drone and worker eggs in the *same* cell, as if she had absolute control. So my own queens, when drones are needed and drone cells are lacking, will lay the infertile eggs in worker cells: which would seem to give to her, not to the mechanics of the cell, the power of choice.

Only because it staggers the imagination to conceive of such physical control do we balk at allowing this power and purpose to the queen. She is laying upward of a thousand eggs a day, and can she possibly determine that this one shall be fertile and the next one drone? Within the plated walls of her body to exact such obedience of duct and muscle, within the tiny brain to will thus unfalteringly, unfailingly, with the faithful swing of a pendulum, is beyond our little minds to grasp. Yet some measure of a power like this she surely has; and full measure, it may be, though acting, for the most part, automatically, so regularly repeated is the operation, especially over the worker-comb.

We are all too wise to understand these things. We thrust the problem of Life into the profound depths of some cell, round or six-sided, and lo, the cell is sealed! And while we watch the cap is broken, the stone is rolled away, and there steps into the light a queen or, limp and ghostly pale, from far beyond the grave comes forth a worker or a drone—the old recurring miracle and mystery, not the answer we had craved. But we would not believe what we crave, we of little faith.

All flesh is grass. Yet at moments how much more is it motion and music and color and joy! High in the blue of the summer sky the drone and the virgin meet, two darting bodies, like two electrons colliding, for a single whirling instant of being; when with a javelin, as from some jealous hand, the pair are smitten, severed, the drone a dying ember pitching earthward like some falling star, his vital parts torn from him, and trailing like a frayed banner from the body of the queen, who, treading with heavy wing her widowed way, descends into the shadowed chambers of the hive, her narrow place and part forever. Nor is she queen! Nor will she

reign a sovereign here. She returns a machine, mind and will surrendered as, gently pushed from cradle to cradle over the endless comb, she is led by force, fed by force, and forced within the cycle of a single day to lay her weight in eggs twice over, dividing her body daily into myriad embryon selves.

Such is her portion. Authority is not with her. Clay in the Potter's hands—marvelous clay!—she is forever broken at the wheel, forever whole, one and the multitude, never to leave the gloom of the brood chamber except when the colony swarms. She is not monarch but mother, not person but principle, the procreative principle, fecundity socialized and functioning in a political system of such exclusive specialization and such absolute solidarity as to seem more like a factory than a social organism.

For this end is the virgin born, and here in the hive for her allotted days she dreams—no rival left, no hazard more except the far, fierce wedding flight between her and her own. The hive is full of drones. Dangers throng the open sky. But the groom is waiting there in the arching blue. She must spread her bridal wings, she must fly—up to the gate of heaven and meet her lover, Life.

But while she lingers, and all Nature waits upon the issue, she brings into the loveless gloom and overspeeded industry of the hive a bit of lovely leisure, a touch of gentleness and quiet winsome grace. Not innocent of her destiny, yet knowing not her hour nor all her dedication means, she goes idly about the crowded combs, sipping with sweet abandon the new nectar in the vats, finding a pathway cleared for her as she moves and, quite alone, comes out into the sunshine on the portico before the city's busy gates. Young, slender, serene she trips into the glowing light. "Maids are May while they are maids," must have been said originally of the young queen. After that the sky changes. The virgin queen is all wonder here without the gates, all excitement at the soft air, the radiant light, the reach and the range of the high-piled clouds and the blue beyond, yet all restraint. She spreads her wings, dances this way and that, fills her body with the buoyant air, her heart so light that she has no need of wings.

> Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
> Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

But what are lovers for—and wings? She hardly knows. Such wondrous wings! She spreads them wide—wide—wide till a little breeze catches the slanting sails, heels her, luffs her, lifts her, and tries to carry her off. Frightful! She darts for safety inside the sheltered hive, then quickly reappears, for the wind is in her wings, and wings are in her very soul. Such wondrous silken wings! She shakes them, spreads them, runs fearfully into the tiny gale, rises, floats, hangs for a moment like a jeweled ship upon the tide when, circling round and round the harbor to mark her moorings, she swings out upon the argent sea and, swifter than *Argo* for the Golden Fleece, darts into the blue—for Life.

But this is only a trial trip. She is back at once. Not yet is she off; for she must mark well the harbor, and learn well the course of the voyage. She shall come heavily laden back to port.

The drones boom heedlessly in and out while she, with many hovering flights, graves on her memory the map about the hive; notes street and gate, the bunch of milfoil, the garden's slope, the wall of woods beyond: charting the very skies that she may safe return. For she comes freighted with the fate of the world.

Part of this responsibility the drone also shares, but is utterly unburdened with the weight of it. Created to secure the fulfillment of the queen's life, the drone and all his abundant kind have no other thing to do. Only one drone may do it—and die; while the others, idle and useless as the dead, play on until, the swifter, happier fate of their brother denied them, their little day is done. It is the worker who knows and seems to

bear the burden of the hive. Like drone and queen, she too is single, separate, a factor, not a person. She is even deformed for duty, her instincts and passions perverted to industry, gone into hoarding brain and carrying thigh. She works. The drone idles, a gourmand and a cumberer of the combs; or takes his station in the upper air at noon on amour bent—big, burly, powerful in flight, his only quest the virgin queen. The queen brings forth—lays, lays, all the substance of mind and body fed to abdomen and ovaries, her very will, it may be, but the reflex of the pains of travail. Like drone and worker, the queen is partial, a fraction, a factor only in the industrial communism of the hive.

But to-day she is yet a virgin and free! Oh, fondest dream! Was ever virgin free, or worker, or idle drone?

The face of the fields is fair this September noon. The honey flow is at or nearing flood, pouring into the bee-garden on a rising tide of song. The lips of Life are sweet with love. But Death's red lips are sweeter. And every drone has soared aloft to taste their mortal kiss. And while they scour the skyey coasts, the virgin queen with many bridesmaids appears again before the gates.

See her, slender, shapely, far beyond her neuter sisters. Her wedding garments wrought of cloth of gold; her sandals winged with iridescent light; her bridal veil spun of a film of floating azure descending upon her from the dome of blue and gold.

Is it the singing of the spheres we hear? Or only flower bells, wedding bells, along the hillsides, on the meadows, and faintly sweet within the shadowed cloisters of the swamp? Or is it the sound of many wings, eager wings of bridesmaids, which they would lend the bride, wings that would fly in her stead knew they the fields where love is found. They know where nectar, pollen and propolis are found. They know only to store and seal the combs, not how to fly to love. They are forever chained to toil.

The queen's wings are Love's wings. And yet they flutter feebly on the portico. The Chosen One delays as if afraid. Feeble wings and heavy heart ill fit a bride! She fears to go. And well she may—or any bride! If she remembers all the wisdom of her mothers, to do in turn like them; may she not also remember what they remember and tremble, much afraid? She has not willed these tragic nuptials in the sky. She has not fixed the day, nor named her mate. She is the bride and needs must go. She cannot change the law of Life, nor escape the net of Love—and would not if she could, though she may tremble at both Love and Life, and at that swift, foreshortened span when, bride and wife and widow for a radiant moment high in heaven, she drops on weighted wings down to perpetual gloom, perpetual pain, perpetual birth within the hive.

What drives her on? Who wills her to life, the worker to passionless sterility and toil, and the riotous drone to idle high-noon revelry and death at dusk? Here is a power, neither queen, nor worker, nor drone—nor all of them, nor bee; a power purposeful, logical, calculating, the inventor and perfector of this social insect scheme. Is it more than power—a presence? Is he intelligent? Does he love Life? Whereunto shall we liken him, who is

> A motion and a spirit, that impells
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things?

We believe that the whole plan of nature tends to some far-off, divine event—a social event, who knows—presaged and even ruined, possibly, by being brought too early to perfection in the hive. This little world of bees, within the vaster world of hopes and fears, is but a trial, in theory finished, in fashion perfect, in practice fatal to worker, drone, and queen. As a political system we look in vain for weakness or defect, while morally it seems desperate and

humanly inconceivable, its whole structure resting upon a foundation of divided labor, demanding slavery, immolation, and death. The sacrifice is absolute; no bee escapes: the queen surrendering will, the worker sex, the drone his full abounding life, that the state may live and have unhampered being.

Terrible! But beautiful in its perfect working, and therefore somehow good. Society, perhaps, not the individual soul, is the immortal thing, the end far off, divine. And we are only human bees, laboring as they labor in a world of fitful honey-flows—ourselves a sacrifice, inconsequent, incomplete, finding our fulfilment like the bees, in a future, abstract world, looking as they look for a perfect city, eternal in the fields of honey-yielding bloom.

The bees' principle of social service is right; their application of it, even to self-sacrifice, is alone practical. Nations must learn of them. Service to the point of sacrifice has been practiced among individuals since long before the sacrifice of the Cross was uttered as a social principle. Industry at the present moment forces the practice for selfish ends to the extreme bitter logic of the bees. But national service and sacrifice for unselfish ends is still a strange doctrine in our ears. It remains for nations to accept it; to realize that human society is no longer a world of many nations, but rather one colony of peoples, a single social swarm in a world-hive; harvesting a common crop from a common field of endeavor, storing it in a common marketplace; thinking, desiring, requiring a common good, succeeding and fulfilling as a whole only as each nation, granting to all others their several rights, assumes its own part in the universal social service, nor stops with that service short of actual sacrifice.

I have been musing. The fire has been burning. The bride is gone—on blazing wings, flashing against the glancing light, straight upward into the clear, cold heaven, a flaming meteor of desire! We will not tarry till she returns. She will never return. One drone of all the throng has met her in that limitless heaven where matches are made; but mightier bridegrooms than the drone—Life and Death—contended for her; and Life possesses her, descends in her with power to fill the cradles of the combs, and all the world besides, with being; shaping and endowing it all, all men and bees—worker and drone and queen.

To Life

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

UNPETAL the flower of me,
And cast it to the gust;
Betray me if you will;
Trample me to dust.

But that I should go bare,
But that I should go free
Of any hurt at all—
Do not this thing to me!

Portrait of Baron De Prangins

BY NICHOLAS LARGILLIÈRE

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

WHEN Nicholas Largillière began studying his craft under Antoine Gobeau in Antwerp, he may have felt that he had a choice of two careers. On one hand was piled the completed work of Poussin and Rembrandt, to which influences could have been added the work of Hobbema and Claude Lorraine, so different in their views of what makes noble landscape. On the other was the stylish product of the Van Dyck studio and the immediate success of Sir Peter Lely. But though Largillière might have known the former influence, he turned naturally, it seems, in the direction of a more popular appeal. He, too, strove for stylish success. After studying under Lely he remained in England six years painting the portraits of Charles II and the Stuart nobility, acquiring a reputation that preceded him back to France. In the French capital he was famous at the age of twenty-three. He had a gift for making his way in that pompous world. Le Brun, then dictator of French art, patted him publicly on the back. And young Nicholas showed a precocious tact; he pleased King and King's favorites with ease. Consequently, he held in succession all the high offices of the French Academy—an important figure in society.

Yet Largillière seems as sincere as he was accomplished. Though his work demanded some concessions to vanity, he recorded boldly the character of those prominent enough to deserve his attention. He raced from canvas to canvas, turning out pictures almost day by day, until at the time of his death in 1746 there were fifteen hundred portraits by him in Paris alone; yet he seldom slurred the personalities of his sitters.

Largillière's touch evoked the Louis XIV spirit neatly. In the portrait of the Swiss nobleman, Baron De Prangins, whose Teutonic features look out from the cover of this magazine, the artist has created a picture of a man, solid in spite of his frivolous dress and preposterous wig. Little is known about the original of the portrait; but the placid security of his character is well brought out. While looking at his face one forgets the melodramatic background and the dainty roses that peek over the balustrade at the left—a type of accessory which Largillière painted with rare skill. There are two other portraits by him in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Baroness De Prangins, whom he flattered (for we know her "opulent charms could scarcely pass through a doorway") has still a distinct personality. The daughter of a Versailles official he painted feelingly, although he surrounded her with a wealth of "chic-chic"—a brilliant parrot, a negro boy, a fountain, and rich clothes. It was refined painting in his hands, not necessarily because of his personal taste but because refinement was a habit of the time.

ALAN BURROUGHS

Julie Cane

A NOVEL—PART V

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXIV

THEY did not see Alan again until the autumn, and they never saw him again at Miss Perrin's school. He did not return to the classes there, he went to a boys' school in Massachusetts; and his mother lived in Boston during the school term so as to be near him. At first there was, in Findellen, an open and outspoken curiosity about what had happened to send them away. Then there began to be private gossip. Carey talked—about the boy—in the smoking car on his way to New York. One of Mrs. Birdsall's week-end guests talked—about Carey—to a friend from Findellen. Miss Perrin asked Julie some embarrassed questions, and Mrs. Carey spoke to Alice. Suddenly everybody understood that there had been a scandal, although the details of the scandal differed; and then a peculiar sort of silence settled down over the whole affair—an icy surface silence that covered a busy undercurrent of clucking whispers and deep, dark hints.

That silence was part of a strange state of things in Findellen. It was a completely impossible state of things, if you thought of it intelligently—and Cane tried to think of it so. He had come upon it in the course of his explorations into the instinctive nature of his neighbors; and the more he thought of it, the more amazing it seemed.

It was to him as if he and the people round him were living on the banks of a river which irrigated their fields, turned their mill wheels, revolved the turbines of their factories, and generally supplied them with food, drink, light, heat, and the whole foundation and fruitful means of life. Their civilization existed because of that river as much as that of the old Egyptians had depended on the Nile. But the stream had been dangerous and unruly. It had broken loose in devastating floods which destroyed life and swept away property. Consequently they had forced the stream, as it were, underground in sewers and conduits, led it into their fields in hidden pipes and tilings, carried it under their homes and their factories concealed, and covered its original river bed until there was not a public appearance of it anywhere. Now, having apparently subdued and buried it, they ignored it. Nobody ever mentioned it except with a blush that was a little fearful, or with a superior and hypocritical sniff, or with the sly chuckle that winks at a community's secret scandal.

"Gosh!" Cane said to himself, when he thought about it. "We got no more brains than a hatch o' hop-toads."

Here, as he saw it, was an instinct that was as necessary to the life of the race as the instinct of hunger was necessary to the life of the individual. And not only to the life of the race! In the individual, too, a normal development of the instinct was almost as essential to health and happiness as a wholesome appetite for food. The successful suppression of the instinct was killing out the old Puritan families of the district—such as the Perrins, for example—and when it was not successfully suppressed, but only morbidly warped and stunted by repression, it produced insanity and

aberrations, and physical and mental misery, and disease and crime. Yet the whole public life and social system of Findellen—its religion, its education, its conventions and its moral code—were united in the attempt to snub, ignore, and suppress it.

The fact that the community continued to exist was evidence that, despite all this, the tabooed instinct continued to operate. And there were other evidences. There were evidences that the river had undermined its dams and escaped its conduits. It seeped to the surface in various malodorous districts that were spoken of under the voice. Now and then the foundations of a respectable house gave way and the family sank; and everyone pretended not to notice, or laughed, or made a guilty warning of the incident. Young people disappeared and were never mentioned—least of all to their companions, from whom the existence of the danger was supposed to be concealed. And since they got only exciting hints and evasive warnings of their danger, they were so occupied with curiosity about the whole matter that some of them scarcely thought of anything else. Even in Miss Perrin's school, among those infants, there was a continual secret whispering going on. They understood that Alan had broken through the crust of things, so to speak, and that he had been hurried away by his mother to safer ground.

Cane spoke to Julie when he heard some rumor of what had happened, and Julie told him all that she knew about it. He had sense enough not to reproach her for having said nothing before. He listened to her account of her affair with Alan, studying her thoughtfully through his glasses, but making no comment. The next day and the day after he returned to the subject with questions and more questions. By Sunday he had apparently made up his mind. He took her for a walk Sunday afternoon to get her away from her mother; and as soon as they were out of town and climbing the rise of Mountain Avenue, he began, "I been telling you I had a theory, see? Well, I don't know whether there's anything in it much. We'll have to work it out together—you an' me—an' see where it gets us. You see"—

He outlined his idea of the instinctive nature of man. He described his shop-window experiments on the instinct of curiosity. He sat with her in his favorite point of vantage among the trees above Findellen and showed her the village as if it were a gopher colony, and illustrated the instincts which animated it. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his sparse hair till it stood on end in the sunlight, and he gesticulated, and counted his points on his stubby fingers, and glowed with the heat and excitement of an almost religious fervor of evangelism, drawing the sleeves of his coat back from his wrists and plucking at his trouser legs impatiently to free his knees as he doubled his legs under him and leaned forward to make his arguments.

"Now here's this instinct of affection, eh? What starts it? It begins when you're a baby, don't it? Yes. Well, it gets started by your mammy or your dad. I been thinking about the way it exploded in me later. What touched it off? I'm a Dutchman if it wasn't red hair. Why? Because my mother had red hair. I got a feeling, now, when I look back on it—see?—that the sight o' your mother's red hair warmed me up, an' the next thing I knew I was married to her."

He grinned at Julie sheepishly, and his eyes were a little moist.

"Well, here's the point. You've got red hair, an' so's the mother o' that Birdcage boy. O' course it may be all imagination—this theory o' mine—but see what happens. The minute he sees you, the instinct explodes in him. He begins to feel about you the way he feels about his mother, eh? But suppose his mother hasn't had good sense about him. S'pose she licks him

too much—or something like that, see? What happens? He begins to take it out on *you*. Understand?"

She could not say that she did.

"Well," he admitted, "I ain't very clear about it myself. I got to work it all out yet. There's this instinct of affection—like you have for your mother or your father or your friends. It's what ol' What's-his-name calls 'the desire to pertect an' be pertected.' An' it gets all mixed up with another instinct that most o' these people are scared to death of. You put those two instincts together an' you get what you call love, gen'rally. An' that's where the trouble begins, girl. Nothing makes as much trouble as love. But here's one tip I can

HE SAT WITH HER IN HIS FAVORITE POINT OF VANTAGE

give you. When a boy really loves you he wants to pertect you. An' he wants you to pertect him, see? Now, this Birdcage boy—he never wanted to pertect you, did he? He didn't care how mis'rable he made you. Look out for that kind. They're no good for a girl. They just make trouble for themselves an' everybody else."

She agreed that it was true of Alan.

He went back to Phil Mondell. "The way they've brought *him* up," he said, "they've broke his back. That's the way most o' these good people do with their boys. He's licked. He won't fight for himself nor anybody else. He ought've kicked the packing out o' this Birdcage boy, see? He couldn't do it. Couldn't even try. He's not much good."

She agreed with that, too. Looking down on Findellen with him, and feeling all his superior contempt for that little settlement of prairie dogs, she overlooked entirely the fact that she was one of them. She was above them, with him. And he was a sort of demi-god. In all the world at that moment, there was probably no human being so exaltedly all-wise and all-powerful in the eyes of any other human being as this absurd and pathetic figure of commercial failure was in the sight of his adoring daughter.

They came down from the heights at sunset, and she walked through the village with him as if it were a zoo. "Well, that's all right," he ended as they came to their front door. "If any more o' these boys bother you, tell *me* about it, an' we'll figure out how to handle 'em, see?

XXV

There was no one to "bother" her but Phil, and his attentions were far from troublesome. His father had bought him a bicycle, but he walked to and from school with her, trundling the machine beside him, and sat with her and Alice during recess on the veranda, brought her candy, and devoted himself to her in a simple sort of open-faced inexpressiveness. She found that Phil rather bored her. There was no such exciting uncertainty about him as there had been about Alan.

Then he confessed that his mother had forbidden him to play with her. "You see, maw's awful pious," he explained perspiringly, "an' your maw don't go to church, an' they've got hold o' some sort o' story up home about you an' Alan, an' besides they say we're too young to be goin' round together, an' I guess I won't be able to do it, or some one'll tell on me. I don't want to make trouble, up home. *You* know how it is."

He rode over to Alice Carey's on Saturday afternoon to play croquet with them; and when school closed for the summer—and Julie continued going to Miss Perrin's for her music lessons—he contrived to be at Alice's, waiting for her, so that they might have a game together. Finally, one day while they were busy knocking the balls about on the Carey lawn, his mother drove past. She did not stop. She went by, fatly upright in her victoria, with a white parasol shading a bulk of white dress, ignoring the sight of her son's disobedience. But that was the last Julie saw of Phil for some time. She heard that he had gone away to the seashore for the summer, and in the autumn he was sent to the public school.

It simplified her life to be rid of him and of Alan. She was able to devote herself the more whole-heartedly to her father; and when she was not adding to his possible comfort by helping with the housework, or doing what she could to assist him behind the counter—or listening to his theory of things in general, either on a high stool in his office or walking with him over the hills on Sunday—she was curled up somewhere with her eyes in a book, unconsciously imitating his voracious studiousness. She had developed a desire for knowledge which amounted to a passion,

and she read chiefly history. Napoleon Bonaparte became her matinée idol; and in that she was encouraged by her father, who declared that Napoleon had stood Europe on its head because he used his intelligence. It was her father, too, who interested her in Julius Caesar, whom he looked upon as an earlier Napoleon; and she astounded the Perrin sisters by asking if she might borrow the first volume of Gibbon when she found *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* on their father's bookshelves.

"But, dear, do you think you'll understand it?" Martha said.

"It doesn't matter whether she understands it or not," Agnes ruled. "It'll do her good to try."

Her progress at school was, of course, miraculous. Outside of her mathematics it meant no more than that her memory was good, but it impressed the Perrin sisters as a degree of genius; and in mathematics, indeed, she was something of a prodigy. Agnes Perrin proudly held her up to the other children, and they hated her. Martha Perrin worshiped her with a furtive motherly devotion, and spent all her idle time on clothes for her, and gave herself up to little twittering transports of secret affection when they were alone. "Do you love me?" she would whisper. Julie, blushing and awkward, would answer "Yes" in an abrupt, strained voice, like a boy. And Martha would murmur tearfully, "You're so sweet."

Phil passed her on the street in the fall, and he stopped a moment, ashamed and apologetic, to ask her how she had been. "All right," she replied, in a tone as level and self-possessed as the eyes with which she regarded him. He hung a moment, unable to get away and equally unable to say anything to warrant his remaining. She moved on calmly. "Well," he said, "see you later." She did not turn to reply, and he continued on his way, looking down at the boards in the sidewalk, ostentatiously occupied in walking so as not to step on a crack. And in that manner he passed out of her life, having acted as a sort of surrogate for a much more important person who had not yet entered it.

Her meeting with Alan—if it could be called a meeting—was even more distant. She had heard from Alice that he and his mother were home again, though they had not called on the Careys; and when she passed the Birdsall house, on her way to her music lesson, she saw that the shutters were open. There was no one in sight. Alice was expecting her on her way home, and she sat on the Carey veranda, unconsciously gazing at a glimpse of the Birdsall green roof among the trees. It was Julie who proposed that they should play croquet—probably because it took them to the open lawn, where they would be conspicuous—and she played badly because her mind kept wandering to the hedge and the Birdsall orchard.

When she saw Alan in a gap of that hedge she stood motionless. He had his hands in his pockets, his hat tilted down over his eyes. Alice, about to raise her mallet, did not make her stroke. They waited for him.

He took a cigarette from his pocket, struck a match on his heel, lit the cigarette, tossed the match contemptuously on the Carey lawn, and walked away.

Alice watched him till he disappeared behind the foliage. When she turned to Julie, Julie was calmly playing her ball through a hoop, out of her turn.

If Alice had spoken she would have said, "I don't think *that* was very nice?"

If Julie had replied she would have said, "Oh, well!"

Neither of them said anything. Julie continued to play with a concentrated attention. And a few minutes later, when they were finishing the game, the Birdsall station-wagon with four trunks drove out and turned toward the railroad.

"They're going away again," Alice said.

Julie accepted the fact in a glance at

the wagon, and went on with her play. She won. And looking at Alice—unexpectedly—she smiled. She had been conscious of a leap of the pulse when she saw Alan and of a sinking depression when he turned away. Now, from nowhere, there had come a feeling of relief; and it was this which expressed itself in her smile.

After all, she was her mother's daughter. Her feeling for Alan had disturbed the centered balance of her comfortable self-control, and she could now withdraw into herself contentedly and be at peace in the little closed circle of her family. Good.

Her relations with her father were almost as egotistic as her mother's relations with God. In all of them—in mother, father, and daughter equally—family affection was a sort of secondary inflation of self; in her case it did nothing to train her sympathy toward extending itself in any altruistic love. They proceeded to live—the three of them—in an insulated superiority to all round them. Julie, in fact, felt so alien to her kind and superior to her surroundings that she used to walk along Center Street to school imagining—just for the fun of it—that she was the young Josephine who later married Napoleon and became an empress.

She was even tranquil in her response to a devotion from Martha Perrin that grew to a point of maternal passion as Julie developed the adolescent beauty of young girlhood. She was grateful to Martha; she replied to Martha's smiles and returned her kisses; but she had no idea—it was impossible that she could have any idea—of what a feeling Martha had for her.

It had come to this: that Martha put herself to sleep at night imagining Julia was in her arms. She woke to the thought that she was to see Julie—or was not to see her—that morning in the classroom. When her day's work was done she shut herself in the sewing room and stitched her love into the needlework and embroidering of the clothes she made for Julie. She kissed the undergarments that were to touch the beloved young body; and when she had made a dress for Julie she caressed it with her hands and hugged it to her breast so that it might, by proxy, be her arms round Julie whenever Julie wore it. When she had Julie in the sewing room to try on the clothes she had made, her hands shook, her heart suffocated, and she turned Julie away from her and wept, while she fumbled over some pretense of taking up a tuck in the back of the garment in which Julie stood so straight. After Julie had gone she sat with her face in her hands, her cheeks burning against her cold fingers, her mouth aching, seeing still the dimples in Julie's shoulders, kissing them in her imagination and crying weakly, starved.

She was as humble before that precocious young mind as a Polish mother of the tenements before her American child; and when the time came for Julie to leave her class and go to Agnes's she gave the girl up to a distinguished future, smiling with a pain in her heart. And Agnes took her proudly. She worked on Julie's education as Martha worked on her clothes. She devoted herself to improving Julie's voice, her accent, her walk, and her manners; criticizing her silences, forcing her to practice a social smile, teaching her the obligation of small talk. "Say something," she would insist at their music lesson. "Say, 'It's a pleasant day,' at least. Talk to me. It doesn't matter what you say, but you cannot meet people with silence unless you wish to insult them. And never say merely 'Yes' or 'No.' That is not conversation. Now."

She was determined to make Julie over in her own image, not only externally but in the inward graces. She endeavored to convert her pupil to the gospel of young ladyhood according to Ruskin and Tennyson, giving Julie copies of *Sesame and Lilies* and Tennyson's *Princess* as a Sunday-school teacher might give a prize Bible.

SHE WENT ON WITH HER GAME IN SILENCE—AND HE SOBERLY AMUSED

XXVI

It was by an odd chance that Julie got into touch with news of Alan. Alice Carey had been talking at home of her friend's mathematical genius. Carey had been skeptical about it. He had no respect for the Perrin school, and he doubted whether anyone could get an education there; but since, in his philosophy of life, his daughter's schooling was his wife's affair, he did not interfere—except with an occasional slighting remark offered from a height of unbenevolent neutrality. He listened to the tale of Julie's ability in mathematics without comment, but the next time he met her in the house, he said: "I hear you're quite a mathematician."

Julie admitted it, and she did not redden under the amused smile with which he accepted the admission. "Do you play chess?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Come and play a game with me," he said. "I'll show you how."

She understood that it was to be a test of her mathematics. She had seen him playing chess, as he might have played solitaire, alone in his study at night, working on some problem from the chess-player's column in the Sunday *Sun;* and she knew that he carried in his brief-case a little folding chessboard on which he played in the smoking car with the few commuters who were able to give him a game. He never challenged his wife or his daughter—they did not play well enough.

"Well," he said at the end of the third game, "I mustn't tire you. You're doing very well."

"I'm not tired," she replied.

"We'll play one more then."

He played absent-mindedly, thinking of a case in court, and she caught him in a bad move. "Ah!" he said, and applied himself frowning to retrieving his error. Mrs. Carey enjoyed his frown maliciously. He won the game but he had to work for it. "You'll make a real chess player," he said. "Have you a board at home?"

She had not.

"I'll give you the one I carry." He rose to get it. "You can practice on it."

It was a little folding board with slits in which the flat cardboard chessmen fitted, so that you could play holding the board in your hand like a book. "You must come over in the evening, some time," he said, "and give me a game."

She walked home with that board open in her hand, playing an imaginary game against him as she went. And it was not only her interest in the problems of chess that kept her at it. She had a deep grudge against Carey because he had promised not to tell anyone of Alan's escapade in the bedroom—("This might be very serious for the boy if it were known. We had better agree to say nothing to anyone")—and then he had evidently told Alan's mother and forced Alan's withdrawal from the Perrin school.

She showed her father the board and told him why it had been given to her. "Lawyer," he said. "Huh! That's the kind o' mind *he's* got, is it?" He tried to play with her, in order to give her practice, but he could not get interested. "It's like playing cards to keep yourself from thinking. Funny thing, the way people 're afraid to think. I wouldn't waste time on it, if I was you."

"I've got to beat him," she said.

"Why? You don't have to play with him at all."

"Yes, he'll make me."

"All right, then," he concluded. "I'll get you a book about it. That'll save time. Don't tell anybody an' we'll give 'm a jolt."

They gave Carey a jolt the next time he played with her. And he was the more appreciative of her cleverness because he could use his praise to depreciate his wife's child. "*That* girl has a brain," he would say. "Strange! It shows how little there is in heredity. Her father's a dumb animal."

It happened that Julie and Carey were playing alone when he said one evening as they were setting out the pieces, "That boy has been expelled from his school again—young Birdsall."

She did not raise her eyes from the board. "What for?"

"Some new deviltry."

"How do you know?" She looked up to ask it with a steady scrutiny that had some accusation in it which he did not understand.

"His mother's been to see me about her estate," he explained. "Her lawyer's dead. She's taking the boy abroad, with a tutor."

"Oh." She made her first move.

"He'll play the deuce with his life—and hers," he predicted, moving in reply to her.

She studied the board a long time. "He's unhappy," she said coldly.

"What about?"

She shook her head.

She had a deceptive air of being older than she was; and he—like many another father—could be natural and

uncondescending with any child but his own. He proceeded to discuss Alan with her as if with an equal; and from her silences as much as from her replies he gathered that she blamed him for Alan's disappearance. It put him on the defensive. "He's a bad boy, and we're well rid of him," he said. "You'll see I'm right, in time."

Thereafter whenever he had unpleasant news to report he gave it to her gladly, and he reported it the more freely because he discovered from his wife and Alice that Julie had not repeated, even to them, his account of Alan's expulsion from school.

He told her some months afterward that Mrs. Birdsall was spending too much money on Alan. "That boy has her terrified," he said. "She's afraid to refuse him anything. If she crosses him at all he takes a regular fit—the way he did here, that night I caught him upstairs. They're living in Paris. He's supposed to be studying art. He'll get into fine ways in Paris." And later he reported, "Your young Alan's in a scrape again and his mother's bringing him back."

She watched the closed house for signs of his return, but it remained deserted. Carey told her at last, "They're not coming back here. *He* won't let her. He won't let her have any friends of her own. She's taking a house in town"—meaning in New York —"and he's going to some private school there. He's leading her a fine dance. She's turning gray."

That startled her. "Gray?"

He smiled ironically. "He won't let her dye it any more. It's been prematurely gray."

"Oh." She went on with her game in silence, and he played, soberly amused. He thought her a funny, sedate, old-fashioned girl, and he liked her. He did not know it was usually on his wife's invitation that she arrived to play chess with him. He did not ask her any questions about that or about herself or her school or her home. Being altogether worldly-wise, he took it for granted that her friendship with Alice was one of those affairs between the daughters of wealth and the daughters of poverty in which the sentiment is mostly on one side and the expectation of material advantage on the other; and he supposed that her parents were glad to have her spend her evenings in his home—even over a chessboard—if by so doing she could ingratiate herself with the well-to-do and the influential.

And he was certainly not far wrong about Mrs. Cane. Her ambition for Julie was flattered by the association with the Careys, and she accepted her child's absence as she accepted Martha Perrin's clothes, pretending that she did not notice either. Cane was glad that in Alice Carey, Julie had found a playmate of her own age. He observed in her dress and her speech and her carriage, as he had once predicted, the Perrins had "changed her label" and "fixed her up like a piece of high-grade goods"; but he had no longer any fear that she might be alienated from him. She remained simple and unspoiled.

She helped with the housework as dutifully as ever, even though she used a hand lotion—prescribed by Agnes Perrin—to overcome the effects of the dishwater and the dust rag. She waited on the counter as absorbedly as she played chess. She wore Martha Perrin's plain but distinguished clothes without self-consciousness. She moved in her centered orbit, from the sawdust of the grocery to the lawns of the river road, with an air of natural rightness and no change of manner. Mrs. Carey took to driving with her and Alice along the country roads after school, to get them away from their books into the open air; and Center Street saw Julie delivered at the door of her father's shop in a landau with a livery on the box. It became difficult for the children of the street to call her "Sugar Cane." As one of their own class who associated with the wealth and fashion of New York, she was a sign and symbol to that aspiring

sense of equality on which the democracy plumes itself. Center Street began to be proud of her. And as it grew proud of her it reckoned as assets, in its account of her, those circumstances which had once been her liabilities. Her adventure in the Sunday school appeared as an early proof of genius. Her mother's peculiarities were natural quirks in the parent of an unusual girl. It was to Julie's credit that she had made so much of herself after beginning as the daughter of the ridiculous "Sugar Cane." Even the rumor that Alan Birdsall had been taken away from Miss Perrin's school because of her, only helped to add a glamour of young romance to her record. She became a living proof of the saying that anything will be forgiven to the person who has the character to "get away with it."

XXVII

One day when she was nearing sixteen—and the obvious end of her education at Miss Perrin's—Mrs. Carey said to her, "I wonder if you wouldn't like to go to college. I want to send Alice and I can't send her alone. She'd be too homesick and unhappy. I've been talking to Mr. Carey. We'd be glad to pay all your expenses if you'd go with her. What do you say?"

"Why," Julie said, "I don't know."

"Well, ask your mother and tell me what she thinks."

And when Julie had told her father and mother, she found herself involved in a conflict of plans and reasons advanced by her father, her mother, Mrs. Carey, and the Perrins—as soon as the Perrins heard what was proposed. It was really a conflict of affections, though, of course, affection was never mentioned in the matter. Certainly not. Only the most reasonable arguments were uttered by everyone.

Mrs. Carey, quoting Carey's praise, contended that a girl of Julie's intelligence ought to have the best education the world could give. It was a privilege to assist her. It was a privilege for Alice to have her as a roommate. Alice was too timid to go alone to college, and she ought to go. If the Canes would not accept on any other terms, Mrs. Carey was ready to pay Julie a salary as a companion or tutor to Alice, or whatever else the Canes desired. Really, what was behind her advocacy of Julie's interests was an affectionate determination to get Alice out among girls of her own class and away from the depressing atmosphere of her father's disregard—but this was never mentioned.

Mrs. Cane was willing to accept the offer. It fitted in with her ambition to put her child permanently above the sons and daughters of Center Street; and it gratified an obscurely jealous desire in her to take Julie away from her father. He, of course, objected. He supposed that he was unwilling to have his girl educated on charity. He contended that she ought to take a practical course as a school teacher, which she could get in a neighboring town, without going farther from home than a trolley car would carry her. His real objection, naturally, was his unwillingness to part with her.

Martha Perrin and Agnes supported his plan. They did not believe in the so-called higher education for women. They quoted, strangely enough, the popular statistics of the day to show that college women did not marry or raise families. Julie had several times taught Martha's younger pupils when Martha had been ill, and now Agnes proposed that Julie should take a course as a kindergarten teacher and then open an infants' class in their school. Behind their proposal was chiefly Martha's passionate attachment to Julie. And since Martha's was the most desperate and unreasonable affection involved in the affair, naturally Martha won.

She won in a peculiar way.

At first the decision went to Mrs. Cane because there was no one able to oppose her. She said flatly to Cane, "She's goin'. It don't matter what you say, she's goin'. If the Careys want to

pay for her, that's their lookout. I'd 'a' sent her anyway." And to the Perrin plan she replied, "I don't know as I want her to be a school teacher. If I *do*, college won't hurt her."

It seemed that in spite of all that had happened she was still under the illusion that her daughter was *her* product and *her* concern only; and Cane had to let her have her way.

"Well," he said to Julie, "I guess it's got to be. Mebbe I'm selfish wanting to keep you round home. There'll be vacations—when you can come back. An' you can write to me. It'll only be four years anyway, an' you're so smart

DOCTOR BECK CAME DOWN THE RIVER ROAD

you'll do it in three, mebbe. That's nothing." He patted her on the back, trying to smile.

"I don't want to go," she said.

"No, o' course not. Well, it won't be till the fall. Mebbe something'll turn up before that. These here Careys—You can't tell. People 're funny."

When Julie carried word of her parents' consent to Alice Carey, Alice was delighted. She hugged Julie and whispered: "I couldn't go without you. I'd die. We'll have a room together—all to ourselves. It'll be lovely. It'll be such fun."

"I don't want to leave father," Julie said in gloom.

"But you'd have to leave him some day."

"Why? When?"

"Well," Alice answered shyly, "when you get married."

"Oh," Julie said, "*that!*"

Martha Perrin took the news in tragic silence when Julie told it in the Perrin drawing-room. She and Julie stared at each other dumbly. Agnes was haughty with indignation, considering that her wishes had been ignored. "I suppose there's nothing to be done," she said. "One makes wise plans and then some one's stupidity upsets them. Go to your class, Julia." She turned to her sister. "Martha?"

But Martha was already at the door. She made a blind gesture of the hand without turning to reply and blundered out into the hall.

"It's all just stupid," Agnes said, and Julie nodded miserably. She could not think of anything to say—even to Martha. She moved, at a loss, to the hall. It was empty.

Martha, without waiting, had hurried uncertainly to her classroom. She felt faint. She had not been able to eat her breakfast—food nauseated her; and at luncheon she took only a glass of milk, which she compelled herself to sip reluctantly. She did not speak to Julie. She seemed resigned and somehow indifferent. She went about her duties with her usual gentleness, her voice and her manner unchanged, but with a frightened look in her eyes. "I don't know what can be the matter with me," she complained to Agnes at dinner that evening. "I feel so hungry. I feel starved. But food makes me ill."

"It's this disappointment about Julia," Agnes said bitterly. "So stupid!"

"No." Martha shook her head. "I knew that was going to happen. It isn't that."

She seemed to have no feeling at all about that—not even when she went into the sewing room and took up an unfinished blouse that she had been smocking for Julie. She found herself not interested in it, and she let it fall from her hands to the rag rug on the floor. She left it there and wandered downstairs to the kitchen, dizzy with hunger, and looked in the pantry, and sickened again at the smell of food.

She slept exhausted that night and moaned in her sleep, but when Agnes wakened her she could not remember what she had been dreaming. She mumbled something about "dinner" and dozed off again. In the morning she did not get up. "I don't feel able to," she said weakly. "Perhaps if Fanny would bring my coffee—" But when Fanny, their old negro servant, arrived with a hearty Southern breakfast on a tray, she could not endure the sight of it. "No, no. *Please*," she begged, closing her eyes. "Just a glass of milk." And when Fanny returned with the milk, she said: "Put it down somewhere. Thank you, Fanny. I'll drink it later. Tell Julia Cane, when she comes, I want to see her."

It was Fanny's voluble anxiety that persuaded Agnes to send for the doctor—Dr. Beck down the river road—who had been attending Mrs. Carey. "It's silly, Nessie," Martha murmured, as Agnes prepared her for his visit, in a bed jacket and a boudoir cap. "I'm not ill. I'm just weak from hunger."

The doctor was a new arrival in the neighborhood; and they judged that he

must be having difficulty in working up a practice, for he came at once. "Nervous indigestion," he told Agnes indifferently when he had heard the symptoms.

He was a huge dark man with the pointed beard which was a necessary part of a doctor's make-up in those days. He was standing at the bedside taking Martha's pulse, his eyes on his watch, when Julie appeared in the doorway and Martha saw her. It was the change in Martha's expression of face which turned Agnes to find out who was behind her. It was another change which made the doctor raise his eyes quickly, first to Martha's expression and then to the girl. He reconsidered his watch, still holding Martha's wrist.

"Oh, it's Julie," Agnes said.

"I sent for her," Martha explained. "I thought if she'd take my class this morning—I'll be up this afternoon. Shan't I, doctor?"

He frowned at his watch.

Julie came into the darkened bedroom hesitatingly, fresh and vivid in her light spring clothes, her hat in her hand, as awkward as a boy in a sickroom. "What is it?" she asked hoarsely.

"Nothing, dear," Agnes assured her. "We just want you to take Martha's classes, for the day perhaps. She'll be all right again very soon."

Julie looked from Agnes to Martha, to the doctor, to his watch. She was just beginning to be able to see them clearly after the dazzle of outdoors when he put Martha's hand down on the counterpane and rumbled in his deep bass voice: "Yes. A little nervous breakdown, maybe. A few days in bed. A little tonic. Something to tempt the appetite. Not milk. Chicken broth."

Agnes followed him out. As they went downstairs he asked, "Who is that—young woman?"

"Julia?"

"The one that came into the room." Agnes told him.

"Has there been some—trouble—about her?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

He seemed more interested in getting his hat from the hall table than in Agnes's account of what had happened about Julia, but he listened, even if absent-mindedly. "You might let her take up the chicken broth when it's ready," he said at the door, "at lunch time. I think you'll find—a little attention from Julia—is her name Julia? A little nursing from Julia—I'll tell the druggist to send up the—"

Agnes had been straining to hear every word with the conscientious anxiety of the inexperienced nurse. Beck gave his directions as if they were of no importance—as if he had a professional contempt either for medicine or for disease. And without once having glanced at her, he wandered out ponderously—leaving his sentence unfinished—and looked at the sky, and pulled down his hat, and walked off down the path.

"Oh, dear!" Agnes said.

Meanwhile Julie had been standing just inside the door of the sickroom, gazing at the little woman in the huge bed. She did not know what to do. Martha had apparently shut her eyes. She was watching Julie under the half-closed lids but Julie did not know it. She stood a long time silent, and then, deciding that Martha, unaware of her, had fallen asleep, she tiptoed out.

Agnes was waiting for her, visibly embarrassed, at the foot of the stairs. "The doctor seems to think," she said, "that perhaps it's been a shock—your going away. Martha is so fond of you. He wants you to—he says if you'll—if you'll pay her a little attention—like taking up her broth at lunch time—"

And Julie was suddenly as embarrassed as she. "Why, yes, of course." She did not know where to look. "Of course. I'd like to." She straightened a rug with her foot, glanced unhappily at Miss Perrin, saw unacknowledged tears rolling down on both sides of that proud nose, felt her own throat begin to swell and choke, put her hand to her neck, frightened—and ran away.

"WHAT IS IT?" SHE ASKED HOARSELY

As she stumbled into Martha's empty classroom something seemed to loosen inside her, and for the rest of the morning she could not draw a firm breath. If she breathed in the top of her lungs only it was all right: but if she tried to take a full breath she struck a sinking place that trembled in her, on the verge of tears. In order to keep her self-control while she heard the children their lessons, she had to breathe carefully; and distracted with that effort, she went through the hours mechanically, her emotions balanced as if on a tight rope on which she kept her mind fixed, fearing that if she let herself see the gulf over which she was walking she might topple and fall.

It was still with this vague sense of a tight-rope performance that she took Martha's tray from Agnes, and started up the slippery hardwood stairs, step by step, her eyes on the bowl of broth, as if her only thought were to prevent it spilling. And she came into Martha's room with that air of being altogether absorbed in her task, moving slowly forward without looking up. When she could see the edge of the bed, she asked huskily, "Can I put it down?" and with that she began to shake so that the spoon rattled against the china; and Martha, afraid that the tray was too heavy for her—that she was in danger of dropping it—started up from her pillow and caught the glass of milk and a candle from the bedside table and cried, "On this. *Here.* Put it here."

Julie put it down, tried to draw a long breath, struck the tremble in her insides, and stood clinging to the tray, controlling herself. She spoke in a harsh, unfriendly voice, "The doctor says—chicken broth. You've got to eat some." And at that tone from her Martha whimpered, "Oh, I can't. I can't. I want to, but I can't" —and began to weep.

Julie took one look at her, pitiable

with her yellow face distorted and her cap awry, and then turned as if to escape. Her knees had begun to weaken. She wavered and sat down gasping on the side of the bed, facing away from Martha. With her mouth open and her eyes staring, she broke into sobs. They were hard, dry, retching sobs that seemed to tear at her; and for a moment Martha, terrified into silence, did not understand. She thought it was some sort of fit.

"Darling!" She clutched at Julie in horror and pulled the girl over to her so that Julie fell against her shoulder, convulsed with these awful hiccoughing spasms. "Don't! Julia, darling!" she cried. "Don't! Oh, don't!" What is it? What has happened?"

She burst into helpless tears herself and sank back on her pillows, holding Julie on her breast; and they wept together, sobbing hysterically, with broken murmurs and frantic caresses and unintelligible tear-drowned words of endearment.

XXVIII

When Agnes came to see how they were getting on she found Julie sitting on the bed, an arm round Martha, supporting her and feeding her chicken broth in a spoon. They looked at Agnes in the doorway—swollen-eyed, with tremulous and silly, tear-blurred grins—and Agnes fled. She could not face that amount of emotion. Martha giggled like a girl and the tears ran with her chuckles and fell in the spoon full of broth. "It—it wasn't salty enough—anyway," she wept, shaking with laughter.

"Oh, don't," Julie gasped, clutching the bowl and doubled over it. "I'll spi-pill it."

"Spi-pill it?" Martha sobbed, "What's *that?*"

It was "spi-pilled."

When Julie recovered her self-control she scolded. Her tears had solved no problems for her, no matter what relief they had brought to Martha, and she struggled to maintain her gravity against any sally of Martha's heart-eased irresponsibility. "You're naughty," she said, and Martha loved it.

Julie treated her as if she were a sick child, made her finish the broth, washed her face and hands with the end of a wet towel, straightened her cap, and kissed her. "Now," she ordered, "you're to behave yourself and get well."

"If I get well," Martha teased, "you'll leave me."

"No," Julie said uncertainly. "I don't think I'm going away."

She did not know what she was going to do; she did not know what she *could* do; and in the meantime she said as little as possible about it. She told her father only that Martha was ill with a nervous breakdown, and that *she* was teaching the younger classes for a day or two. She saw the situation as merely temporary even when she learned next morning that Martha, trying to get up after a promising appetite for her breakfast in bed, had been seized with an attack of dizziness as soon as she put her foot to the floor. "It's all right," Doctor Beck assured them over the telephone. "Let her stay where she is for a while." And no one was alarmed.

Julie nursed and petted her, brought lunch for two to the bedside and ate with her, sat with her after school, and read to her. And they were as happy as a honeymoon. For all Julie's stiffness, her flood of tears had carried away some sort of dam in her—in her relations with Martha, at least—and she glowed prettily with a clumsy young tenderness which touched Martha more than transports. They made a secret conspiracy of their affection, hiding it especially from Agnes; and Martha acted as if she had a daughter to spoil at last, and Julie was as lovingly tyrannical as if she had found a mother to dominate.

They finished the school term so—Martha in bed and Julie substituting for her in the classroom. Still Martha did not improve. Then Julie stayed so late one evening that she telephoned home and got permission to remain all night;

and Martha enjoyed the first peaceful and unbroken rest she had had since she was taken ill. When Beck heard of it he grunted but said nothing. He was on his way to visit Mrs. Carey.

Two days later he told Carey that he could not advise them to send Alice away to school, that Mrs. Carey was in no condition to be left without her daughter's companionship. "Postpone it," he said, "for a year." It was postponed. And in the mysterious way in which things are decided in this peculiar world, Martha won, and Julie did not go to college. With the opening of the autumn term she was a recognized assistant in the Perrin school, teaching the younger children; Martha improved sufficiently to be able to take a class or two in what had been the sewing room, where Julie installed her every morning in a reclining chair; and everybody involved in the affair was more or less satisfied with that outcome. Martha never suspected herself. Her bedridden invalidism was so real to her that she was able even to regret it, to be remorseful to Julie about it, and to accuse herself of having unwittingly kept Julie from going away.

Here was Julie then, a grown girl, very pretty with her red hair and her dark eyes and her cameo features, rather proud in her walk, grave in her manner, settled and responsible in her mind. She saw herself as a school teacher with a vague intellectual future ahead of her. She supposed that when she married it would be some one like Darwin or Pasteur, who had replaced Napoleon and Julius Caesar in her estimation; and she saw herself helping and encouraging her husband in studies and experiments that should make large additions to the sum of human knowledge and be rewarded with the respect and gratitude of mankind. In the meantime the world functioned comfortably around her as the setting and background for her preparations. The Perrins, the Careys, her father and mother, the grocery shop and its customers, the school and its pupils supported and admired and kept her busy. She was, of course—like her father—different from these people and superior because of her greater intelligence. And Cane had convinced her that intelligence was something mysteriously immortal and divine.

He had lately arrived at a new theory, derived from a rather confused reading of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. He saw the earth as beginning without any animal life on it, a mere globe of hot minerals thrown off from the sun. As it cooled, a germ of life, dropping from some other planet, had begun to develop here. In the process of evolution first plants and then animals appeared, but these had possessed no intelligence, no spirituality, no soul. Then, in some way that he had not yet worked out—just as the immortal germ of life had fallen upon the inanimate early rocks and waters—so the immortal germ of intelligence dropped from some other planet and developed a soul in one of the higher apelike animals and made a man of him. And Cane was certain that this theory would some day be confirmed by the observations of astronomers when they discovered the neighboring planet from which both life and intelligence had descended upon us.

In search of prophetic intimations of that discovery, he had turned from his studies in the instinctive nature of man to his earlier love, astronomy. He had been tremendously excited by Lowell's observations of the canals on Mars—and equally irritated by the criticisms of Lowell's findings. Impatient of the limitations of the telescope, he had imagined a way to settle the dispute and open the whole universe of the heavens to man; and he fascinated Julie in a Sunday walk over the mountain by telling her of his plan.

It was obvious to him that gravity was some form of magnetic attraction. It was also obvious that while one arm of a magnet attracted, the other repelled. There was therefore—very

THEY FELL INTO STEP ON EITHER SIDE OF HER

probably—an opposite of gravity, a force of repulsion from the earth that could be manufactured—as electricity could be manufactured—by a dynamo that was yet to be invented. He foresaw the invention of that dynamo. He foresaw it as capable of lifting itself from the earth by repulsion, and raising with it any weight that it charged with its repelling current. Installed in a cylindrical ship of steel construction, airtight and strong enough to resist changes in atmospheric pressure, such a dynamo could drive the ship away from the earth indefinitely by continuously increasing its charge, so to speak. It could, in fact, carry into the heavens a crew of scientists, navigate space by yielding to or resisting the attraction of other heavenly bodies—by stopping or speeding up the dynamo—and land its crew on Mars as easily as Columbus landed on the West Indies.

Cane, sitting on his hilltop and pointing to the heavens as he described his scientists setting out for a tour of the planets, gave Julie one of the thrills of her young life. It was almost the glow and soaring of a religious ecstasy in her. All the problems and concerns of her everyday affairs were how transient and petty in the light of this vision of man as a creature of immortal intelligence, who had drifted to earth out of the heavens and who should some day return to the home of his origin, in his miraculous ship triumphant, and solve the mysteries of the universe? It made man a sort of god in chrysalis who should presently break his shell-case and take wings beyond all limitations of knowledge. It made her prospectively such a god, who might live to see the wings developed. It argued that death might be merely some such flight—the voyage of the deathless intelligence to still another world. It dignified and consoled and uplifted her with those emotions which the religious know as the assurance of salvation. At night, lying in her bed in the attic, she pictured herself making that trip to Mars, and she discovered—as her father had discovered before her—that she could calm her mind with the sense of rising above her world of daily worries and then induce sleep by the dizziness of her imagined ascent. And all day long in

the intervals of solitary thought she felt herself spurning the earth under her and aspiring to higher things.

XXIX

She was thus spurning her way to the Perrin's one Saturday morning in early April with a book under her arm—to read to Martha—when she met Alan again and came down to earth startled. She was not expecting to see him; she had not been at the Carey's for a week, because she now played chess so well that Carey avoided playing with her; and, if Carey knew that the Birdsalls were arriving, he had not told his household. She had not thought of Alan for what seemed ages, and she did not recognize him at a distance as one of the two young men who were approaching her along the cement walk which now edged the river road. She judged by their clothes that they were city youths and no concern of hers.

They looked as if they had been created by a pen-and-ink artist—and I believe they had. Their shoulders had been straightened horizontally with haircloth lining; their trousers had been pressed in the crisp line of a Gibson penstroke, and their trouser legs were narrowed at the ankles in the angular break and fold that Gibson drew so nattily. They wore the hard white vests and the hard black derbies of a black-and-white illustration. All the brushwork curves and paintable rotundities of their human figures had been converted into smart lines and angles; and their chins rested squarely on rigid white collars, in a patent imitation of a Gibson hero, whether they knew it or not.

And Julie was no less a creation of that fashionable pen. Her stiff sailor straw was his—perched on a coiffure which he had blocked in with a few swift strokes. The barrel of her soft young body had been coopered into a solid corset; her skirt was a truncated cone supported by starched petticoats, and it came to the ground in the sweep of a flaring pen-line which made her look Gibson-tall and stately. Like a million other young people of her day, she bore witness to the influence of artistic genius and to the insight of that wit who said that nature is always imitating art and trying to live up to it.

She was unaware, of course, of this her sociological significance. She was absent-mindedly interested in a flutter of bluebirds among the leafless bushes, and in the attempt of the early robins to substantiate the adage in relation to worms on a chilly morning when worms were scarce. A descendant of the original squirrel that had made her self-conscious on her way to her first street-encounter with Alan, spied at her from a tree trunk, and a new generation of dog barked at her, as of old, from behind the fence which it had inherited. Confronted by instinctive life without intelligence, she was no longer embarrassed; and it was not shyness but indifference that kept her from looking at the youths who were approaching her—until one of them said, "How do you do?" and she found Alan smiling at her, bareheaded, with his hat in his hand.

His smile was boyish and eager. It became somewhat less assured and conquering—it threatened for a moment to turn apologetic—as she regarded him in silence, gravely surprised. Then the color flushed under her eyes; she showed her dimples pleasantly; and he hastened to introduce his friend, "Biddy Van Skoick"—whom she afterward discovered to be a Bayard Van Schoeck—a long-nosed descendant of the Knickerbocker Dutch, with one of those medieval faces you see in Holbein prints. He looked solemnly friendly; he had no expression, in fact, between complete gravity and a sudden, hoarse laugh.

"May we turn back with you?"

"Why, yes."

They fell into step on either side of her. Van Schoeck cleared his throat as he put on his hat, but he did not speak. He did not need to. Alan was voluble enough for both.

"How have you been? They tell me you're teaching at Miss Perrin's. We went to school there together"—this to Van Schoeck—"when we were kids"—with a large assumption of age and experience—"and we fought like cats and called each other names. She called me 'Birdseed' and I called her 'Sugar Cane!'"

She did not notice the queer, quick look that Van Schoeck gave her.

"May I carry your book? Do you ever see Phil Mondell? You don't know how funny it is to come back and find everybody grown up. I didn't think I'd been away *long*—only about five years."

"It'll be seven this summer," she said.

"No? Yes, it will. I'll be twenty-one. I was fourteen, that birthday." He laughed; and she understood that he was laughing at the boy he had been. His eyes invited her to laugh with him. "How's little Alice Carey? I suppose she's grown up, too. Do you still play tennis?" He did not wait for replies to any of his questions, so she answered only with a nod or a shake of the head. "The mice've eaten all the strings out of our rackets. I found them in the attic. We were just on our way to the village—I mean the town—to try to buy new ones. We're thinking of coming out here for the summer. It'd be a change. We've been everywhere else. And we're stony broke. We'll have to economize. I hope you've been having as good a time as I have."

He was talking at random, with no concern for what he said. The important thing for him was evidently this: that he was delighted with her appearance, that he liked her and wanted her to like him. The important thing for her was not what he said but the change in him which was implied by everything he said.

"You're not teaching school this morning—are you? Saturday? Will you play a game of tennis with us? We were on our way—We'll get balls and rackets somewhere. And we'll get little Alice Carey, or big Alice Carey, or whatever she is. Will you?"

"I haven't played since—not for years. I never—"

"That doesn't matter. Biddy and I don't play well. Besides, we don't care about the tennis. That's only an excuse. What *do* you play?"

They were at the Perrin gate. She stopped as if to part from him there.

"Let's take you to the door," he said. "Make it the front door. I was always afraid of their front door. I don't know why. What *do* you play?"

"Chess," she answered, humorously.

"Oh, gosh," he groaned. "I can't even play cards. I can't keep from talking long enough. No, but *really*. Let's make it a game of tennis. Do you remember how I hid the balls? I haven't told Mother about that *yet*."

"How *is* your mother?"

"Wait till you see her. She'll be crazy to see *you*. She was always one of your boosters. I remember how she scored me up because I . . . Say, wasn't I the darnedest fool!" He laughed again. "I wonder somebody didn't kill me!" They were at the porch steps. "Let me ring the bell for you. Gosh, but it makes me feel grown up." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "I hope Black Agnes doesn't pop out at me. She used to hate me." He was referring to Agnes Perrin. "Listen. We won't wait. We'll get the rackets and come back for you. You'll be here?" He was holding out his hand.

"Yes." She shook hands with him, a little bewildered by his suddenness and his volubility—and bothered by something else which she now discovered to be Van Schoeck's silent but intent regard. He took her hand with a look that ignored Alan, who continued to talk excitedly. It was as if Van Schoeck were saying, "This boy is amusing, but you and I are serious-minded persons. We understand each other." And Alan's insistent gayety seemed to be trying to drown out that silent communication between them. "We'll be back. Come on, Biddy. It was great luck to meet

you. I'm glad I came out. I didn't want to come at all. Hop along, Bid. Oh, here's your *book*. Good-by. We'll be back."

He hurried Van Schoeck away as Fanny opened the door with her usual air of having opened it to keep an eye on the weather. She offered Julie an absent-minded "Good moanin'," while she inspected the progress of the spring. Julie entered the familiar hall somewhat dazed. She felt the need of getting away by herself and sorting out her impressions of Alan, and discovering just what they indicated: but the appearance of the friendly things round her struck up an unexpected vibration in her, distracting her, and she gazed at them softly, trying to think of something else—which was Alan. How changed he was! It was a lovely old staircase. He seemed rather foreign. It must have been his travels. The balustrade curved in such a smooth dark flow of polished beauty under her hand; she caressed it with a palm that tingled to the soothing touch of its coolness. The light from the high window in the upper hall was a sweet honey-golden on the hardwood floor. That, too, was cool—to the eyes.

She came into Martha's room, absorbed, and smiled to find Martha turned on her pillows to watch the doorway, eager to greet her. She crossed the dim room sedately, and put down her book, and sat on the bedside to kiss the invalid.

"Darling," Martha murmured, "how warm you are," patting both her cheeks. "Is it the spring? You look like it."

"The bluebirds are here. And the robins. We'll soon have your windows open."

"That will be lovely." She reached up to unpin Julie's hat and remove it. Then she drew the girl down to her, and buried her face against Julie's neck, and inhaled with a languorous delight the milky odor of that clean young flesh.

"Do you remember Alan Birdsall?" Julie asked in the midst of the caress; and there was something in her tone that showed she was not thinking of Martha's endearments.

Martha released her—"Yes"—and held her off to see her better. "The boy who—who went away?"

Julie nodded. "He's back. I just met him on the street. He's quite grown up. Twenty-one. And he's—he's changed."

"Is he? How?"

"Why he used to be—I don't know. He seems happier. He used to be—I suppose he was sensitive. Now he makes fun of himself."

Nothing could have seemed less important to Martha at that moment than the change in Alan Birdsall, but she pretended to listen with as earnest an interest as Julie's—because she knew that only on these terms could age keep the confidence and affection of the young—and she rewarded herself meanwhile by watching the play of Julie's sober lips and enjoying the depth and seriousness of her eyes.

"But, *of course*, you must play tennis with them," she insisted. "You mustn't be shut in the house on your holiday. I wouldn't think of letting you read to me. You must go at once and tell Alice. Leave word with Fanny. She'll send them on to find you. And you can come back later and tell me all about it."

Julie made a decent show of hesitation. "But I don't think that Mr. Carey—you know, he never liked Alan."

"Mrs. Carey will decide that. Hurry now and see her before he returns." She patted Julie's hand. "Come back to me later. I'm going to finish crocheting that collar. Good-by, dear."

Julie went reluctantly after a duty kiss, and Martha lay staring at the empty doorway through which the girl had vanished. An uncertain April sunlight, breaking through clouds, shone happily on the hall floor outside the darkened bedroom. Martha saw it and quickly closed her eyes.

(To be continued)

The Romance of the Atom

BY BENJAMIN HARROW

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The most interesting, and even spectacular, achievement of modern science has been the laying bare of the structure of the atom. With these revelations has come a flood of new implications and possibilities to challenge the human mind. We stand today on the very threshold of the answer to that immemorial question—What is matter? The gradual stripping away of the veils that have enshrouded this age-old mystery is a tale of centuries of slow and patient investigation, which Dr. Harrow here undertakes to recount.—*Editor's Note.*

"It seems probable to me that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles; of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportions to space, as most conducted for the end for which he formed them; and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard, as never to wear or break in pieces; no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made One, in the first creation."—Newton.

NEWTON'S *corpuscular* theory of matter is what one might have anticipated from the author of the corpuscular theory of light. This theory of matter, however, did not originate with the Cambridge astronomer. Centuries before his time the Greek philosophers had given earnest thought to the question: can matter be subdivided indefinitely? Some claimed that it could not; others, that it could. Some claimed that a superman, with eyes sharp enough and with tools of an appropriate kind, could take a piece of gold, and divide it, and subdivide it, and continue to subdivide it to the end of time; others claimed that such a superman would ultimately reach a state beyond which no further subdivision would be possible. The name *atomos*, or *atom*, was suggested for the particle "which cannot be cut in two."

Without any facts known to support it, the idea of an atomic structure of matter remained an interesting curiosity until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then the Englishman, John Dalton, revived it and extended it to explain a number of laws in chemistry which even in his day had already become firmly established. One of these laws, and the most fundamental, is that elements combine in definite proportions by weight to form compounds. Common salt, or to give it its chemical name, sodium chloride, consists of the elements sodium and chlorine combined in such a way that for every 23 parts by weight of sodium there are found to be 35½ parts by weight of chlorine. It does not matter at all whether the salt is obtained from sea water, or from a salt mine, or by the combination of the elements sodium and chlorine: provided the salt is chemically pure, analysis reveals that the proportion of sodium is to chlorine as 23 is to 35½. And what is true of salt, is true of every one of the thousands of compounds known to the chemist: every compound is made up of two or more elements combined together in definite proportions by weight.

The law of *definite proportions* needed an explanation and Dalton provided one. Let us assume, he argued, that elements like gold, sodium, hydrogen, and chlorine, representing the simplest types of matter, are made up of almost infinitesimally small particles called atoms. Let us assume, further, that the atoms of any one element are the same,

but that they differ from the atoms of any other element. Suppose one difference between the atoms of one element as compared with the atoms of another is due to a difference in weight, such that the weight of a sodium atom is to the weight of a chlorine atom as 23 is to 35½. Since atoms, according to the Daltonian theory, are the smallest conceivable particles, the smallest part of sodium which can enter into chemical combination with chlorine is one atom, and, vice versa, the smallest part of chlorine which can enter into chemical union with sodium is also one atom. Assuming the simplest combination, one atom of sodium combines with one atom of chlorine to form sodium chloride. Since the respective weights of the atoms is as 23 is to 35½, then it is no wonder that analysis of sodium chloride reveals these proportions. And if instead of assuming the reaction to involve two single atoms, we assume that a million million atoms of sodium combine with a million million atoms of chlorine, the analysis of the resulting compound must still show the relative proportions of 23 is to 35½.

It may at once be said that Dalton's *Atomic Theory* is to-day more firmly entrenched than ever. Atoms are real pieces of matter, inconceivably small, to be sure, and yet nevertheless real. The rule laid down by Dalton that the smallest particle of matter which can take part in a chemical change is an atom, is firmly believed by every physicist and chemist. The modifications necessary as a result of more modern research involve the view that whereas *chemical* reactions involve reactions *between* atoms, there may be other types of reactions, such as those due to radioactivity, which involve changes *within* the atom. Dalton was wrong when he assumed that the atom was the smallest particle imaginable, for we are to-day familiar with the electron, which is smaller than the atom and which, indeed, constitutes but a small part of the planetary system of an atom; but he was right in assuming that an atom is the smallest particle capable of taking part in a *chemical* change. We know that atoms are entities, though the average diameter of an atom is not more than one three-hundred-millionth of an inch; and, still more remarkable, we know that electrons are entities, though the diameter of an electron is probably not more than one-hundred-thousandth that of an atom, and its weight about two-thousandth that of the lightest atom known, namely hydrogen!

The great physicists of an earlier generation, among them Faraday, Kelvin, and Helmholtz, attempted an estimation of atomic sizes in a number of ingenious ways. Some dyes, for example, will exhibit color even when diluted 100,000,000 times, which can be interpreted as meaning that the smallest weighable particle of such a dye may be divided into 100,000,000 parts. Faraday prepared films of gold the thickness of which he estimated to be one-hundred-millionth of an inch. Continuous films with soap bubbles and with oil were obtained when their thicknesses could hardly have been more than one-eighth the thickness of Faraday's gold leaf. Further and more complicated experiments and calculations involving such phenomena as viscosity and conduction of heat in gases, yielded a figure which indicated that six hundred million million atoms occupy one cubic inch of space.

Since these numbers have no more meaning than the present-day billion and trillion mark quotations, let us resort to a few analogies. If a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be about the size of footballs. Or, to use a variation of this analogy, if the constituent atoms in a tumbler of water could all be labeled for later identification, and the water were then mixed with all the water in the world, and if, after thorough mixing, the tumbler were again filled, it would contain two thousand of the original atoms. If you are bent upon linking the mark with the atom, you may use this analogy, due to

Doctor Foote: if the paper marks are taken as being worth sixty cents per trillion, one *paper* mark would still be enough to buy *three billion gold atoms!*

The limit of vision of our most powerful ultra-microscope is a particle with a thickness of about three-millionth of an inch, which is still 200 times the width of the calculated atom. Yet science triumphs in unexpected ways; for in recent studies on the discharge of helium atoms from radioactive substances, it has been found possible to count the individual helium atoms by the scintillations set up when they strike certain phosphorescent substances. Sir Ernest Rutherford, the author of this ingenious experiment, counts the number of such scintillations within a given time, measures the volume of gas collected, makes a number of calculations, and coolly announces that there are 77 billion billion atoms of helium per cubic inch of the gas!

We must look to Mendeléeff and his Periodic Classification for the first signs of skepticism in the view that the atom is the ultimate particle of matter. Mendeléeff published his paper in 1869. Briefly, what he showed was as follows: You have some eighty odd elements, like hydrogen, silver, iron, oxygen, etc., composed, as Dalton postulates, of atoms of these elements. If we take the lightest of these atoms, hydrogen, and call its weight 1, then the atom of silver can be shown to weigh 108 times, the atom of gold 197 times, and the atom of oxygen 16 times that of hydrogen. The numbers 108, 197, and 16 represent the *atomic weights* of the elements silver, gold, and oxygen. Mendeléeff now showed that these atomic weights could be utilized for the purpose of bringing out family resemblances among the elements, and all that was really necessary to show this—to state the case in its simplest form—was to group your elements in lots of eight, starting with the lightest, hydrogen, and working your way up to the heaviest, uranium. Where there are brothers and sisters there must be fathers and mothers; and when you find that according to Mendeléeff's grouping such elements as lithium, sodium, and potassium, or chlorine, bromine, and iodine show blood ties, and all your laboratory experience abundantly confirms such relationships, then you begin to wonder whether the elements, and the atoms of which the elements consist, are really the fundamental substances in nature they are supposed to be. Whatever philosopy there is in us urges us to the view that the elements represent but the different branches of one tree, and that they have their ultimate origin in some inorganic equivalent for the amoeba.

The newer knowledge regarding the structure of matter dates back to the eighties of the last century, when Sir William Crookes was still active in the laboratory and had not, as yet, joined the Lodges and the Richets in their get-there-quick flights to the land of the dead. Electricity was the tool chosen by Crookes. The electrolytic studies of Faraday, and the electromagnetic theory of light, due to Clerk Maxwell, made it appear plausible that electricity and matter were not two disconnected entities. When, therefore, a high-tension current from an induction coil—familiar to-day to every youngster with his "radio" set—was passed through a tube from which the air was exhausted as thoroughly as possible, and Crookes was able to demonstrate to a British Association audience that rays were shot out from the cathode which gave rise to fluorescence and to heat when striking objects, the probability that these cathode rays represented a state of matter (as suggested by Crookes) seemed a logical interpretation. Crookes in his experiment made use of a property with which we are thoroughly familiar to-day, namely, that when atoms are charged with electricity (and they become "ions" and are "ionised"), their existence and behavior can be much more easily studied than when they are *un*-ionised. Charged with electricity, the presence of a few thousand atoms

can be easily detected, while the most refined methods of chemical analysis will hardly detect less than a million million uncharged atoms.

The discovery and measurement of the *electron* (from the Greek word meaning amber, which gives rise to "negative" electricity when rubbed) must, however, be attributed to J. J. Thomson, one of a brilliant band of workers in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, England, who began his experiments in 1897. The apparatus used was based on the one employed by Crookes, but with many modifications. The experimental details and the mathematics involved are such as to make a description of the experiment quite impossible here. Suffice it to say that using Crookes' discovery that the cathode rays (or as we call them now, electrons) can be bent by the action of a magnet, he measured the magnitude of this bend and compared it with the strength of the magnet employed, and this gave him the basis for the calculation of the weight of these electrons. To determine the number of such electrons, and thereby obtain a means for calculating the weight of individual electrons, use was made of a discovery by Wilson, a pupil of Thomson's, who showed that when electrons travel through water vapor they collect a little cloud, and thereby become large enough to be seen through a powerful microscope. By this means even the path of a free electron can be photographed.

Still more exact measurements by Millikan, the American physicist who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize, make these facts as certain as any man-discovered "facts" can be: that the electron is a negative particle of electricity of such weight that 1700 of them weigh no more than the lightest atom known; that it is a more fundamental unit than the atom, for exactly the *same* electron is detected in *different* elements, whereas the atoms of one element differ from the atoms of another; that, since the electron is a particle of electricity, and the eighty-odd elements which go to the formation of the material world around us all contain electrons, matter must be considered as electrical in origin, and the electron as one of the fundamental units of matter (and therefore of electricity). That a current of electricity should be regarded as electrons *in motion* is not one of the least interesting results of this work. That, furthermore, the disintegration of radium should result in the discharge of a number of rays, one group of which, the *beta rays*, have been proved to be identical in every respect with the electron studied by Thomson, Millikan, and others, is further evidence that this minute particle takes its place in the very early history of the evolution of elements, and, therefore, of matter. Whether it is *the* fundamental unit of matter, as some enthusiasts have proclaimed, is quite another thing. In one age, the atom; in our own, the electron; fifty years from now—who knows?—a particle, x, still smaller than the electron! Perhaps we are already on the eve of it in Planck's unit of radiant energy, the *quantum!*

But the electron represents a negative particle of electricity. Where is the positive particle? The atom itself is electrically neutral, so that when, by decomposing it, you get a negatively charged particle, it is reasonable to assume that what remains must be of the opposite charge. We have already seen that when a tube (containing air, or hydrogen, or any other gas) is evacuated, and a current passed through it, electrons issue from the cathode. The cathode being the negative pole *repels* the electrons, which are negatively charged particles. On the other hand, the cathode ought to *attract* positively charged particles, since like and unlike electricities attract one another. Goldstein, in fact, as early as 1896, using a perforated cathode, showed that cones of violet light projected from the holes *behind* the cathode. These "canal rays," as they were called by their discoverer, were next subjected by Wien to an analysis similar to the analysis of the

electron by Thomson, with these results: the "rays" could be deflected by magnetic and electric forces, just as the electrons, but the *deflection was in the opposite direction*. Clearly, then, these rays represented the positive particles. Further, an estimation of their mass showed that these particles (which have since received the name "protons") were much, much heavier than the electrons; that, indeed, the lightest proton weighed about as much as a hydrogen atom. The English school of physicists, among whom must be mentioned Thomson, Rutherford, and Aston, are mainly responsible for the remarkable development, in our own day, of *positive ray analysis*—an analysis which has thrown a flood of light on the nucleus, or inner structure, of the atom.

This "nucleus" of the atom is the discovery of Rutherford and upon it is based his theory of the structure of the atom. Studies in radioactivity and an examination of its rays led to these important results: the constant and relatively enormous heat generated by radium could result only from the breaking up of the atom itself and involved changes quite different from the chemical changes with which we are familiar. This led to the supposition that when one atom unites with another in chemical combination, involving heat-changes which in amount are infinitesimal compared with those obtained in radioactivity, only the surfaces of the atoms are scratched, so to speak, the inner parts remaining intact; but in radium Nature exhibits an element whose inner parts are disturbed. We must then postulate that there are two distinct parts to an atom; an inner, relatively stable part, the "nucleus," and an outer, less stable part, the "planetary circle."

Here we have the germ of the nuclear theory of the atom, as enunciated by Rutherford. But it must also be added that this prince among physicists had produced some very convincing experimental evidence, not only to justify his nuclear theory, but actually to estimate the size of the nucleus. The evidence depends upon the passage of *alpha* particles, obtained from radium, through various atoms. These particles, as a rule, shoot through atoms without deviating from their path, showing that there are no material bodies in their way; but sometimes their direction is deflected—there is a rebound, and then it becomes clear that the *alpha* particles have struck a body. This body is the "nucleus" or "sun" of the atom. Since from the nucleus of radium we get *alpha* and *beta* particles, and since analysis shows that these *alpha* particles are positively charged atoms of helium, and the *beta* particles are electrons, or negatively charged particles; and since, furthermore, the positive charge on the helium atom is greater than the negative charge on the electron; it is assumed that the nucleus of the atom consists of positive and negative electricity, with the former preponderating. The atom as a whole is neutral. It is neutral because the nucleus of the atom has a positive charge (due to the preponderance of positive over negative charges), and this nucleus or "sun" is surrounded by satellites—electrons in this case—which are negatively charged, with a total charge equal but opposite to that on the nucleus. So that we arrive at the remarkable conclusion that the atom, the chemist's simplest piece of matter, is a combination of positive and negative electricity, and matter is really electrical in origin.

But Rutherford has not stopped here. He has submitted the nucleus to even closer examination. He has shown, by an extension of his *alpha*-ray attack on atoms, that the diameter of this nucleus is very, very small as compared to the diameter of the atom itself, though practically the entire weight of the atom is centered in the nucleus. And, to crown an achievement of glorious feats, by a violent bombardment of the nitrogen atom with *alpha*-rays, he has actually obtained helium and hydrogen. Nitro-

gen, helium, and hydrogen have always been held up by the chemist as typical examples of elements—of substances which cannot be decomposed any farther. Why, then, should we get hydrogen and helium from nitrogen? The answer is not a difficult one. The atoms of hydrogen are the lightest known, and the atoms of helium are not only heavier than the hydrogen atoms but lighter than the atoms of any other element. It is, therefore, probable that the atoms of nitrogen represent suitable combinations of the atoms of hydrogen and helium. A number of elements other than nitrogen, whose atoms are all heavier than the atoms of hydrogen and helium, have yielded these two gases when subjected to *alpha*-ray bombardment; so that we seem justified in stating that hydrogen and helium represent an early stage in the evolution of the elements.

Rutherford's conception of the structure of the atom as a solar system in miniature has also given us a somewhat deeper insight into the meaning of chemical and radioactive changes. Perhaps nothing was so striking in connection with the discovery of radium as that the radioactive rays which it emits could not be controlled by any means known to man. Neither the highest nor the lowest temperatures will accelerate or retard a radioactive change. You can put radium in the electric arc or you can put it in liquid air without in the least affecting the rate of the rays given off by the element. Such a change is quite different from any chemical change which has been studied. Every chemical reaction is influenced by temperature, being accelerated when the temperature is increased and retarded when it is decreased; so that in liquid helium, where we approach the absolute zero, combinations between elements practically cease, and in Moissan's electric-arc furnace, registering 6000 degrees Fahrenheit, all kinds of refractory elements are made to combine. Why cannot radioactive changes be similarly controlled? Because—and this has been touched upon before—a radioactive transformation is really a fundamentally different thing from a chemical one. In the latter, only the planetary electrons are affected; the nucleus is not touched. A radioactive change is due to a disturbance of the nucleus. When atoms of hydrogen, for example, combine with atoms of oxygen to form water, only the planetary electrons of these atoms are affected; but when radium spontaneously decomposes, it is because the nucleus is undergoing decomposition.

To pave the way for the next advance, allusion will be made to the two simple diagrams illustrated in Figures (1) and (2). In (2) is represented in an extremely crude form an imaginary atom of an element whose nucleus consists of 7 positive and 4 negative particles, as compared to 6 positive and 3 negative particles in the atom represented in (1). In both atoms the excess positive over negative charges is three, so that to neutralize these we shall require three electrons around each of the planetary systems: three around B, and three around B′. The chemical properties of the atom—and therefore the element consisting of millions of such atoms—depend upon the number of electrons around B or B′. Since these are the same as in our example, the chemical properties of these elements must be the same. But you will please remember the evidence brought forward by Rutherford to the effect that the weight of the atom is almost entirely centered in the positive charge, or proton. Since there are 6 such charges in (1) and 7 in (2), there ought to be an appreciable difference in weight between these two atoms. These atoms illustrate an example of *isotopes*—elements having the same chemical properties but different atomic weights. Our own Professor Richards, of Harvard, first showed that lead obtained from radioactive sources has an appreciably lower atomic weight than lead obtained from ordinary lead ores, though the most refined chemical analysis failed to detect

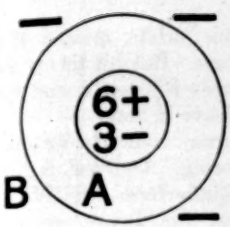


Figure 1

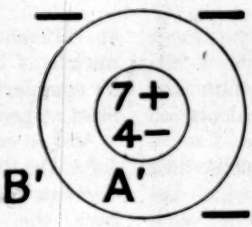


Figure 2

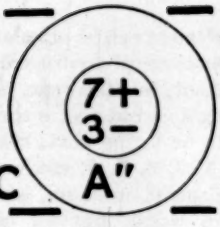


Figure 3

DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING ATOMIC STRUCTURE

any other difference between these two varieties of lead. Here you have an example of isotopes.

Aston, working in Rutherford's laboratory in Cambridge, has been able to demonstrate that many of the common elements are really *mixtures* of two or more isotopic modifications, one modification differing from the other by a slight difference in weight only, but otherwise, in chemical and spectroscopical behavior, quite indistinguishable; which explains why the existence of isotopes was quite unknown until recently. Aston's method of analysis does not make use of the balance at all: the differences in weight are often so small that not the most delicate balance will detect it. It is in reality an extension of Thomson and Rutherford's *positive ray* analysis, depending upon the separation of the positive from the negative charges of the atom, and analyzing the former when under the influence of magnetic and electrical forces. Since isotopes merely differ in density, and since practically all the weight resides in the positive charges, an analysis of the latter, involving, among other things, their velocity, is sufficient to bring out essential differences (using several mathematical principles).

If we refer again to the figures we may recognize still another possibility. Suppose the nucleus of figure (3) to consist of 7 positive and 3 negative charges. This would give an excess of 4 positive charges, and therefore 4 electrons round C would be necessary to neutralize them. The atom represented by (2) would require but 3 outer electrons. Since the number of outer electrons in (2) and (3) would differ, and since the chemical properties of the element depend upon these outer electrons, the two elements would exhibit different chemical properties. Since, however, they both have the same total number of positive charges, and since the weight of the atom is practically the weight of these charges, the two elements would have the same atomic weight. Elements with the same atomic weight but different chemical properties are *isobares*, as distinguished from isotopes, where we deal with elements having different atomic weights but the same chemical properties. Rutherford and Soddy, in their studies of the disintegration of the radium series of elements, have shown how isobares and isotopes may be formed.

The excess positive over negative charges in the nucleus—at A and A′ and A″—is called the *atomic number;* so that the atoms in figures (1) and (2) have an atomic number of 3 and the atom in (3) has an atomic number of 4. These atomic numbers are considered as perhaps the most fundamental characteristics of the elements. Using the X-ray spectra of the elements (which differ with different elements and which can be obtained by bombarding the elements with *beta* rays or electrons), Moseley, an Englishman twenty-six years old, working in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge just before the outbreak of the War, showed how the atomic number for every known

element can be calculated. If the atomic number of hydrogen, the lightest element, be called one, that of helium, the lightest but one, is shown by calculation to be 2, the next, lithium 3, and so on (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc.), until the heaviest element, uranium, is reached, which has an atomic number of 92. That such "a flight of stairs with perfectly definite, even treads" is obtained, makes it evident that Moseley's discovery touches the very root of ultimate reality in the material world.

Moseley, with probably one or two other budding Einsteins or Rutherfords, was killed in the Great War. "Had the European War had no other result than the snuffing out of this young life," writes Professor Millikan, "that alone would make it the most hideous and most irreparable crime in history."

At about the same time when Moseley was engaged on his atomic numbers, Niels Bohr, a young Dane, who was working in Rutherford's laboratory, took up the latter's theory of the structure of the atom and has since extended it a great deal, showing, among other things, that the characteristic spectra yielded by elements (upon which is based the whole science of spectrum analysis) is related to different stable orbits around the nucleus of the atom. But his theory in its complexity rivals Einstein's, and we must at present leave it here.

And so our journey comes to an end —for the time being. Our inn is the electron. The Rutherfords, the Millikans, the Astons, the Bohrs, are recuperating there. They and their disciples will take up the trail again. It may lead to the discovery that the very electron is no less a miniature solar system than is the atom itself. Why not? Why a limit to any number, whether large or small? asks the reflective mind. Why suppose that either this age, or the next, or any age will ever reach finality in any one direction? So we play with Einstein and his fourth dimension, already figuring that there may be a fifth and sixth. And so we play with Rutherford and his electron, ready to bounce upon Mr. X, the parent of all the electrons. What a game for the mind! What an uplift for the soul! How utterly incomprehensible that the creature of God who dives into the atom and brings to the surface divine specks of beauty and truth is the same creature who dives into hell and brings about the Great War!

Blessing for a Spring

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SWEET spring, because your waters cold and clear
Refresh an upward-striving mountaineer,
May all the clouds bequeath you rain and snow
That never drought may parch your bubbling flow;
May no rough wind nor vandal ax invade
The sacred woods that give you peace and shade,
But still to you, from bowered cliff and shaw,
May gentle creatures come on wing and paw,
And heart-shaped hoofprints mark your mossy brink
To tell where doe and fawn have stooped to drink;
And may your mirror, pure as beryls are,
At nightfall ever hold your dearest star!

Bare Souls. IV: John Keats

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THOUGH Keats burned his life out at twenty-five, consumed by the passion for creating great poetry, he was no visionary, no cracked-brained dreamer but a sane, sound, normal human being, as Shakespeare was. Until tuberculosis extinguished him in his Roman exile, under the care of the devoted Severn, in 1821, he had knocked around the London and the England of the early nineteenth century, had met men and women, had studied medicine, though his natural sensibility made it difficult for him to practice it, had seen life and faced it and enjoyed it. He had indeed the Shakespearean zest for life, quite independent of literature, and was human enough himself to enter into all the humanity of others. And he was ready to endure life as well as to enjoy it: "The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well, it cannot be helped: he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit.'" He had the pleasure—or the discipline—of trying the resources of his spirit enormously, and he knew the significance of the words he put into the mouth of his old Titan:

> Oh, folly! For to bear all naked ills,
> And to envisage circumstance all calm,
> That is the top of sovereignty.

EVEN IN YOUTH THE GRAVE BROW AND THE PENETRATING EYES HAVE INFINITE NOBLENESS

Joseph Severn's Charcoal Sketch of Keats

Much of this broad human dignity, this calm self-possession, may surely be read in Keats's face. Even in youth the grave brow and the penetrating eyes have infinite nobleness.

Let us follow this daily, sunlit humanity of Keats in some of the more ordinary phases and common interests of life. Before his illness overcame him it is clear that he had a good share in all natural simple sports and activities. He liked to ramble in the country on long walks and walking journeys, with an eye out always for the amusing vagaries of men and women. He liked boating. He could play cards on occasion, or dance with real pleasure, as shown in his comment on another: "Rice said he cared less about the hour than anyone, and the proof is his dancing—he cares

not for time, dancing as if he were deaf." Also he could fight when necessary, as appears from his thrashing a butcher's boy who was acting the bully.

Nor was this high-strung sensitive poet by any means above the more sensuous pleasures of humanity. He liked good eating, and said so with the utmost frankness. Partridge appealed to him, as it does to the more prosaic. And he liked the food washed down with good liquor. Even the grosser forms were not rejected. Whisky? There is something to be said for whisky. But claret was his special delight, and he refers to it repeatedly: "For really 'tis so fine—it fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness—then goes down cool and feverless —and then you do not feel it quarreling with your liver—no, it is rather a peacemaker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape."

Before tuberculosis struck him he seems to have had health sufficient to meet all reasonable demands upon it. No doubt his demands were not always reasonable, and the carelessness of youth hastened and accentuated the inevitable end. The importance of health, what it meant, how absolutely necessary it was for achieving the great things he aimed at, he understood as well as anyone. "Nothing is so bad as want of health—it makes one envy scavengers and cinder-sifters," he cried when he had lost it. But he did not need to lose it to appreciate it. He advises others most judiciously as to the care of it, and he sighs over the sense of what its fullness and perfection would do for him: "I think if I had a free and healthy and lasting organization of heart, and lungs as strong as an ox's, so as to be able to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation without weariness, I could pass my life very nearly alone, though it should last eighty years."

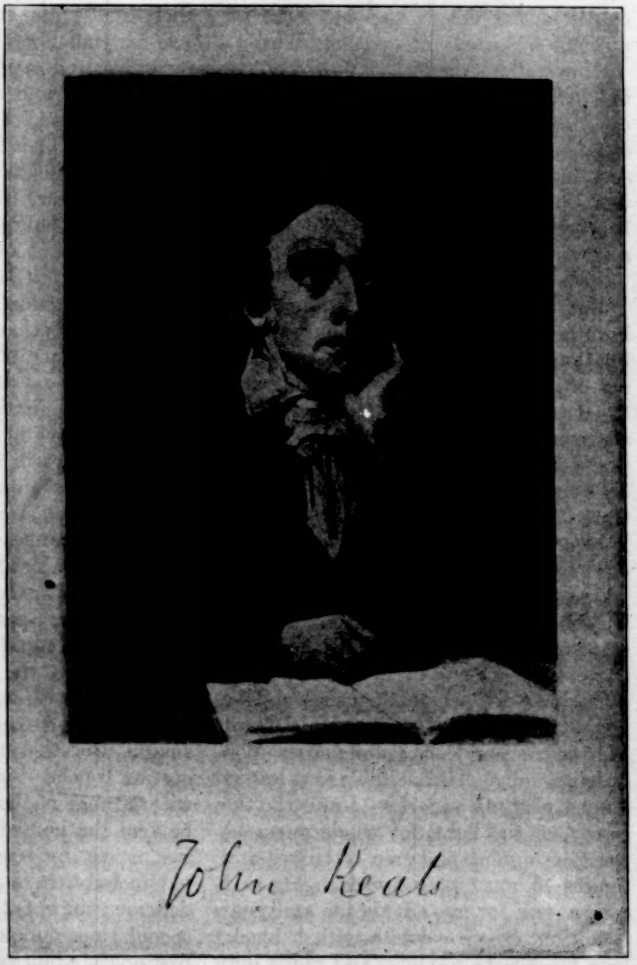
In the most practical and necessary of all life's concerns, if not the most interesting or inviting—money and business—Keats does not appear to have been wholly shrewd or successful. With his tastes and tendencies there was a constant temptation to spend and, as he was situated, there was little for spending. He expresses an indifference and disregard to money which is noble and admirable: "It may be a proud sentence; but by Heaven I am as entirely above all matters of interest as the sun is above the earth." Unfortunately one cannot live wholly without it, however. There were bills to be paid which were most pressing and most annoying. Also there was the constant importunity and need of friends, and it is notable how greatly Keats was involved in supplying these, how the impecunious seemed to turn to him and how much of his financial distress was connected with the effort to take care of them. But it should be appreciated that, whether he spent or whether he lent or whether he borrowed, he was scrupulous and conscientious, knew his obligations and tried to fulfill them, and wished others to understand that it was so. He writes to his publishers: "I am sure you are confident of my responsibility, and in the sense of squareness that is always in me." We could not ask a poet, or a man of business, to be more practical than that.

These financial relations show how intimately Keat's life was bound up with that of others, and it is impossible not to feel that in his general human dealings he was as fundamentally sane and normal as in other respects. To be sure he was always busy, intensely preoccupied with great hopes that life was not long enough to realize, and the little distractions that humanity carries with it were sometimes vexatious. A houseful of children may be charming but is not conducive to work: "The servant has come for the little Browns this morning —they have been a toothache to me which I shall enjoy the riddance of— Their little voices are like wasps' stings. Sometimes am I all wound with Browns." Moreover, like most self-conscious persons he was shy and diffident, immensely aware of his own self in any social gather-

ing and inclined to exaggerate the importance of that self to others, who probably thought little about it: "Think of my pleasure in solitude in comparison of my commerce with the world—there I am a child. . . . Some think me middling, others silly, others foolish—every one thinks he sees my weak side against my will, when in truth it is with my will." Possibly the analysis was not correct: it certainly cannot have been helpful to freedom of intercourse.

Yet this man, whose work was to be built upon the passions of men, liked to see them, to converse with them, to get close to them and feel the intimate warmth of humanity. He likes to watch a busy crowd and trace the interplay of motives and petty vanities, as in his vivid description of the life behind the scenes of a theater. He likes to meet notable individuals, such as Wordsworth and Coleridge, and renders the strange medley of the latter's talk with shrewd appreciation. And he likes to mingle in gay company just for the pure amusement of it, to take jests and to make them. He likes a mad burst of frolic that sweeps carelessly into the small hours of the morning, likes to shake off restraint and go free and forget. He has a relish for pure nonsense, fills his letters with a riotous fun which is often youthful and crude and ill-digested, has not reached the delicacy and fineness of Lamb. But it must have made him very charming company when he felt thoroughly at home and forgot himself. The elements of a full and rich social life were about him somewhere.

As for closer friendship and affection, the warmth and humanity of his nature perhaps show in these most of all. He



KEATS AT TWENTY-THREE

From an engraving after the portrait in oils painted by Joseph Severn in 1818

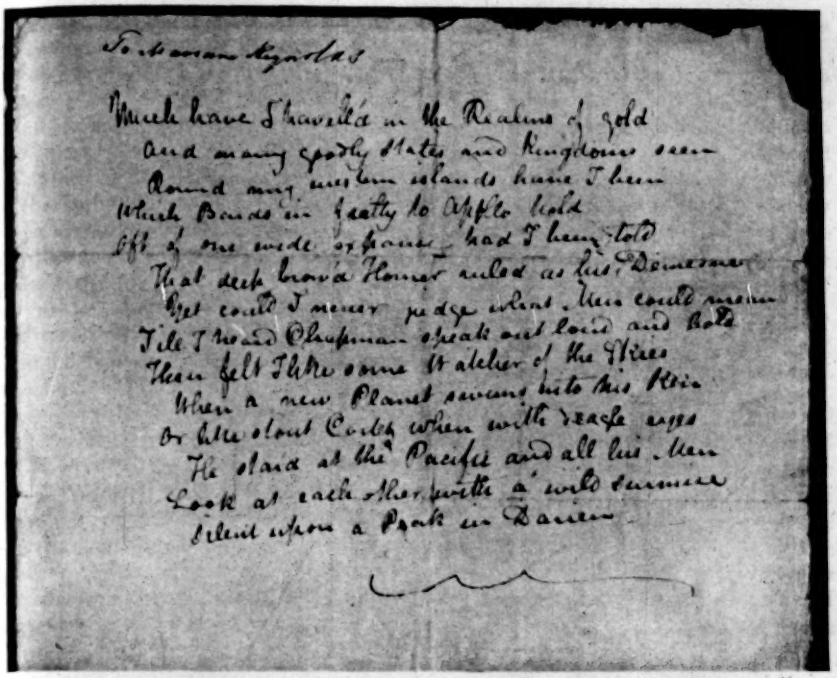
not only lent his friends money, he gave them tenderness and thoughtfulness and advice which was always well meant and intelligent and sometimes useful and profitable. He seems to have had an earnest interest in patching up their quarrels. Apparently he was not a quarreler himself, took too large a view of life and human nature. But his friends spatted and fought and abused and accused each other. And again and again he set himself to apply that practical common sense which he had so abundantly and which is the best cure for quarrels by simply dissipating them.

Above all his tenderness flowed out to his own family. His father and mother died in his youth, but his brothers and sister and sister-in-law were objects of constant and peculiar regard, and the devotion with which he nursed the brother who died was equal to that afterward shown by Severn to himself.

But what is most striking about this born poet in all these daily matters and relations of life is the richness and splendor of imagination with which he transfused and interpenetrated even the commonest things. All readers of his poetry are familiar with this quality and his poetry would amply suffice to illustrate it. But his letters are at once less known and more personal, and the glow of imagination touches them everywhere as it does the poems. Often in the middle of a letter he bursts right into verse. Or he brings in his memories of Shakespeare and other poets, till it is difficult to tell where they end and he begins. He himself marks this element of his correspondence and enlarges upon it delightfully: "If I scribble long letters I must play my vagaries—I must be too heavy, or too light, for whole pages—I must be quaint and free of tropes and figures—I must play my draughts as I please, and for my advantage and your erudition, crown a white with a black, or a black with a white, and move into black or white, far and near as I please." In no other letter-writer except Flaubert is this play, this wonderful flash and glory of imagination at once so abundant and so spontaneous.

Even in the comparatively prosaic concerns which we have hitherto been dealing with—sport, health, money, eating and drinking—the imagination finds ample chance to spread its glorifying color. Take the most humdrum of all—money, and see how at once imagination sets to work on it, transfiguring currency into a strange figment of fantastic purport and illimitable suggestion: "I am extremely indebted to you for your liberality in the shape of a manufactured rag, value £20, and shall immediately proceed to destroy some of the minor heads of that hydra the dun; to conquer which the knight need have no sword, shield, cuirass, cuisses, herbadgeon, spear, casque, greaves, paldrons, spurs, chevron, or any other scaly commodity, but he need only take the bank-note of faith and cash of salvation, and set out against the monster." Even so the Elizabethan fancy played with the dull surface of life and made gold of it.

And if imagination can so trifle with familiar matter of to-day, it is easy to see how wide will be its range in larger concerns that appeal to it more naturally. The plastic arts were not much within the range of Keats's study or competence. Yet here also it is evident that his æsthetic sensibility reacted with singular passionate ardor, and imagination could hardly play more richly than it did about his "Grecian Urn." So with music. His technical knowledge and experience were no doubt small. But the instant a musical suggestion touches him, it gets interwoven with a range of thought and feeling far beyond the immediate present: "Have you never, by being surprised with an old melody, in a delicious place by a delicious voice, *felt* over again your very speculations and surmises at the time it first operated on your soul?" And from this imaginative point of view was ever anything better said than,



HE FOURS OUT HIS RAPTURE OVER FAVORITE AUTHORS, AS IN THE CHAPMAN SONNET

The original manuscript of "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Keats later changed the seventh line to read "Yet did I never breathe its pure serene"

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter?

When it comes to the realm of external nature, where no technical training is needed but simply eyes and ears and emotions, the exuberance of Keats's imaginative activity is unbounded. Of all the great qualities of his poetry this is perhaps the greatest. It works through the chaotic luxuriance of "Endymion," as in the concentrated beauty of the great Odes and Sonnets. The "Autumn," the "Nightingale," the "Grecian Urn," contain the finest rendering of Nature in the English language. From "fast-fading violets" to "earnest stars" there are few natural objects that are not transfigured and transported into the realm of imperishable beauty.

But here again the letters afford a more personal and intimate phase of the same passionate familiarity and rapture. Sometimes it is a broad and almost comic handling of more superficial aspects, say a trip through Devonshire blighted and thwarted by perpetual rain. The weather is played with, tossed about and tumbled, made to yield infinite suggestions of riotous and complex merriment, all the time with a background of light and shade and color and possible ecstasy. Sometimes natural objects are converted with Shakespearean alchemy into their human spiritual equivalent. Or again there is a flare of splendor when the whole universe is laid under contribution to appease our mortal wretchedness: "In truth, the great elements we know of, are no mean comforters: the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown—the air is our robe of state—the earth is our throne, and the

sea a mighty minstrel playing before it —able, like David's harp, to make such a one as you forget almost the tempest cares of life." Finally there is the complete loss of self in the natural world, the effacement of this tormented, questioning, haunting, discontented individuality in the vaster movements or even in the petty trifles of the life outside. As it is put more grandly in "Hyperion,"

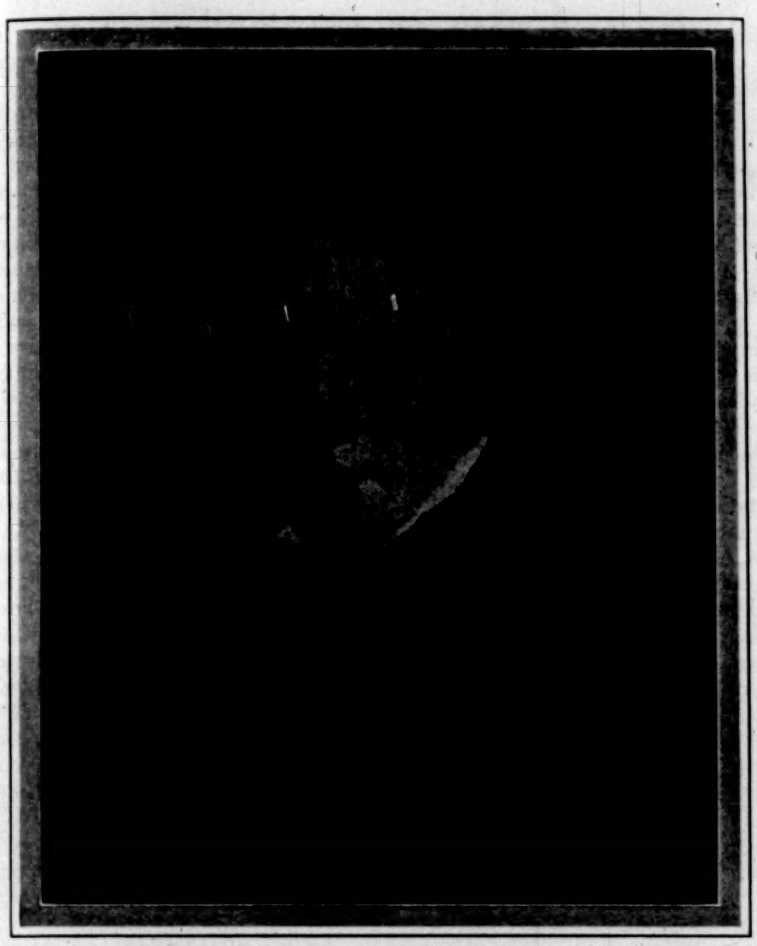
> I am but a voice;
> My life is but the life of winds and tides,
> No more than winds and tides can I avail.

Or, with the lightest simple touch in the letters: "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour: nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel."

When Keats touches books, reading—especially poetry—there is the same transfiguration as with natural objects. The passionate enthusiasm of the reader colors and glorifies everything that is read, for with such a temperament, naturally little is read that is not susceptible of color and glory. Let others meddle with science and statistics. Perhaps if we chose we could make our way here too. But with all the splendor of past genius before us, why should we choose matters of such a dull and plodding bent? Poetry? What is life without it? "I find I cannot exist without poetry, without eternal poetry: half the day will not do, the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan." And he indulges in wild, rich, wandering speculations as to the eternal nature of beauty. Again, he pours out his rapture over favorite authors, as in the Chapman sonnet or that written before rereading "King Lear."

In the more practical prosaic aspects of general human affairs it was hardly to be expected that this ideal temper should take a great interest, especially in its early twenties. Keats lived in more or less intimate literary association with Hunt and his radical group, and the prejudice against them perhaps extended itself to him, even coloring the critical reviews of his work. But nothing could be more unjust. He was radical in the sense that he went to the roots of things. But he was far indeed from any disposition to active interference with the conduct of public matters. In politics as in everything else it was the imaginative aspect that touched him, and his idea of democracy is not quite that of the average social reformer: "Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor, and thus by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal every human being might become great, and humanity instead of being a wide heath of furze and briars, with here and there a remote oak or pine, would become a grand democracy of forest trees."

Toward the still larger, deeper spiritual concerns of life and death Keats's attitude is much the same, but more intense. The eager petulance and irreverence of youth affected him as it has others. Yet this mood was temporary and never touched him deeply. He was no more essentially destructive in speculative thought than he was in politics. More and more his mind played constructively and creatively around the great problems. But what is large and fine about him is his distaste for dogmatic conclusions in speculative matters. Like Flaubert in this as in so many other points, he felt that life and beauty were too rich and vital to be netted, tangled, strangled in theories or systems. Always to be thinking, to be feeling, to be reaching out, grasping for more truth, more splendor—that was the ideal. Especially, one should not argue for the sake of arguing: "I shall never be a reasoner, because I care not to be in the right, when retired from bickering and in a proper philosophical temper." And with abstract thought as with concrete



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From the portrait painted by William Edward West in 1822, and now owned by Dr. and Mrs. John Dunn, of Richmond, Virginia, with whose permission it is here reproduced.

experience, what counts most and is most original is the glory of the imaginative garment, which not only adorns but illuminates and stimulates.

When the imagination is so significant, so dominating an element of mental make-up, it is inevitably much concerned with itself, and this was characteristic of Keats from an early period. He dwelt upon the imaginative power, analyzed it, dissected it with extraordinary subtlety and insight, not merely as a distinguishing gift of his own, but in its essential nature. The remarkable page of the letter to Woodhouse of October, 1818, should be read entire to appreciate how close and passionate this analysis was: "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity—he is continually in, for, and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are

creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity: he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures."

Again, such an imagination would not be content with merely analyzing itself; it would be restlessly, eternally eager to project itself in some definite achievement of creative beauty. With Keats the eagerness was so constant, so intense that it became interwoven with almost all his waking and sleeping thought. To create beauty, to pour out unlimited splendor that would stir the world and live, this idea took possession of him in childhood and never left him.

No doubt the element of success, of reputation, of popularity entered in. Like most great writers Keats had his times of disclaiming this. The mere unthinking applause of the mob irritated him: its acceptance of momentary fashions, its utter inability to distinguish the true and permanent from the merely glittering that must shortly disappear. He speaks of "the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits." Yet after all there is something in leaving "great verse unto a little clan," something in being "rich in the simple worship of a day." And it is with a fine, high, confident security that he declares: "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death."

At any rate, whether one cared for fame or not, one could labor to deserve it, to do things that men ought to admire if they admired at all. Not that Keats was one of the writers who proceed mechanically, doing set tasks at stated hours, so many lines and so many pages whether the spirit responds or not. On the contrary there were times when the impulse swept down upon him, took possession of him; when great ideas and rich utterances poured through him like a torrent and he had to strive with them or die. There were other hours of large, contented indolence when he asked nothing but to absorb, without even the definite consciousness of doing that. He was splendidly capable of fruitful idleness.

Nor again did he toil with the endless, scrupulous patience of a Flaubert to make every line and every word impossibly perfect. He felt that, with genius of his type at any rate, such minute toil would imperil spontaneity, that the bent and the impulse must be taken as they came, with a serene confidence in the compelling deity and an assurance that out of comparative imperfection a higher perfection would in the end appear. How admirable is the well-known letter to Hessey, written after the severe criticism of "Endymion": "J. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod 'Endymion.' That it is so is no fault of mine. No! Though it may sound a little paradoxical. It is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble: I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment* hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself."

Yet for all the whim and mood and possible waywardness, no poet ever took his vocation more loftily or seriously, none ever felt more fully that work which the world will revere must be done in a spirit that the world can hardly understand. How noble, how pregnant, and how humble also is the advice to Shelley, whose methods were certainly far more erratic than those of Keats: "You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore. The thought of such discipline must fall like cold chains upon you, who perhaps never

sat with your wings furled for six months together. And is not this extraordinary talk for the writer of 'Endymion,' whose mind was like a pack of scattered cards? I am picked up and sorted to a pip."

Yet whether the work was carefully done or carelessly, there were plenty of difficulties about the doing of it. There were external difficulties such as every literary man is too familiar with—the interruptions, often well-intentioned and not unwelcome, but disturbing to the full flow of inspiration; the necessary calls of business; the thousand little distractions, petty in themselves but irritating as the buzz of flies against a dusty windowpane, if your attention gets fixed on them. As Keats himself puts it, "I carry all matters to an extreme; so that when I have any little vexation, it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles." It does not really appear that the poet was unduly susceptible to these things. His work was done in all sorts of places and under conditions that cannot always have been propitious. Yet he does at times complain that concentration was impossible: "In the way I am at present situated I have too many interruptions to a train of feeling to be able to write poetry."

Again there were the external annoyances connected with literature itself, the brutality and stupidity of criticism. It was long ago recognized that any theory that Keats's death was caused by the attacks of *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly Review* is quite fantastic. The abuse of him had a large political element behind it, as he was no doubt well aware; there was plenty of praise as well as much abuse, and Keats's own temper was too manly to be ruinously or permanently affected by such wasp-stings. Still they do fret and tease, and the repetition of them keeps one's mind on reviews and reviewers when it ought

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME

The Spanish Stairs leading to Santa Trinità da Monte. The house in which Keats died is the one on the right marked by the tablet. This is now the site of the Keats-Shelley Memorial

to be fixed on the production of work which no review could overthrow.

What gives these vexatious critics their power is that so much of oneself fights on their side. When one is clear in aim, confident in ability, secure in achievement they may do their worst and one smiles at them. The trouble is the doubt in one's own heart that is worse than any critic. Keats was neither more diffident nor more hopeful than others; but he had his moments of despair in early days, and they kept returning to the end—despair because, after all, art was so great, the goal so high, life so short, and one's best efforts and one's best gifts so lamentably inadequate.

Yet the ardor was there—the mighty, divine, persistent ardor which would not allow difficulties of any kind to get the better of it—ever. Make these things trivial, as they really are; wash and brush them off your spirit, as you brush dust off your garments, and set to work oblivious of them. Then when the work gets into its splendor of spontaneous movement, you forget difficulties altogether. Intruding friends and enemies both vanish into the vague limbo of indifference, and nothing exists but that tardy pen, which cannot with all its endeavor keep up with the rush of mighty thoughts and crowding fancies. "I have written this that you might see I have my share of the highest pleasure, and that though I may choose to pass my days alone, I shall be no solitary. . . . The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is any doubt about my powers for poetry: I seldom have any, and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none. I am as happy as a man can be . . . with the yearning passion I have for the beautiful, connected and made one with the ambition of my intellect."

Here was the key of it all. Glory was very well, success was very well. But the one thing in life that counted was to create beauty, for one's own perpetual delight and that of others. If Keats had died at seventy-five instead of twenty-five, it may be that beauty would have seemed to him a less attainable, perhaps, alas, even a less adorable matter. Or he might have grown more secure in his worship as the years went on: there are a blessed few who do so. But in his life as it was, beauty was supreme from the first utterance of "Endymion," so hackneyed all over the world,

> A thing of beauty is a joy forever,

to the proud conclusion of the "Grecian Urn,"

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty: that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

As he summed it up at the beginning of his career, and kept it before him to the end: "I know no one but you who can be fully sensible of the turmoil and anxiety, the sacrifice of all what is called comfort, the readiness to measure time by what is done and to die in six hours, could plans be brought to conclusions—the looking upon the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, and its contents as materials to form greater things—that is to say, ethereal things—but here I am talking like a madman,—greater things than our Creator himself made."

But there was one spiritual element, one interruption if you like, that broke in upon this highly-concentrated career and wrecked and shattered it—and that was love. In the early days women appear to have been to Keats like flowers and pictures. At times their tongues afflicted him. When they are sweet and gay and simple he likes to while away an hour with them; but he fancies that they do not like his poetry, and fancies also that he understands the reason: "There is a tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats,—they never see themselves dominant." In general he does not find himself at ease in their society: "When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen, I cannot speak, or be silent,

I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing, I am in a hurry to be gone."

As to love, before the full tempest struck him he was uncertain and mistrustful. Marriage might be very well for others, even one's brothers—commendable, necessary. Children—that is, nephews and nieces, might be interesting, might be objects of affection. But for oneself it was a more doubtful matter. There was work to be done—great work, absorbing work, and it was a question whether it could be done as well amid the agitations of passion and domesticity. A fair woman might be a delight to watch and study. When he meets one such, he lets his imagination play about her in a rapture which might easily be taken for personal ecstasy. Not so. She is an exquisite work of art, a dream to be enjoyed and then forgotten. And in general this love is to be avoided: it is disturbing and dangerous. No: I will rebel, resist, keep away altogether: "Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry. . . . Instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home. The roaring of the wind is my wife and the stars through the windowpane are my children. . . . These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in."

Then Fanny Brawne appeared, and with a gradual, irresistible encroachment she absorbed his whole life. It is of course quite useless to look at the girl herself for any explanation of Keats's rapture. These things come from within, not from without, and are always inexplicable. Fanny appears to have been well enough, but there is no evidence that she was an astounding beauty or that the world was mad about her. Explain it as you will, the chief sentence that she has left us in regard to her lover will always take care of her with posterity: "The kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him." A human being does not often have a chance to damn himself more completely than that. But to Keats she became at once the incarnation of the ideal, as they all do, and because the ideal was so high, the incarnation was all the more enthralling. The absolute absorption of the whole thing shows in his earliest letters to her and continues to the end: "Ask yourself, my love, whether you are not very cruel to have so entrammeled me, so destroyed my freedom. Will you confess this in the letter you must write immediately and do all you can to console me in it? Make it rich as a draught of poppies to intoxicate me. Write the softest words and kiss them, that I may at least touch my lips where your lips have been."

Then the ruinous illness came and made it impossible for the engagement to ripen into marriage. For a long time hope dangled vainly before the lover's dying eyes. He would get better, he would enjoy her and life and poetry. There is no evidence that she was remiss in attention or unresponsive in tenderness. There was even talk of her marrying him and going to Italy to take care of him. But it was manifestly impossible, and he went off alone, carrying her image with him everywhere, with a fierce poignancy of intrusion which made his last hours burn with incomparable torture: "Oh, God! God! God! Every thing I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my traveling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me for a moment."

The letters to Fanny Brawne have sometimes been regarded as unworthy of Keats, and it has been urged that they should never have been published. To me this is quite incomprehensible. Keats's passion is as much a part of him

as his genius. He was thoroughly human, his passion was thoroughly human, and the force with which it seized him was too thoroughly human to be in any way degrading. The agonies of fantastic jealousy, the torments and longings of absence and despair—who that has really loved will misinterpret them or feel that they disfigure genius or disgrace it?

It is true that in Keats's case they destroyed his genius by destroying him. It has been urged often enough that he was killed neither by criticism nor by love, but by tuberculosis. No doubt both inherited predisposition and undue exposure hastened his end. But who can question that his body was burned up by his soul? If he had been content to live a fat, easy, Philistine life, taking the sweet of the world indolently as it came to him, tuberculosis might well enough have let him alone. A man with such a physique cannot live always in such a world of high ecstasy as he did and not suffer for it. The devouring ardor and rapture of poetic creation strain the nerves enough. When you add to them such a passion as Keats cherished for Fanny Brawne, you are giving too much encouragement to tuberculosis or anything else.

Love and glory killed him. The loss to the world has often been harped upon. Yet perhaps it was better to have left only those odes and sonnets and "Hyperion" than to have piled volume upon volume which no one would have time to read. As for himself, who can deplore his fate? He went believing in the endless possibility of love, the endless possibility of beauty, without finding as so many do that love satiates and beauty fades. It is true that he was less sure of his future fame; but would he have been more sure at eighty? Who ever is? And the thought of what he lost is less than of what he escaped.

That little remote grave in Rome is infinitely peaceful. The resting place of Shelley, further within the consecrated precincts, is somewhat dim and gloomy under the cold cypresses. But where Keats lies it is all sunshine: roses trail over it and violets linger. Surely those who have known most of his ardor, most of his aspiration, most of his hope, as they stand beside that tranquil corner cannot but sympathize with the words of a later poet:

> And then we only ask some green retreat,
> Some deep, sequestered nook by hill or shore,
> Where fame may never tempt our weary feet
> To wander more.
>
> A little resting-place, a quiet grave,
> A sunny plot with violets overstrewn:
> No richer guerdon glory ever gave,
> No sweeter boon.

THE LION'S MOUTH

JIM LEE TAKES THE OATH

BY CHARLES MERZ

IT is against the code to naturalize an alien Oriental. But Centerville found a way of settling that. Jim Lee came to his own with a McKinley button.

There was a little shop on Market Street where Jim Lee ran a Chinese laundry. You opened the door and crowded past a wicker basket. A sheaf of enigmatic Chinese letters fluttered on pink strips. Jim Lee would be standing there behind the counter. His face defied the seasons. Impossible to guess what he was thinking. Impossible to tell how old he was. One customer guessed seventeen. Another thought that sixty-six would be more likely.

People liked Jim Lee. His quiet mask was interesting. He had lived in Centerville four years and suffered little loss in novelty. He would always look the same, the town was sure, no matter what might come to pass inside him. He wore no cue. His hair was barbered in the style affected by his patrons. Nor was there anything in his choice of clothes that marked him as an Oriental. He liked what Centerville regarded as the latest thing, and seemed, when he left his shop, to want to merge himself with everybody else on Market Street. Work kept him fairly well employed. Most of the town's washing, to be sure, was done by industrious wives in cellar laundries; but there were single men who found Jim Lee a useful institution. His work was clean, it was prompt, it was inexpensive. His best friends were men who brought their shirts and collars to him. They would ask him where he left his pigtail, and what he thought about Mah Jong, and how he got along without chop suey. He liked these customers; and however little of their wit he understood, he liked their friendly banter.

For the rest Jim Lee had little except work to keep him entertained. He had no fellow-countrymen in town. He ironed shirts—sent home the major portion of his earnings—and indulged himself in a stately walk on Sunday afternoons. Men like Myron Daw, who edited the *Star*, were sometimes heard to speak his praise. No better citizen on Market Street, said Myron; he believed the fellow would like to call himself a native if he could, and settle down in this new land. One word that Jim had learned somewhere was "citizen." Sometimes he got his dates mixed. But a good patriot just the same. Myron had seen him hanging up a flag one Christmas evening.

Willis Bender had the same opinion; but there were other neighbors not so sure. It couldn't be forgotten that as an Oriental Jim had no religion. Ned Frye declared he worshiped sticks and stones. Arthur Crosby said he worshiped Brahma. They argued it. Aunt Polly Stearns declared it made no difference which was right—and on one occasion slipped a catechism into the pocket of her brother's coat when he sent his new pajamas to the laundry.

There came a night when it fell to Jim Lee's lot to play the hero modestly. In the office of the *Star*, a half block up the street, two wires crossed; and with the building empty, a red torch of burning casement lit one wall. Jim Lee had a glimpse of it from the doorway of his laundry—hurried to the scene and broke

a window—beat the flame out with a broom.

Myron Daw was on the spot almost as soon as the news reached him. The office was a timber building; it would have gone like kindling, he declared. He owed Jim Lee eternal thanks. What could he do to show he really meant it?

Jim Lee's English wasn't up to the occasion. Good as it was in the matter of starch and soaps and laundryware, it failed before the test of conflagrations. He understood enough, however, to realize that this kindly neighbor had offered him a chance to claim reward; and willing to accept that chance in the best of faith, he declared nothing would suit him better than for Mr. Daw to make him a citizen of the country, so that he could wear a flag in his buttonhole on Fourth of July and Arbor Day, and not have people stare at him when he took a walk on Sunday afternoons.

Myron Daw, having expected something in the way of a request for a suit of clothes or a perpetual contract for his laundry, found this sudden summons disconcerting. He suggested, as an alternative, a flat-iron operated by electric current—and acted out a pantomime with imaginary collars on an ironing-board to indicate the gift he had in mind.

Jim Lee shook his head politely. Possibly he had misinterpreted this tableau. But he clung to the one important word he knew in the association, and repeated that he hoped to wear a flag and vote.

There was a law, said Myron Daw, which forbade such things. Chinese, like Japanese, could not be naturalized. Didn't Jim know that?

Jim Lee knew about the law. But men of the omnipotence of Myron Daw, he suggested, had been known to have laws set aside upon occasion. All this, of course, in simpler terms—and with appropriate gestures.

Jim Lee had no doubts. But Myron Daw was forced to shake his head. Still, it seemed poor courtesy to reject without so much as second thought the first boon claimed by the savior of an uninsured frame building; and so he put off until morning what would be easier to say by light of day.

But Jim Lee was waiting for him in the morning; and before Myron Daw had a chance to press again the claims of the electric iron, Jim told him, in laundry English ill-adapted to the tale, but breathlessly, the way he had come to cherish this idea of adoption.

There were moving pictures in Shanghai. He had caught his first glimpse of America upon the screen. A wondrous land—where everyone was rich and free and nobody had to pull a rickshaw, since everybody rode around on horseback. Of the slow progress of his pilgrimage he had little to relate. But there he was. And while America might not be the same exciting land that danced across the motion-picture screen in Shanghai, for all that it remained a noble nation. He had his goal. In one direction lay security and rich content.

The influential Mr. Daw would see him made a citizen.

It was Myron Daw's opinion that foreigners are a nuisance generally, and the Chinese in particular; but he was aware that he might be dealing here with a dream as well worth having as the next man's; and he was inclined to think that from the ritual of "being made a citizen" this quiet friend so skillful with the iron expected to derive a peace of mind quite out of all proportion to its just desserts.

That was Myron's guess. And it may have been the reason why he let himself be jockeyed by his own good humor into the impossible position of telling Jim he'd see what could be done to waive the law. Impossible—because Myron Daw discovered that this friend of his was not to be put off ultimately with a second choice. So hopefully did Jim Lee wait for news which wasn't on its way that Myron Daw chose shortly to avoid the laundry and enticed his sister into washing shirts at home. It

did him little good. His sister scorched the only shirt with sleeves which reached his wrists; and Jim Lee, meantime, began to dog his footsteps to the office. He was not presuming. He never came inside to interrupt the day's routine. But he would wait outside an hour for a chance to tip his hat. He would smile. ("But then," thought Myron Daw, "the beggar's *always* smiling.") He would look expectantly for some fresh bit of information—watch Myron Daw go past—then fall astern and trail his patron to the corner: to come and wait again to-morrow.

The lonely vigil got on Myron's nerves. He asked his sister what she thought. She told him he was mad. "Never heard of such a thing!" she hooted. "Afraid to tell a Chinaman you can't change the law for him. Why, Myron Daw, you're loony!"

Myron Daw admitted it. "But then," he said, "you don't know the way he looks at you. So sort of trustful. Oh, well, I'll tell him in the morning. Might as well just stop this thing. But you've seen him, Molly, haven't you? Comes and waits outside the door. Sometimes when it's raining. You don't see how I feel about it."

But Myron Daw had another friend who saw. That was Simon Hodge, the doctor. Simon said, "Don't do it."

"Got to."

"Why?"

"What else?"

"Well, I don't know," said Simon Hodge. "You say he's none too strong on English?"

"Hardly knows a word of it except the laundry business."

"Um-m . . . Well, there are lots of ways to take an oath."

"By George!" said Myron Daw. "Who would have thought it of an honest doctor?"

Jim Lee had come to the office of the *Star* in the flower of his wardrobe. His suit was pressed; his oxfords glowed a ruddy yellow; his tie was an embroidered madras brighter than the five-striped flag of China. He sat in a chair at one of Myron Daw's low windows and in his long, thin fingers held a brown fedora on his knees.

Across the room, with elbows on a case of headline type, the doctor made a silent witness of the spectacle. Myron Daw was sitting in his armchair—reading in a clear, firm voice. A dusty book lay on the desk, with pages open. Jim Lee caught one short word in every twenty.

"A truly magnificent specimen of vigorous growth," read Myron Daw, "is the Lady Ursula, with flowers large and synchronic, petals gracefully clustered; in dozens or in larger lots; delicately scented."

He stopped, and over the lenses of his spectacles looked sternly at Jim Lee; then turned the page and read again.

"No estate, however small, is complete without the decorative contribution of the dahlia. An early bloomer is the species we have christened Glory of the Argonne."

Against the racks of coal-black type the doctor shifted his position. The ceremony had continued for some ten or fifteen minutes. "Don't you think," he asked, "that we have got far enough along for Mr. Lee to take the oath? If you can't find anything with longer words, I anticipate a disillusionment."

"Perhaps you're right," said Myron Daw. He turned to the quiet Chinaman. "Mr. Lee, I will say that for the present we've not been able to secure you permission to enter a voting booth. On election days Doctor Hodge or I will come personally for your ballot. You don't understand what I'm saying; but you will if you should ever want to vote. You will come now, if you please, and stand beside me."

Jim Lee caught "come," and crossed the room to his benefactor.

"You will raise your right hand, Mr. Lee."

The doctor translated this to action.

"You will repeat after me—as best

you can," said Myron Daw, "the words I am now about to read you:

"'Requires no pruning—our barberry—fastest growing plant—in cultivation.'"

With some help from the doctor, Jim contrived it. Myron Daw produced a button for his coat-lapel. They shook his hand. The smile never changed, but Jim Lee's eyes were shining when he left them.

"Say, Myron," said the doctor, "read that again about the barberry, will you? My wife's been asking for something to cover up the kitchen shed."

Months ago this happened. Jim Lee is once more presiding over the shirts and cuffs of Myron Daw. If you should go into the laundry on Market Street to-morrow you would find that though he works in a tattered sweater, a bright red-white-and-blue button is pinned firmly to the cloth above his breast-bone. It bears a blazing shield and two stern portraits:

"For President, William McKinley of Ohio—for Vice President, Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey."

THE LAWN MOWER

BY A. T. HUGG

LAST autumn my good old lawn mower passed on to a well-earned rest and early this spring I went down to purchase a new one. Eventually I did so.

It was a "wonderful little job," as our automobile friends are wont to say, "mechanically correct and designed to appeal to people of distinction." It had a rather long wheel base, underslung chassis, roller-bearing rear axle, and all the other improvements of the late 1923 models, and its coloring was irreproachable. Its delicate canary-yellow steering post drew the eye downward to the turkey-red wheels with their dainty Alice-blue striping, the whole producing "a brilliant harmony of color" against the neutral background of green.

I was careful to point out this advantage to my wife as an argument for leaving it under a tree or leaning it against the summerhouse instead of putting it away out of sight. Properly parked in an appropriate setting it balanced the gorgeous coloring of the roses and hydrangeas in a manner which made it an ornament to any dooryard.

And such ease of operation—such power—such flexibility! It responds instantly to the slightest desire. Its speed seems adjusted automatically to every whim. The gentlest touch sends it rolling lightly forward with the low hum of perfectly adjusted gears: before it the nodding clover blossoms; behind, the evenly clipped greensward and the scent of new-mown hay.

To follow this beautiful vehicle and by delicate pressure of the fingers direct its course among the flower beds is to pay court to Summer in her most resplendent costume and most gracious mood. The thought of it—to tidy up Nature with a machine like that—is a sensation enjoyed only by those whose taste for beauty and refinement is enhanced by an atmosphere of strict simplicity.

I always thought the gentleman from whom I purchased my mower might have brought out these advantages more forcefully than he did. His discourse, in fact, was entirely void of reference to the real opportunity afforded by a lawn mower for pleasant contact with the "great outdoors." What he said to me was:

"Well, it's a pretty good mower for nine dollars and eighty-five cents. We was selling them for twelve dollars the first of last year."

It seemed incredible to me that a vehicle of such superlative excellence should be slandered by such slight appreciation. I understood then for the first time why the motor instead of the mower has become the accepted means of wooing Nature.

Previously I had always thought that for those who longed for healthful exercise or pleasant and pastoral surroundings, the lawn mower had a decided edge

on the motor car. It is safer, for one thing. I cannot recall any serious accident caused by the skidding of a lawn mower or by reckless driving through a safety zone. In fact, one is seldom tempted even to exceed the speed limit with a mower, as one sometimes does with an automobile.

Then there is the tire question. I hesitate to say how many miles my lawn mower has traveled but I have never had a puncture or a blow out; never had to jack it up by the dusty roadside to repair an inner tube, and my confidence is so abounding that I do not even carry a spare.

Then too, a motor car must be supported in the manner to which its delicate health has been accustomed. It must have its baths and massages and lubrication treatments. Every season it must spend a few days in some popular health resort where its symptoms are diagnosed at length and expensive cures are inaugurated to rejuvenate its nervous and run-down condition. In the summer it must have its frequent cooling draughts and in winter it takes its liquor like a gentleman in spite of Volstead. But the lowly mower has no such aristocratic tastes. Its life is devoted to a career of faithful plebeian service, its only recompense an occasional gesture of appreciation. It asks no costly domicile, no graveled gateways, no ornate approaches. And it retains its sturdy and robust health without professional attention.

And there is a broader comparison:

Last year I forsook the homely pleasures of my lawn mower and, climbing proudly aboard my Scintillating Six, I sought the beguilement of a changing scene. I motored across hillside and valley. I picnicked. I rambled. I sought diligently for that broader life which comes from mingling with far peoples. It was wonderful. But when I returned to my towsled lawn and untended flowers I had the feeling of a prodigal. The tender young plants turned their wilted heads in unspoken accusation. Several roistering burdocks had sprung up in the middle of my once velvety dooryard. Dandelions bloomed in blatant disobedience on my terrace.

I had seen quaint and interesting sights. I had talked with quaint and interesting people but I was singularly disappointed, for the wrens on the back porch had raised their family and gone; the early roses drooped, uncut and devastated, their pink petals shriveled, curled, and brown. All the growing things in whose future I had taken such intimate pleasure had ceased to look for my coming. My lawn mower, slightly rusted, leaned lonely and disconsolate in one corner of the garage.

This is an aspect not pictured by the eloquent automobile salesman. His duty is to sell motor cars, and he performs that duty surpassing well. But the salesman of mowers—does he picture for you the pride and prestige of a clean-cut border? Does he recall your close friendship with that new grass struggling up in the sandy spot along the walk? Does he mention the health and happiness that comes from exercise behind your own merrily clicking lawn mower in your own front yard? He does not. He merely says:

"Well, it's a pretty good mower for nine dollars and eighty-five cents."

EXPANSION

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time a man made a garden. He sowed several kinds of vegetables in it, but it was upon his peas that his time, his energy, and his hopes were chiefly concentrated. "This year," he said to his wife, "we are going to have all the peas we want. I've never really had enough." So he sowed five long rows. In due time they came up, throve exceedingly, and delighted the prophetic soul of their owner dreaming on things to come.

When they were about two feet high he had to go away for a week. He departed reluctantly.

The next morning some green lice appeared on one of the rows.

These first comers regarded themselves as pioneers. A vast and virgin tract of peas was theirs to take and exploit. They established themselves on the choicer leaves and shoots. They soon waxed fat on the rich juices; they bred rapidly; in ranks, in clusters, in dense masses they overspread the vines —and pushing, crawling, writhing they swarmed along the row, leaving behind them desiccated stalks and yellow leaves. This they called progress. Upon their teeming progeny they urged the "policy of expansion all along the line." Their newspapers published photographs of the ruined vines with such legends as "Twenty-five years ago this was a trackless wilderness. It is estimated that now two million lice pass this spot in one day." Thus indoctrinated, a colony of lice would settle upon a leaf overnight, multiply incontinently, placard the place with signs "Watch Louseville grow," and by morning—human scale—they would be infesting the whole vine.

The first row had been nearly consumed—"developed," the louse-jargon had it. Some pointed with pride to the fact that the population had now increased to one hundred and twelve billion; others contemplated the future with alarm and murmured: "We must think of our children." It soon became evident that if the lice were to retain their place in the family of insects they must expand still further. So a group of lice of broad vision conceived the idea that the race had a mission. It was their destiny to expand to the next row. The lice masses were only too ready to accept this suggestion.

The second row began to suffer the fate of the first, but it was consumed more rapidly, for the lice were learning their technique. The conquest of nature —that was how they defined their goal —and organization, centralization, cooperation, and efficiency were the signs in which they proposed to conquer. As time passed and the acceleration of their progress increased, they began to cast covetous glances at the third row. This was, unfortunately, already occupied by some pink lice. But they were few in number, slow breeders, unvoracious of appetite, altogether lacking in enterprise. The green lice of broad vision saw that their pink brothers were backward, incapable of self-government, lamentably failing to develop their row. It was their duty, they declared, to assume the Green Louse's Burden. This they did by invading the row and killing off most of the pink inhabitants. Then they settled down to eat and breed.

As the third row began to go the way of the first two, some of the green lice became apprehensive. They counted the number of rows remaining and estimated the time it would take to consume them. They began publicly to ask what would happen then. They were dismissed as alarmists and propheteers of calamity. Nevertheless they persisted in their ideas. They began to preach the necessity for controlling scientifically the numbers of the lice population. Their proposal met with the charge of blasphemy for, first, was it not written in their sacred books that when lice were first created they had received from their Creator the command to be fruitful and multiply? And, secondly, God must have loved the green lice or He would not have made so many of them. And so the march of progress went on, unimpeded by cranks.

When at the end of the week the owner of the garden returned, he found only half of the fifth row of peas intact. He gazed on the devastation for some time. Then he went into the house and concocted an evil-looking and foul-smelling mixture. With this he sprayed the lice. "Damn you, take that!" he said.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Commencement Reflections

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

READERS of this number of this magazine will have had their fill of politics and may be willing to be reminded that it is only in Leap Year that June is the Presidential Convention month, and that in other years it belongs primarily to the colleges and incidentally offers to commencement orators their chance to distribute wise discourse in a world somewhat over-addicted to folly. Writing in May, one cannot predict what June conventions will accomplish, but one may possibly come nearer in forecasting what commencement orators will talk about. Communing with the elders, one learns that fifty years ago it used to be considered, at least by commencement speakers, that getting out of college was in a way coming into one's inheritance. If the exit was irregular or unduly quickened by the authorities, perhaps that view was not taken. But the youth who was regularly graduated was felt to have come into something, and his next step was to go out and get it.

Presumably, that feeling still obtains. Colleges nowadays are so voluminous and complex that only experts can really know much about them. At commencement one sees diners dine and orators hold forth, but is apt to have no more than a vague notion about what they are all after and in what degree they attain it. From time to time there come along suggestions that the great work the colleges are doing calls for a somewhat ampler pecuniary support. To these suggestions, if the faithful graduate makes response, as usually he does, he is apt to wonder as he pays whether by doing so he is really helping the world and if so, to what. He may be helping it to knowledge, but is it useful knowledge or detrimental?

We have often to ask ourselves that about knowledge in these days of poison gas and guns that shoot seventy miles and submarines and airplane bomb-carriers and such things. If we wonder whether current knowledge is doing the world good or harm we are warranted in our uncertainty. There is a lot of it, a lot of knowledge nowadays, including a vast deal of applied knowledge offered to us as machines or apparatus of living. A great deal of it has come very rapidly. Just consider, it is only twenty years since people who rode, ordinarily rode behind horses, except in public vehicles such as railroad trains or trolley cars. There have probably been motor cars longer than that, but not a general use of them. It is only twenty years or less since most of the private vehicles in the United States were horse-drawn.

Fifty years ago the telephone was a toy, the street cars were hauled by horses, there were no electric lights, flying machines were a topic for jokers, wireless and radio were not even dreamed of. Observe of what material things was the inheritance that graduating students in 1874 came into. Ahead of them were almost all the applications of electricity which we now know. Ahead of them were bicycles of the pneumatic-tire variety and all their derivatives,

which means, so far as wheels go, all the army of motor cars. Ahead of them was the gasoline engine, developed in the automobile, and making possible the airplane. Ahead of them were innumerable things of that sort, great and small. These things that were a part of the fortune which lay ahead of that generation have changed the externals of life incredibly and have made our world a different thing. They have overcome space and upset time. Now you who come out of college fifty years later, what are you coming in for? What shall you inherit? Is novelty at an end? Has everything been discovered? Will the world go on in your time as it does now? Not a bit. Not a bit. Discovery and inventions were never so rapid. Knowledge never grew so fast. Change was never so rife nor dislocation so continuous. Not this world that we see when we look out of the window to-day will be your world but, as the years roll on, something incalculably different. This that you see out of the window is your inheritance to-day, but to-morrow what will you come in for? Nobody knows. People look about and watch the clouds, notice the signs of change, but what the world is coming to not many of them venture to predict, and they not the wisest.

All the changes so far spoken of have to do with externals, but the greater changes concern the minds of men, the relations of nations, the keeping of the peace in the world, and the course of religion.

Young ladies and gentlemen who graduate this year, do not be too serious. Don't be frivolous of course, not triflers, not light characters, but still not more serious than is necessary. One distrusts the very serious people—that is, the externally solemn people. One suspects that they do not see the whole of life, that they miss quite a lot of it; that they miss the proportions of things and regard various things as supremely important which are not really so important as other things they do not notice. There are people who feel that money is the supremely important thing and who are rather tragic in their deep concern about it and in their feeling that it is the great basis of human welfare. Of course, money has its office and if you try to get along without any, the sense of its importance is pretty sure to intrude itself upon your notice. But it is not the supreme good, and more or less of it does not matter so very greatly provided one has enough to accomplish the best possibility there is in one.

The great thing is to live. The important thing is not money but life. You get along better with it if you do not take it too solemnly. A lot of us in this country are descendants more or less from the Puritans and they were pretty solemn people. They had tremendous traits, tremendous qualities, and you could not beat them. Perhaps they had to take a solemn view of life because they undertook a job which for generations was mostly hard sledding, but they could have been more gay without detriment to their souls' good, and if some liberty and a quickened sense of joy have crept into the spirits of their descendants it is no harm. So far as we can judge from what we can see of this world, it was not meant to be more than moderately solemn. Its decorations, many of them, are gay. The flowers are joyous. The birds are cheerful and some of them very beautiful, and if you ever see a toucan, that bird colored like a circus poster, with a huge bill, you must recognize that toucans are a joke. It seems obvious that they were designed and decorated with the same underlying purpose which paints and dresses the clowns in the circus. No, young graduates, do not cultivate solemnity as a virtue. You will get enough of it just as an incident of living.

And another thing—do not be satisfied merely with the visible world. There is a lot more to it than that. The visible world, the things of which your senses alone make you aware, is not enough.

You may satisfy all your senses and still not be satisfied. There is something else that you will need and there is something in you that will always reach out to supply that need. Reach out to what? To the invisible world. That is the job of religion—to keep you connected with the invisible world to the advantage of your character, to your better understanding of life, and better experience of it. Really the visible world is a secondary matter. All our world of brick houses and tall towers and factories seems trifling compared to some other things. Go out on a clear night and look at the sky. It is as though an ant came out of an ant hill and climbed a tree and looked round. When you look at the sky at night and see the stars you get some idea of the real size and variety of things. That sight has always been making suggestions to thoughtful men when they saw it. The great suggestion it makes is that there is a lot more than the visible world and doubtless that is much more important.

But do not think less of yourself for looking at the stars. They are a part of your inheritance. You are men—men and women—and man is an extraordinary creature who can climb ladders and seems to have in him the power to scale in due time any heights that exist. The visible world is important to you while you are in it and a part of it. In it are the first rungs of the ladder you have to climb. If you set out to climb to your inheritance, your first steps must be taken here. You have to work with tangible, finite things. Through the visible world lies the road to the invisible, but while you tramp it keep the goal in mind. Wherever you see a church steeple pointing to the sky, that is what it says. It says: on your journey through life keep the invisible world in mind and practice how to get to it in good order.

After one has considered all the improvements in the apparatus of life and all the increases of knowledge which are visibly on the way to us, the mechanical improvements that will affect transportation, radio and all the incidents of electrical application, chemistry and all it may do—including the splitting of atoms, medicine and all its future services to health, all that the engineers are going to do to make things handier, all that the architects and painters will do to make them more beautiful—when all such things are considered, anticipated, and catalogued ahead so far as possible, what is the main resulting conclusion?

It is that the important thing of all is man. From our point of view all these developments and improvements matter but little unless man keeps up with them and rides on top of them. It may be that presently machines will take up the work of evolution and surpass man and become the hope of the world. It looks so at times, but as yet man is still in the running and his progress represents—we think it does—the progress of animate creation so far as we know about it. If man really gets ahead, all mundane creation gets ahead, from the dog and the horse and the monkey to the eagle, the glowworm, and the clam.

The notion seems to be getting round, even among the scientists, who really are growing more modest than they were a generation ago, that our generation does not represent in all particulars the top flight of man. What with excavations and explorations and the deciphering of inscriptions and the increase of knowledge about what has been in this world in old times, the suspicion has got round that some of our predecessors in human life knew a surprising amount about living, and developed extraordinary faculties of certain sorts, but that, for one reason or another, they went in turn to smash and their civilizations pretty well perished with them. We find their monuments, some above ground, some below; some rude but undoubtedly thoughtful, some elaborate and beautiful, but overrun with tropical vegetation. We are satisfied nowadays that human life on this

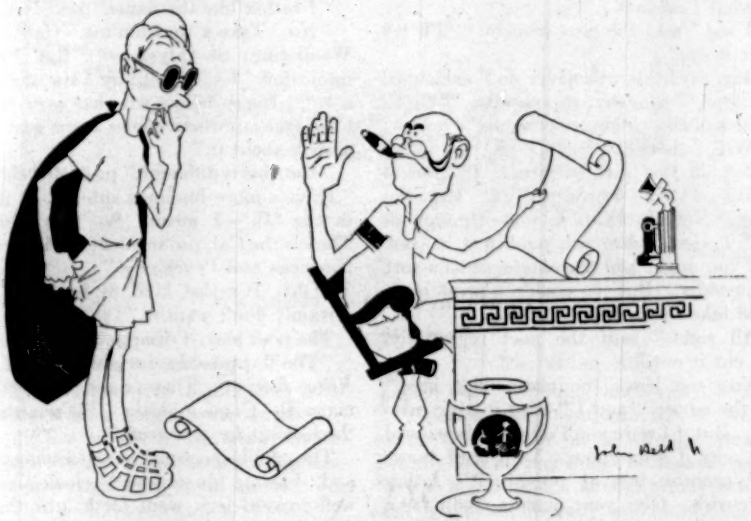
planet is pretty old, a good deal older than the four thousand years which was the popular and pious measure of it seventy years ago. We realize too that written history, so far as we have got hold of it, covers only the latest fringe of human life. Go back three thousand years, and written history becomes extraordinarily scarce. But modern people are well assured that things happened on the earth that were well worth recording for many generations before that. The old story of the lost continent of Atlantis is doing quite well nowadays. Apparently Atlantis stretched across from Brazil to Africa, and the opinion gets attention that when it went under, it left its civilization in the surviving continents at both its ends. There are pyramids in Central and South America and there are pyramids in Egypt. In both countries they testify to energy and learning in their builders and possibly to the same learning, once connected by the continent that is gone.

Well, those ideas are interesting and we are likely to know more about whatever truth underlies them. The notion is attractive that this earth is an experiment station of very considerable antiquity. The more we know about its past the better qualified we should be to deal with its present. The better we know why our remote predecessors fell down, the better qualified we should be to keep our feet. The great difficulty man has found has been in being good. That is what has stumped him. The Atlantis, if there was an Atlantis, went to destruction because it settled down into the ocean and its people were drowned.

Other civilizations may have perished for like reasons. Great changes of climate on our variable globe, the descent of ice such as got the mastodons—anything of that sort seems liable to happen to our precarious mundane home, but the great reason usually given and accepted why civilizations did not last better is, that human creatures never learned the great lesson of deportment completely enough to endure prosperity and hand it down from generation to generation. If we can learn to be good there is a fair chance that civilization will be permanent. If we cannot accomplish that great achievement it will break down under us. The late War was a tremendous illustration of that truth which has impressed everyone that has survived it, and jolted us all into a lively sense of the need of self-improvement if we are to accept permanence in human progress and human institutions.

There are two ideas of the source of good behavior. One is that it can be compelled from the outside. The other is that if it is to amount to anything and spread sufficiently to keep us going, it must come from within us and must be a fruit of individual effort. Both these methods of inducing it go on and always have gone on at the same time, but unless self-improvement increases in proportion to improvement by compulsion, civilization presently falls down. Beware of people impatient of sin who tell their neighbors "you need not discipline yourself, we will discipline you." That method, that spirit will not keep us going. The other is the right way—the one that teaches us to know good from evil and to strive after good. In it there is salvation and, incidentally, permanence of institutions.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"IT'S A ROTTEN TITLE"

Homer

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE blind poet handed his manuscript to the editor of the *Argos Hebdomadal*.

"We're all fed up on war stuff," said the editor. "The public don't want to read about it any more."

"But this is different, this 'Iliad' of mine—"

"It's a rotten title," said the editor. "Why don't you give it a snappy name; something like 'Helen's Ransom,' or 'The Wooden Horse'?"

"Well," said the poet, "I suppose I could change it."

"You see," continued the editor, "most of our readers wouldn't know what an iliad is. You and I know, of course, but the piece ought to have a name that conveys some meaning to the average reader."

"How about 'So This is Paris'?" said Homer. "You see, the whole thing started when Helen first saw Paris and—"

"Yes, I get it," said the editor. "That title might get by. But I'm not sure that we want any more war pieces."

"But this gives an entirely new slant to the situation," said Homer. "I really wrote the piece as propaganda against the League of Greek Nations. You see they had all agreed to go to war if any one nation—"

"I know all about that," said the editor, who had been skimming through the manuscript. "This is your first book, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the poet.

"I thought so. It has possibilities, but it needs a lot of rewriting. Here, for instance, you speak of the 'well-greaved Achæans.' That's a good descriptive phrase, but after you use it once your reader knows that the

Achæans were well greaved. It's not necessary to repeat it on every page. Here's another: 'the gray-eyed Athena.' Why don't you say something about the color of her hair? Was she fat or thin? Those are the things that make a character stand out. Every time you mention her you speak of her gray eyes. Enough's enough. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," said the poet meekly. "I'll try to fix it up."

"My, my! this will never do," exclaimed the editor, turning the pages rapidly. "What's the idea of this catalogue of ships?"

"Well, I thought—"

"Not in this sort of piece. It takes a mighty skillful writer to put statistics across. Nobody wants to wade through all this. Perhaps when you publish it in book form you might add the catalogue as a sort of appendix. But we couldn't print it; it would take up an entire installment."

"All right," said the poet regretfully. "I'll cut it out."

"You can leave the manuscript here," said the editor, "and I'll read it over carefully. But if I were you I'd take it home and work over it some more. Your stuff shows great promise but at present it's rather amateurish. Give your readers credit for a little intelligence. After you've told them something once there's no need to repeat it in the identical language about ten pages on."

"I have another piece here. 'The Odyssey,' I call it. It's about the wanderings of Odysseus."

"Then why the deuce don't you call it that? 'The Odyssey' doesn't mean anything. It doesn't get across."

"I rather like the name," said Homer.

"No. Take a tip from me. Call it 'The Wanderings of Odysseus.' But I'm not interested. I wouldn't buy a travel story on a bet. Every fellow who has ever taken a little trip anywhere comes home and writes a book about it."

"But this is different," protested the poet. "There's more feminine interest in it than in the 'Ili'—I mean, 'So This is Paris.' There's the Calypso incident, and Circe, and Nausicaa and Penelope—"

"Oh! It's *that* kind of book. Then I certainly don't want it."

The poet looked disappointed.

"You'll probably be able to sell it to *Nifty Stories*. They want that sort of material. Come in again. We're always on the lookout for new stuff."

The godlike poet picked up his manuscript and, drawing his well-made cloak about his well-greaved legs, went forth into the rosy dawn.

Looking Backward

Diogenes, sensing the housing shortage, puts up a two-family dwelling

"Now, fellows, all together, PUSH!"

Took His Precautions

FOR four consecutive nights the hotel manager in a small town watched a woman fill her pitcher at the water cooler.

On the fifth night he said to her, "Madam, if you would ring, that would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the manager.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me it was the fire alarm, and that I was not to touch it on any account!"

The Wrong Kind

HE was a young and smart-looking Scotch clergyman, and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared and after a few minutes returned with a bottle containing a gill of whisky, saying, "Ye mauna let on aboot it, meenister, I wadna hae got it at all if I hadna told them it was for you."

"He's in conference. Do you wish to wait?"

STOUT PARTY: "*My doctor said, 'Get out into the country, and be quiet,'—and here I am*"

Already Provided For

IN one of the largest churches of a large eastern city the clergyman, who had been seasoned by some forty years in the ministry, noticed a young girl who came very regularly to the Sunday-night service. As she was always alone, he concluded that she was probably a stranger, and he determined to speak to her.

He finally succeeded in catching her at the end of the service one evening, and after the usual welcome, said:

"You seem to be a stranger in the city; if you will give me your address I should like to call upon you."

Looking up coyly from under her long lashes, she answered:

"I got another feller."

An Unconscious Sinner

THE Rev. Thaddeus Billings, inclined somewhat to absent-mindedness, appeared one Sunday morning after church in a pouring rain drenched to the skin and with an unopened umbrella on his arm.

"Why don't you use your umbrella, parson?" asked a passer-by.

"Why, uh," replied the parson, "I, er, should hesitate very much to do so."

"Why?"

"I discovered, after leaving the church, that this umbrella is, er, not my property."

The Fish Cure

IT'S funny, now, about a fellah:
Hay-fever red, or janders yellah,
A question-mark with rheumatiz
Or other pet complaint of his,
And lookin' pale and lookin' peak-ed,
Or maybe spotted, maybe streak-ed,
So crippled he can hardly crawl,
Can scarcely git around at all—
And yet, whatever his condition,
He's always well enough for fishin'.

Some women have to take in washin'
Because their men just set by-goshin',
By-gummin' this, by golly that,
Too liver lean or dropsy fat
To do much labor, do much liftin'—
But well enough to watch a-driftin'
A bobber in a quiet nook
And strong enough to bait a hook,
Too delicate to hold a candle
But strong enough a pole to handle.

I haven't any way of knowin';
Perhaps the fishin' keeps 'em goin';
And yet I often have to laff
At just a little paragraph:
Of course, we take the old home paper,
Though far away, the proper caper;
And lots of times I laff a bit
When I observe, a-readin' it,
This item there, this message movin'—
"The fishin's good, the sick improvin'."

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

IN

THE FIRST COMPETITION

OF THE

HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE *Short Story Contest, which closed March 31, 1924:*

FIRST PRIZE *of $1250.00 to Alice Brown of Boston, for* "THE GIRL IN THE TREE."

SECOND PRIZE *of $750.00 to Lisa Ysaye Tarleau of New York, for* "LOUTRÉ."

THIRD PRIZE *of $500.00 to Margaret Culkin Banning of Duluth, for* "WOMEN COME TO JUDGMENT."

Three other stories which should receive honorable mention are: "The Weather Breeder," by Merrill Denison of Cloyne P. O., Ontario, Canada; "A Calabrian Goes Home," by Viola Paradise of New York; and "Mrs. Eben Paul," by Arthur Johnson of Boston.

The Judges were Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry.

The first prize story, "The Girl in the Tree," will be published next month, and the second and third prize stories will follow in subsequent issues of the Magazine.

Further comment on the competition will be found in the Personal and Otherwise pages.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHY do not Englishmen and Americans get along together better? This is a topic of eager conversation wherever intelligent and right-minded representatives of the two countries foregather. It is a topic of world importance as well. ***A. G. Gardiner,*** who answers it frankly in the leading article of the month, is one of the ablest of English writers. For seventeen years he edited the leading Liberal paper in London, the *Daily News*. His brief and telling biographical portraits, collected in book form under the titles of *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*, *Pillars of Society*, and *The War Lords*, are favorably known to many discriminating readers in this country. Mr. Gardiner is a sincere friend of the United States, and what he says on Anglo-American misunderstandings should win an attentive hearing on this side of the Atlantic.

H. M. Tomlinson, like Mr. Gardiner, is a Londoner; but his growing reputation rests not so much on his editorial service with the *Nation* and Mr. Gardiner's paper, the *Daily News*, as on his chronicles of travel in far places. This month he gives us another chapter of wanderings in the romantic East, written in that admirable prose which recently caused Clement K. Shorter to say, apropos of the belated recognition given to the late W. H. Hudson: "Now I venture to suggest to the critics that they should not wait until he is sixty or seventy to 'write up' an author at present not in the least in the limelight, but at least as good as Hudson. I mean H. M. Tomlinson." A few days ago we heard it predicted that within fifteen years Mr. Tomlinson's first editions would bring fancy prices; and we should not be greatly surprised.

What is the most sophisticated, best-mannered city in the United States? ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould's*** answer to this question is not what might be expected from an Easterner (she lives in Princeton, New Jersey). Yet it must be admitted that she makes out a persuasive—as well as entertaining—case. We are glad to announce that other articles by Mrs. Gerould on the cities of the West are in prospect. As novelist, essayist, and short-story writer she holds a high place among American authors. The echoes of the applause which greeted her forceful article on the lack of true liberty in this country have not yet died, though "The Land of the Free" appeared nearly eighteen months ago.

This country is witnessing a great revival of interest in religious questions. Divisions of opinion in the Churches have occupied front-page space in the newspapers, and subjects like the Virgin Birth have become a matter almost of street-corner debate. Hoping to throw helpful light on problems of belief which are perplexing great numbers of people to day, whether church members or not, the editors asked ***Basil King*** to contribute a series of articles on "The Bible and Common Sense." Mr. King is not only a capable novelist—witness *The Inner Shrine*, *The Happy Isles*, and other delightful volumes—but a reverent student of religions and a man of broad wisdom, whose spiritual influence was revealed in *The Conquest of Fear*. What he says in his present series is sharply individual, but will prove valuable, we hope, to people of every communion.

Either bee-keepers are inveterate letter-writers (which seems hardly logical) or ***Dallas Lore Sharp's*** previous articles on bee-keeping have been an unusually popular magazine feature; for they have brought in a flood of enthusiastic letters. This month we publish another story of bee life as observed by Mr. Sharp at his apiary in Hingham, Massachusetts.

The wide variety of articles in this issue is completed by the inclusion of a scientific

contribution by ***Benjamin Harrow***, of Columbia University, and a portrait of Keats by the analyst of souls, ***Gamaliel Bradford***, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. We beg our readers soberly to reflect upon the fact that "The Romance of the Atom," incredible as it seems to the layman, is no wild dream of the imagination but a plain statement of what recent laboratory research has disclosed. As the author of *Damaged Souls*, Mr. Bradford needs no introduction in HARPER'S; enough to say that his next subject will be Flaubert.

An equal variety characterizes the fiction of the month. ***Ernest Poole*** (who does not recall the sensation created by his first novel, *The Harbor?*) is represented by a Russian tale. ❦ ❦ ***Charles Caldwell Dobie***, a frequent contributor who hails from Mrs. Gerould's favorite city, chooses a Western desert for his setting. ❦ ❦ ***George Madden Martin*** (Mrs. Attwood R. Martin of Anchorage, Kentucky), best known perhaps as the creator of *Emmy Lou*, attacks through the medium of a story one of the critical problems of the South. For her special qualifications to deal with this subject, we refer readers to the editorial note which precedes "Her Husband."

Julie Cane is growing up, and the fifth installment of ***Harvey O'Higgins's*** serial brings her to the edge of an adventure which will test all the confidence and courage implanted in her by her eccentric father. For the benefit of new readers it may be said that Mr. O'Higgins has been known hitherto principally as playwright and short-story writer. Harper & Brothers have recently brought out his volume, *The American Mind in Action*. Now he has turned novelist, and judging from the comments which have reached us, the result is finding the favor which we believe it deserves.

Among the poets of the month, ***Mary Thacher Higginson*** is the widow of the late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and the author of a biography of her husband and several other volumes of poetry and prose. ❦ ❦ ***Violet Alleyn Storey***, of Brooklyn, has written considerable verse for HARPER'S and other magazines. ❦ ❦ ***Arthur Guiterman's*** name is associated primarily with his famous "Rhymed Reviews" in *Life* and his books of humorous verse, the most recent of which is *The Light Guitar*. ❦ ❦ ***Lizette Woodworth Reese*** retired a few years ago from her position as teacher of English at the Western High School in Baltimore, but happily has not given up writing verse. Her total output has been small but distinguished in quality, and is represented in the best American anthologies.

Charles Merz, whose little story of Jim Lee opens (as one might say) the "Lion's Mouth," is a recent member of the editorial staffs of the *New Republic* and New York *World;* he is now living at Sandusky, Ohio, and writing a series of portraits of familiar Middle-West types. ❦ ❦ ***A. T. Hugg***, who makes this month his first appearance in HARPER'S, philosophizes about lawn mowers by way of variety from serving as the manager of advertising and sales promotion for the Detroit Steel Products Co. ❦ ❦ ***Charles A. Bennett***, whose recent volume of cheerful essays, *At a Venture*, is hereby recommended to all who prefer their humor applied with a light touch, is a Yale professor of philosophy.

The commentary on the masterpiece on the cover is the work of ***Alan Burroughs***, curator of paintings at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

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The announcement of awards in the first competition of the Short Story Contest appears on a preceding page. A few words, however, may be added about the prize-winners, the method by which the Judges arrived at their decision, and the significance of the competition.

Miss Brown, the winner of first prize, is well known as a novelist and short-story writer, and has contributed frequently to HARPER'S. In 1915 her play "Children of Earth" won the ten-thousand-dollar prize in a dramatic competition conducted by Winthrop Ames.

Mrs. Tarleau, who was awarded second prize, has published a volume of essays and has contributed short stories to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mrs. Banning, the third-prize winner has been represented by stories in a number of magazines, but neither of these writers has appeared previously in HARPER'S.

The Judges were deliberately chosen in order to represent markedly different points of view. Meredith Nicholson is a practicing novelist and essayist of Indianapolis; Zona Gale, who lives in Wisconsin, is an outstanding representative of what is often termed the more radical school of writers; Bliss Perry, Harvard professor and former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a leading academic critic. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that there was a wide disparity of judgment between them.

It had been agreed in advance between the Judges and the Editors of the Magazine that the stories sifted out by the Editors as available for publication should be set up and sent to the Judges in the form of galley proofs, *without the authors' names*, in order that the previous reputation of the authors could not possibly affect the verdict in any way. Each judge indicated his first, second, third, and fourth choice and the award was made on a point system on the basis of these declared preferences. Fourth choice was included with the idea of giving a better indication of the relative standing of stories, in case of a division of opinion among the judges.

In view of the fact that Miss Brown, the winner of first prize, is a HARPER contributor of long standing, it should be emphasized again that the Judges had no inkling of this; they were unaware of the authorship of any of the stories. "The Girl in the Tree" was the only one ranked among the first four by all three Judges. It was the first choice of one, second choice of another, and the fourth choice of the third.

"Loutré," by Mrs. Tarleau, was the first choice of one Judge and the third choice of another; it was not ranked among the first four by the third Judge.

"Women Come to Judgment," by Mrs. Banning, was the first choice of one Judge and the fourth choice of another; the third Judge did not list it.

"The Weather Breeder," by Merrill Denison, secured a second choice and a third choice; "A Calabrian Goes Home," by Viola Paradise, a third choice and a fourth choice; "Mrs. Eben Paul," by Arthur Johnson, a second choice.

All these stories will be published in early issues of the Magazine, beginning with "The Girl in the Tree" in the August number. It will be interesting to hear from our readers as to their preferences, and to see how these tally with the verdict of the Judges.

The second competition closes June 30, and the same Judges will make the award of a first prize of $1,250, a second prize of $750, and a third prize of $500, for the outstanding stories submitted. The third and fourth competitions will run, respectively, from July 1 to September 30, and from October 1 to the end of the year. Full information about the conditions will be found in the advertising pages of the Magazine, or will be sent to any writer on application.

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May we add a word of caution to those who expect to enter the later competitions? Some conscientious writers may analyze the prize-winning contributions and finding, for example, that "The Girl in the Tree" is a piece of romantic fancy and "Loutré" a narrative which runs far beyond the usual short-story length, and that all three prize-winners happen to be the work of women, may come to the ingenious conclusion that fanciful and very long stories are preferred to realistic, adventurous, humorous, or very brief ones, and that HARPER'S favors feminine contributors. The prize-winners were chosen not on account of their subjects or their dimensions, but because they were considered the best among more than three thousand stories submitted. We repeat that stories of every type are desired, including especially humorous ones and tales of adventure. The Judges and the Editors do not make their decisions by formula or tape measure, but on the basis of quality.